ABERDEEN
UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Withdrawn
Aberdeen University Library

Ex Libris
ALEXANDER KEITH
M.A., LL.D.

THE ALDINE EDITION OF THE BRITISH POETS

THE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN DRYDEN

IN FIVE VOLUMES

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/aldineeditionofb0005john

THE

POETICAL WORKS OF

JOHN DRYDEN

VOLUME V

LONDON:

BELL AND DALDY, 186, FLEET STREET.

1865.

CONTENTS.

VOL. V.

Page

TRANSLATIONS FROM OVID'S EPISTLES.

Preface concerning Ovid's Epistles 1
Canace to Macareus 11
Helen to Paris 17
Dido to Æneas 26

TRANSLATIONS FROM OVID'S ART OF LOVE.

The First Book of Ovid's Art of Love 34
Ovid's Amours, Book I. Eleg. I. 64
Book I. Eleg. IV. 65
Book II. Eleg. XIX. 68

TRANSLATIONS FROM JUVENAL.

The First Satire of Juvenal 71
The Third Satire of Juvenal 81
The Sixth Satire of Juvenal 99
The Tenth Satire of Juvenal 133
The Sixteenth Satire of Juvenal 156

TRANSLATIONS FROM PERSIUS.

The First Satire of Persius 161
The Second Satire of Persius 173
The Third Satire of Persius 179
The Fourth Satire of Persius 189
The Fifth Satire of Persius 195
The Sixth Satire of Persius 207

Page

TRANSLATIONS FROM HOMER.

The First Book of Homer's Ilias..... 216
The Last Parting of Hector and Andromache..... 245
The Art of Poetry. Canto I..... 253
Canto II. 261
Canto III..... 268
Canto IV. 283

The latter part of the Fourth Book of Lucretius 291
Daphnis and Chloris..... 302
The Tears of Amynta for the Death of Damon 307
A Song—" Sylvia, the fair, in the bloom of Fifteen"... 308
Rondelay—" Chloe found Amyntas lying"..... 309
The te Deum..... 310
Hymn for St. John's Eve..... 312
On the Marriage of Mrs. Anastasia Stafford... 313
To Matilda, on the Anniversary of our Marriage..... 317

TRANSLATIONS FROM OVID'S EPISTLES.

PREFACE CONCERNING OVID'S EPISTLES.

The life of Ovid being already written in our language before the translation of his Metamorphoses, I will not presume so far upon myself, to think I can add any thing to Mr. Sandys his undertaking. The English reader may there be satisfied, that he flourished in the reign of Augustus Cæsar; that he was extracted from an ancient family of Roman Knights; that he was born to the inheritance of a splendid fortune; that he was designed to the study of the law, and had made considerable progress in it, before he quitted that profession, for this of Poetry, to which he was more naturally formed. The cause of his banishment is unknown; because he was himself unwilling further to provoke the emperor, by ascribing it to any other reason, than what was pretended by Augustus, which was, the lasciviousness of his Elegies, and his Art of Love. It is true, they are not to be excused in the severity of manners, as being able to corrupt a larger empire, if there were any, than that of Rome: yet this may be said in behalf of Ovid, that no man has ever treated the passion of love with so much delicacy of thought, and of expression, or searched into the nature of it more philosophically than he. And the emperor, who condemned him, had as little reason as another man to punish that fault with so much severity, if at least he were the author of a certain Epigram, which is ascribed to him, relating to the cause of the first civil war betwixt himself and Mark Antony the triumvir, which is more fulsome than any passage I have met with in our Poet. To pass by the naked familiarity of his expressions to Horace, which are cited in that author's life, I need only mention one notorious act of his, in taking Livia to his bed, when she was not only married, but with child by her husband then living. But deeds, it seems, may be justified

by arbitrary power, when words are questioned in a Poet. There is another guess of the grammarians, as far from truth as the first from reason: they will have him banished for some favours, which, they say, he received from Julia, the daughter of Augustus, whom they think he celebrates under the name of Corinna in his Elegies: but he, who will observe the verses, which are made to that mistress, may gather from the whole contexture of them, that Corinna was not a woman of the highest quality. If Julia were then married to Agrippa, why should our Poet make his petition to Isis, for her safe delivery, and afterwards condole her miscarriage; which, for ought he knew, might be by her own husband? Or, indeed, how durst he be so bold to make the least discovery of such a crime, which was no less than capital, especially committed against a person of Agrippa's rank. Or, if it were before her marriage, he would sure have been more discreet, than to have published an accident which must have been fatal to them both. But what most confirms me against this opinion is, that Ovid himself complains, that the true person of Corinna was found out by the fame of his verses to her: which if it had been Julia, he durst not have owned; and, besides, an immediate punishment must have followed. He seems himself more truly to have touched at the cause of his exile in those obscure verses;

Cur aliquid vidi, cur noxia lumina feci? &c.

Namely, that he had either seen, or was conscious to somewhat, which had procured him his disgrace. But neither am I satisfied, that this was the incest of the emperor with his own daughter: for Augustus was of a nature too vindicative, to have contented himself with so small a revenge, or so unsafe to himself, as that of simple banishment; but would certainly have secured his crimes from public notice, by the death of him who was witness to them. Neither have historians given us any sight into such an action of this emperor: nor would he (the greatest politician of his time) in all probability, have managed his crimes with so little secrecy, as not to shun the observation of any man. It seems more probable, that Ovid was either the confident of some other passion, or that he had stumbled by some inadvertency upon the privacies of Livia, and seen her in a bath; for the words

Sine veste Dianam

agree better with Livia, who had the fame of chastity, than

with either of the Julias, who were both noted of incontinency. The first verses, which were made by him in his youth, and recited publicly, according to the custom, were, as he himself assures us, to Corinna: his banishment happened not till the age of fifty: from which it may be deduced, with probability enough, that the love of Corinna did not occasion it; nay, he tells us plainly, that his offence was that of error only, not of wickedness; and in the same paper of verses also, that the cause was notoriously known at Rome, though it be left so obscure to after ages.

But to leave conjectures on a subject so uncertain, and to write somewhat more authentic of this Poet: that he frequented the court of Augustus, and was well received in it, is most undoubted: all his poems bear the character of a court, and appear to be written, as the French call it, *Cavalierement:* add to this, that the titles of many of his Elegies, and more of his letters in his banishment, are addressed to persons well known to us, even at this distance, to have been considerable in that court.

Nor was his acquaintance less with the famous Poets of his age, than with the noblemen and ladies. He tells you himself, in a particular account of his own life, that Macer, Horace, Tibullus, Propertius, and many others of them, were his familiar friends, and that some of them communicated their writings to him; but that he had only seen Virgil.

If the imitation of nature be the business of a Poet, I know no author, who can justly be compared with ours, especially in the description of the passions. And, to prove this, I shall need no other judges than the generality of his readers; for all passions being inborn with us, we are almost equally judges, when we are concerned in the representation of them. Now I will appeal to any man, who has read this Poet, whether he finds not the natural emotion of the same passion in himself, which the Poet describes in his feigned persons? His thoughts, which are the pictures and results of those passions, are generally such as naturally arise from those disorderly motions of our spirits. Yet, not to speak too partially in his behalf, I will confess, that the copiousness of his wit was such, that he often writ too pointedly for his subject, and made his persons speak more eloquently than the violence of their passion would admit; so that he is frequently witty out of season: leaving the imitation of nature, and the cooler dictates of his judgment, for the false applause of fancy. Yet

he seems to have found out this imperfection in his riper age: for why else should he complain, that his Metamorphoses was left unfinished? Nothing sure can be added to the wit of that poem, or of the rest: but many things ought to have been retrenched; which I suppose would have been the business of his age, if his misfortunes had not come too fast upon him. But take him uncorrected, as he is transmitted to us, and it must be acknowledged, in spite of his Dutch friends, the commentators, even of Julius Scaliger himself, that Seneca's censure will stand good against him;

Nescivit quod bene cessit relinquere;

he never knew how to give over, when he had done well, but continually varying the same sense a hundred ways, and taking up in another place, what he had more than enough inculcated before, he sometimes cloys his readers instead of satisfying them; and gives occasion to his translators, who dare not cover him, to blush at the nakedness of their father. This then is the allay of Ovid's writings, which is sufficiently recompensed by his other excellencies: nay, this very fault is not without its beauties; for the most severe censor cannot but be pleased with the prodigality of his wit, though at the same time he could have wished that the master of it had been a better manager. Every thing which he does becomes him; and, if sometimes he appears too gay, yet there is a secret gracefulness of youth, which accompanies his writings, though the staidness and sobriety of age be wanting. In the most material part, which is the conduct, it is certain that he seldom has miscarried; for if his elegies be compared with those of Tibullus and Propertius, his contemporaries, it will be found, that those poets seldom designed before they writ; and though the language of Tibullus be more polished, and the learning of Propertius, especially in his fourth book, more set out to ostentation; yet their common practice was to look no further before them than the next line; whence it will inevitably follow, that they can drive to no certain point, but ramble from one subject to another, and conclude with somewhat, which is not of a piece with their beginning:

Purpureus, latè qui splendeat, unus et alter
Assuitur pannus,

as Horace says: though the verses are golden, they are

but patched into the garment. But our poet has always the goal in his eye, which directs him in his race: some beautiful design, which he first establishes, and then contrives the means, which will naturally conduct him to his end. This will be evident to judicious readers in his Epistles, of which somewhat, at least in general, will be expected.

The title of them in our late editions is Epistolæ Heroidum, the Letters of the Heroines. But Heinsius has judged more truly, that the inscription of our author was barely, Epistles; which he concludes from his cited verses, where Ovid asserts this work as his own invention, and not borrowed from the Greeks, whom (as the masters of their learning) the Romans usually did imitate. But it appears not from their writings, that any of the Grecians ever touched upon this way, which our Poet therefore justly has vindicated to himself. I quarrel not at the word Heroidum, because it is used by Ovid in his Art of Love:

Jupiter ad veteres supplex Heroidas ibat.

But, sure, he could not be guilty of such an oversight, to call his work by the name of Heroines, when there are divers men, or heroes, as, namely, Paris, Leander, and Acontius, joined in it. Except Sabinus, who writ some answers to Ovid's Letters,

(Quam celer è toto rediit meus orbe Sabinus)

I remember not any of the Romans, who have treated on this subject, save only Propertius, and that but once, in his Epistle of Arethusa to Lycotas, which is written so near the style of Ovid, that it seems to be but an imitation; and therefore ought not to defraud our Poet of the glory of his invention.

Concerning the Epistles, I shall content myself to observe these few particulars: first, that they are generally granted to be the most perfect pieces of Ovid, and that the style of them is tenderly passionate and courtly; two properties well agreeing with the persons, which were heroines and lovers. Yet, where the characters were lower, as in Œnone and Hero, he has kept close to nature, in drawing his images after a country life, though, perhaps, he has romanized his Grecian dames too much, and made them speak, sometimes, as if they had been born in the city of Rome, and under the empire of Augustus. There seems

to be no great variety in the particular subjects which he has chosen; most of the Epistles being written from ladies, who were forsaken by their lovers: which is the reason that many of the same thoughts come back upon us in divers letters; but of the general character of women, which is modesty, he has taken a most becoming care; for his amorous expressions go no further than virtue may allow, and therefore may be read, as he intended them, by matrons without a blush.

Thus much concerning the Poet: it remains that I should say somewhat of poetical translations in general, and give my opinion (with submission to better judgments) which way of version seems to be the most proper.

All translation, I suppose, may be reduced to these three heads:

First, that of Metaphrase, or turning an author word by word, and line by line, from one language into another. Thus, or near this manner, was Horace his Art of Poetry translated by Ben Jonson. The second way is that of Paraphrase, or translation with latitude, where the author is kept in view by the translator, so as never to be lost, but his words are not so strictly followed as his sense; and that too is admitted to be amplified, but not altered. Such is Mr. Waller's translation of Virgil's Fourth Æneid. The third way is that of imitation, where the translator (if now he has not lost that name) assumes the liberty, not only to vary from the words and sense, but to forsake them both as he sees occasion; and taking only some general hints from the original, to run divisions on the ground-work, as he pleases. Such is Mr. Cowley's practice in turning two Odes of Pindar, and one of Horace, into English.

Concerning the first of these methods, our master Horace has given us this caution:

> Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
> Interpres————
>
> Nor word for word too faithfully translate,

as the Earl of Roscommon has excellently rendered it. Too faithfully is, indeed, pedantically: it is a faith, like that which proceeds from superstition, blind and zealous. Take it in the expression of Sir John Denham to Sir Richard Fanshaw, on his version of the Pastor Fido:

> That servile path thou nobly dost decline,
> Of tracing word by word, and line by line.

A new and nobler way thou dost pursue,
To make translations and translators too:
They but preserve the ashes, thou the flame,
True to his sense, but truer to his fame.

It is almost impossible to translate verbally, and well, at the same time; for the Latin (a most severe and compendious language) often expresses that in one word, which either the barbarity, or the narrowness, of modern tongues cannot supply in more. It is frequent also that the conceit is couched in some expression, which will be lost in English.

Atque iidem venti vela fidemque ferent.

What Poet of our nation is so happy as to express this thought literally in English, and to strike wit, or almost sense, out of it?

In short, the verbal copier is incumbered with so many difficulties at once, that he can never disentangle himself from all. He is to consider, at the same time, the thought of his author, and his words, and to find out the counterpart to each in another language; and, besides this, he is to confine himself to the compass of numbers, and the slavery of rhyme. It is much like dancing on ropes with fettered legs: a man can shun a fall by using caution; but the gracefulness of motion is not to be expected: and when we have said the best of it, it is but a foolish task; for no sober man would put himself into a danger for the applause of escaping without breaking his neck. We see Ben Jonson could not avoid obscurity in his literal translation of Horace, attempted in the same compass of lines: nay Horace himself could scarce have done it to a Greek Poet:

Brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio:

either perspicuity or gracefulness will frequently be wanting. Horace has, indeed, avoided both these rocks in his translation of the three first lines of Homer's Odyssey, which he has contracted into two.

Dic mihi, musa, virum, captæ post tempora Trojæ
Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes.

Muse, speak the man, who, since the siege of Troy,
So many towns, such change of manners saw.
ROSCOMMON.

But then the sufferings of Ulysses, which are a considerable part of that sentence, are omitted:

[Ὃς μάλα πολλὰ πλάγχθη:]

The consideration of these difficulties, in a servile, literal, translation, not long since made two of our famous wits, Sir John Denham, and Mr. Cowley, to contrive another way of turning authors into our tongue, called, by the latter of them, Imitation. As they were friends, I suppose they communicated their thoughts on this subject to each other; and, therefore, their reasons for it are little different. Though the practice of one is much more moderate. I take imitation of an author, in their sense, to be an endeavour of a later Poet to write like one, who has written before him, on the same subject: that is, not to translate his words, or to be confined to his sense, but only to set him as a pattern, and to write, as he supposes that author would have done, had he lived in our age, and in our country. Yet I dare not say that either of them have carried this libertine way of rendering authors (as Mr. Cowley calls it) so far as my definition reaches. For in the Pindaric Odes, the customs and ceremonies of ancient Greece are still preserved. But I know not what mischief may arise hereafter from the example of such an innovation, when writers of unequal parts to him shall imitate so bold an undertaking. To add and to diminish what we please, which is the way avowed by him, ought only to be granted to Mr. Cowley, and that too only in his translation of Pindar; because he alone was able to make him amends, by giving him better of his own, whenever he refused his author's thoughts. Pindar is generally known to be a dark writer, to want connexion, (I mean as to understanding) to soar out of sight, and leave his reader at a gaze. So wild and ungovernable a Poet cannot be translated literally; his genius is too strong to bear a chain, and, Samson-like, he shakes it off. A genius so elevated and unconfined as Mr. Cowley's was but necessary to make Pindar speak English, and that was to be performed by no other way than imitation. But if Virgil, or Ovid, or any regular intelligible authors be thus used, it is no longer to be called their work, when neither the thoughts nor words are drawn from the original: but instead of them there is something new produced, which is almost the creation of another hand. By this way it is true, somewhat that is excellent may be invented, perhaps more excellent than the first design; though Virgil must be still excepted, when that perhaps takes place. Yet he who is inquisitive to

know an author's thoughts, will be disappointed in his expectation. And it is not always that a man will be contented to have a present made him, when he expects the payment of a debt. To state it fairly: imitation of an author is the most advantageous way for a translator to show himself, but the greatest wrong which can be done to the memory and reputation of the dead. Sir John Denham (who advised more liberty than he took himself) gives his reason for his innovation, in his admirable preface before the translation of the second Æneid. "Poetry is of so subtle a spirit, that, in pouring out of one language into another, it will all evaporate; and, if a new spirit be not added in the transfusion, there will remain nothing but a Caput Mortuum." I confess this argument holds good against a literal translation; but who defends it? Imitation and verbal version are, in my opinion, the two extremes, which ought to be avoided: and therefore, when I have proposed the mean betwixt them, it will be seen how far his argument will reach.

No man is capable of translating Poetry, who, besides a genius to that art, is not a master both of his author's language, and of his own: nor must we understand the language only of the Poet, but his particular turn of thoughts and expression, which are the characters that distinguish, and as it were individuate him from all other writers. When we are come thus far, it is time to look into ourselves, to conform our genius to his, to give his thought either the same turn, if our tongue will bear it, or, if not, to vary but the dress, not to alter or destroy the substance. The like care must be taken of the more outward ornaments, the words. When they appear (which is but seldom) literally graceful, it were an injury to the author that they should be changed: but since every language is so full of its own proprieties, that what is beautiful in one, is often barbarous, nay sometimes nonsense, in another, it would be unreasonable to limit a translator to the narrow compass of his author's words. It is enough if he choose out some expression which does not vitiate the sense. I suppose he may stretch his chain to such a latitude; but, by innovation of thoughts, methinks, he breaks it. By this means the spirit of an author may be transfused, and yet not lost: and thus it is plain, that the reason alleged by Sir John Denham has no farther force than to expression: for thought, if it be translated truly, cannot be lost in another language; but the words that convey it to our

apprehension (which are the image and ornament of that thought) may be so ill chosen as to make it appear in an unhandsome dress, and rob it of its native lustre. There is, therefore, a liberty to be allowed for the expression; neither is it necessary that words and lines should be confined to the measure of their original. The sense of an author, generally speaking, is to be sacred and inviolable. If the fancy of Ovid be luxuriant, it is his character to be so; and if I retrench it, he is no longer Ovid. It will be replied, that he receives advantage by this lopping of his superfluous branches; but I rejoin, that a translator has no such right. When a painter copies from the life, I suppose he has no privilege to alter features, and lineaments, under pretence that his picture will look better: perhaps the face, which he has drawn, would be more exact, if the eyes or nose were altered; but it is his business to make it resemble the original. In two cases only there may a seeming difficulty arise; that is, if the thought be notoriously trivial, or dishonest: but the same answer will serve for both, that then they ought not to be translated:

——— Et quæ
Desperes tractata nitescere posse, relinquas.

Thus I have ventured to give my opinion on this subject against the authority of two great men, but I hope without offence to either of their memories; for I both loved them living, and reverence them now they are dead. But, if, after what I have urged, it be thought by better judges, that the praise of a translation consists in adding new beauties to the piece, thereby to recompense the loss which it sustains by change of language, I shall be willing to be taught better, and to recant. In the mean time, it seems to me, that the true reason, why we have so few versions which are tolerable, is not from the too close pursuing of the author's sense, but because there are so few, who have all the talents, which are requisite for translation, and that there is so little praise, and so small encouragement, for so considerable a part of learning.

CANACE TO MACAREUS.

EPIST. XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Macareus and Canace, son and daughter to Æolus, god of the Winds, loved each other incestuously: Canace was delivered of a son, and committed him to her nurse, to be secretly conveyed away. The infant crying out, by that means was discovered to Æolus, who, enraged at the wickedness of his children, commanded the babe to be exposed to wild beasts on the mountains: and withal, sent a sword to Canace, with this message, That her crimes would instruct her how to use it. With this sword she slew herself: but before she died, she writ the following letter to her brother Macareus, who had taken sanctuary in the temple of Apollo.

If streaming blood my fatal letter stain,
Imagine, ere you read, the writer slain;
One hand the sword, and one the pen employs,
And in my lap the ready paper lies.
Think in this posture thou behold'st me write:
In this my cruel father would delight.
O! were he present, that his eyes and hands
Might see, and urge, the death which he commands!
Than all the raging winds more dreadful, he,
Unmov'd, without a tear, my wounds would see.
Jove justly plac'd him on a stormy throne,
His people's temper is so like his own.
The North and South, and each contending blast,

Are underneath his wide dominion cast:
Those he can rule; but his tempestuous mind
Is, like his airy kingdom, unconfin'd.
Ah! what avail my kindred gods above,
That in their number I can reckon Jove!
What help will all my heav'nly friends afford,
When to my breast I lift the pointed sword?
That hour, which join'd us, came before its time:
In death we had been one without a crime.
Why did thy flames beyond a brother's move?
Why lov'd I thee with more than sister's love?
For I lov'd too; and, knowing not my wound,
A secret pleasure in thy kisses found:
My cheeks no longer did their colour boast,
My food grew loathsome, and my strength I lost:
Still ere I spoke, a sigh would stop my tongue;
Short were my slumbers, and my nights were long.
I knew not from my love these griefs did grow,
Yet was, alas, the thing I did not know.
My wily nurse, by long experience, found,
And first discover'd to my soul its wound.
'Tis love, said she; and then my downcast eyes,
And guilty dumbness, witness'd my surprise.
Forc'd at the last, my shameful pain I tell:
And, oh, what follow'd we both know too well!
"When half denying, more than half content,
Embraces warm'd me to a full consent,
Then with tumultuous joys my heart did beat,
And guilt, that made them anxious, made them
great."

But now my swelling womb heav'd up my breast,
And rising weight my sinking limbs opprest.
What herbs, what plants, did not my nurse produce,
To make abortion by their pow'rful juice?
What med'cines tried we not, to thee unknown?
Our first crime common; this was mine alone.
But the strong child, secure in his dark cell,
With nature's vigour did our arts repel.
And now the pale-fac'd empress of the night
Nine times had fill'd her orb with borrow'd light:
Not knowing 'twas my labour, I complain
Of sudden shootings, and of grinding pain:
My throes came thicker, and my cries increas'd,
Which with her hand the conscious nurse sup-
To that unhappy fortune was I come, [press'd.
Pain urg'd my clamours, but fear kept me dumb.
With inward struggling I restrain'd my cries,
And drunk the tears that trickled from my eyes.
Death was in sight, Lucina gave no aid;
And e'en my dying had my guilt betray'd.
Thou cam'st, and in thy count'nance sate despair;
Rent were thy garments all, and torn thy hair:
Yet feigning comfort, which thou couldst not give,
(Prest in thy arms, and whisp'ring me to live:)
For both our sakes, (saidst thou) preserve thy life;
Live, my dear sister, and my dearer wife.
Rais'd by that name, with my last pangs I strove:
Such pow'r have words, when spoke by those we
love.
The babe, as if he heard what thou hadst sworn,

With hasty joy sprung forward to be born.
What helps it to have weather'd out one storm?
Fear of our father does another form.
High in his hall, rock'd in a chair of state,
The king with his tempestuous council sate.
Through this large room our only passage lay,
By which we could the new-born babe convey.
Swath'd in her lap, the bold nurse bore him out,
With olive branches cover'd round about;
And, muttering pray'rs, as holy rites she meant,
Through the divided crowd unquestion'd went.
Just at the door, th' unhappy infant cried:
The grandsire heard him, and the theft he spied.
Swift as a whirlwind to the nurse he flies,
And deafs his stormy subjects with his cries.
With one fierce puff he blows the leaves away:
Expos'd the self-discover'd infant lay.
The noise reach'd me, and my presaging mind
Too soon its own approaching woes divin'd.
Not ships at sea with winds are shaken more,
Nor seas themselves, when angry tempests roar,
Than I, when my loud father's voice I hear:
The bed beneath me trembled with my fear.
He rush'd upon me, and divulg'd my stain;
Scarce from my murder could his hands refrain.
I only answer'd him with silent tears;
They flow'd: my tongue was frozen up with fears.
His little grand-child he commands away,
To mountain wolves and ev'ry bird of prey.
The babe cried out, as if he understood,

And begg'd his pardon with what voice he could.
By what expressions can my grief be shown?
(Yet you may guess my anguish by your own)
To see my bowels, and, what yet was worse,
Your bowels too, condemn'd to such a curse!
Out went the king; my voice its freedom found,
My breasts I beat, my blubber'd cheeks I wound.
And now appear'd the messenger of death;
Sad were his looks, and scarce he drew his breath,
To say, "Your father sends you"—(with that word
His trembling hands presented me a sword:)
"Your father sends you this; and lets you know,
That your own crimes the use of it will show."
Too well I know the sense those words impart:
His present shall be treasured in my heart.
Are these the nuptial gifts a bride receives?
And this the fatal dow'r a father gives?
Thou god of Marriage, shun thy own disgrace,
And take thy torch from this detested place:
Instead of that, let furies light their brands,
And fire my pile with their infernal hands.
With happier fortune may my sisters wed;
Warn'd by the dire example of the dead.
For thee, poor babe, what crime could they pre-
How could thy infant innocence offend? [tend?
A guilt there was; but, oh, that guilt was mine!
Thou suffer'st for a sin that was not thine.
Thy mother's grief and crime! but just enjoy'd,
Shown to my sight, and born to be destroy'd!
Unhappy offspring of my teeming womb!

Dragg'd headlong from thy cradle to thy tomb!
Thy unoffending life I could not save,
Nor weeping could I follow to thy grave:
Nor on thy tomb could offer my shorn hair;
Nor show the grief which tender mothers bear.
Yet long thou shalt not from my arms be lost;
For soon I will o'ertake thy infant ghost.
But thou, my love, and now my love's despair,
Perform his funerals with paternal care.
His scatter'd limbs with my dead body burn;
And once more join us in the pious urn.
If on my wounded breast thou dropp'st a tear,
Think for whose sake my breast that wound did bear;
And faithfully my last desires fulfill,
As I perform my cruel father's will.

HELEN TO PARIS.

EPIST. XVII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Helen, having received an epistle from Paris, returns the following answer: wherein she seems at first to chide him for his presumption in writing as he had done, which could only proceed from his low opinion of her virtue: then owns herself to be sensible of the passion, which he had expressed for her, though she much suspected his constancy; and at last discovers her inclination to be favourable to him · the whole letter showing the extreme artifice of womankind.

When loose epistles violate chaste eyes,
She half consents, who silently denies.
How dares a stranger, with designs so vain,
Marriage and hospitable rights profane?
Was it for this, your fleet did shelter find
From swelling seas, and ev'ry faithless wind?
(For though a distant country brought you forth,
Your usage here was equal to your worth.)
Does this deserve to be rewarded so?
Did you come here a stranger or a foe?
Your partial judgment may perhaps complain,
And think me barbarous for my just disdain.
Ill-bred then let me be, but not unchaste,
Nor my clear fame with any spot defac'd.

Though in my face there's no affected frown,
Nor in my carriage a feign'd niceness shown,
I keep my honour still without a stain,
Nor has my love made any coxcomb vain.
Your boldness I with admiration see;
What hope had you to gain a queen like me?
Because a hero forc'd me once away,
Am I thought fit to be a second prey?
Had I been won, I had deserv'd your blame,
But sure my part was nothing but the shame.
Yet the base theft to him no fruit did bear,
I 'scap'd unhurt by any thing but fear.
Rude force might some unwilling kisses gain,
But that was all he ever could obtain.
You on such terms would ne'er have let me go;
Were he like you, we had not parted so.
Untouch'd the youth restor'd me to my friends,
And modest usage made me some amends.
'Tis virtue to repent a vicious deed,
Did he repent, that Paris might succeed?
Sure 'tis some fate that sets me above wrongs,
Yet still exposes me to busy tongues.
I'll not complain; for who's displeas'd with love,
If it sincere, discreet, and constant prove?
But that I fear; not that I think you base,
Or doubt the blooming beauties of my face;
But all your sex is subject to deceive,
And ours, alas, too willing to believe.
Yet others yield; and love o'ercomes the best:
But why should I not shine above the rest?

Fair Leda's story seems at first to be
A fit example ready form'd for me.
But she was cozen'd by a borrow'd shape,
And under harmless feathers felt a rape.
If I should yield, what reason could I use?
By what mistake the loving crime excuse?
Her fault was in her powerful lover lost;
But of what Jupiter have I to boast?
Though you to heroes and to kings succeed,
Our famous race does no addition need;
And great alliances but useless prove
To one that comes herself from mighty Jove.
Go then, and boast in some less haughty place
Your Phrygian blood, and Priam's ancient race;
Which I would show I valu'd, if I durst;
You are the fifth from Jove, but I the first.
The crown of Troy is powerful I confess;
But I have reason to think ours no less.
Your letter, fill'd with promises of all
That men can good, and women pleasant call,
Gives expectation such an ample field,
As would move goddesses themselves to yield.
But if I e'er offend great Juno's laws,
Yourself shall be the dear, the only cause:
Either my honour I'll to death maintain,
Or follow you, without mean thoughts of gain.
Not that so fair a present I despise;
We like the gift, when we the giver prize.
But 'tis your love moves me, which made you take
Such pains, and run such hazards for my sake.

I have perceiv'd (though I dissembled too)
A thousand things that love has made you do.
Your eager eyes would almost dazzle mine,
In which, wild man, your wanton thoughts would shine.
Sometimes you'd sigh, sometimes disorder'd stand,
And with unusual ardour press my hand;
Contrive just after me to take the glass,
Nor would you let the least occasion pass:
When oft I fear'd, I did not mind alone,
And blushing sate for things which you have done:
Then murmur'd to myself, He'll for my sake
Do any thing; I hope 'twas no mistake.
Oft have I read within this pleasing grove,
Under my name, those charming words, I love.
I, frowning, seem'd not to believe your flame;
But now, alas, am come to write the same.
If I were capable to do amiss,
I could not but be sensible of this.
For oh! your face has such peculiar charms,
That who can hold from flying to your arms!
But what I ne'er can have without offence,
May some blest maid possess with innocence.
Pleasure may tempt, but virtue more should move;
O learn of me to want the thing you love.
What you desire is sought by all mankind:
As you have eyes, so others are not blind.
Like you they see, like you my charms adore;
They wish not less, but you dare venture more.
Oh! had you then upon our coasts been brought,

My virgin love when thousand rivals sought,
You had I seen, you should have had my voice;
Nor could my husband justly blame my choice.
For both our hopes, alas! you come too late;
Another now is master of my fate.
More to my wish I could have liv'd with you,
And yet my present lot can undergo.
Cease to solicit a weak woman's will,
And urge not her you love to so much ill.
But let me live contented as I may,
And make not my unspotted fame your prey.
Some right you claim, since naked to your eyes
Three goddesses disputed beauty's prize:
One offer'd valour, t'other crowns; but she
Obtain'd her cause, who, smiling, promis'd me.
But first I am not of belief so light,
To think such nymphs would show you such a sight:
Yet granting this, the other part is feign'd;
A bribe so mean your sentence had not gain'd.
With partial eyes I should myself regard,
To think that Venus made me her reward:
I humbly am content with human praise;
A goddess's applause would envy raise.
But be it as you say; for, 'tis confest,
The men, who flatter highest, please us best.
That I suspect it, ought not to displease;
For miracles are not believ'd with ease.
One joy I have, that I had Venus' voice;
A greater yet, that you confirm'd her choice;
That proffer'd laurels, promis'd sovereignty,

Juno and Pallas, you contemn'd for me.
Am I your empire then, and your renown?
What heart of rock, but must by this be won?
And yet bear witness, O you Powers above,
How rude I am in all the arts of love!
My hand is yet untaught to write to men:
This is th' essay of my unpractis'd pen.
Happy those nymphs, whom use has perfect made!
I think all crime, and tremble at a shade.
E'en while I write, my fearful conscious eyes
Look often back, misdoubting a surprise.
For now the rumour spreads among the crowd,
At court it whispers, but in town aloud.
Dissemble you, whate'er you hear 'em say:
To leave off loving were your better way;
Yet if you will dissemble it, you may.
Love secretly: the absence of my lord
More freedom gives, but does not all afford:
Long is his journey, long will be his stay;
Call'd by affairs of consequence away.
To go, or not, when unresolv'd he stood,
I bid him make what swift return he could:
Then kissing me, he said, I recommend
All to thy care, but most my Trojan friend.
I smil'd at what he innocently said,
And only answer'd, You shall be obey'd.
Propitious winds have borne him far from hence,
But let not this secure your confidence.
Absent he is, yet absent he commands:
You know the proverb, "Princes have long hands."

My fame's my burden: for the more I'm prais'd,
A juster ground of jealousy is rais'd.
Were I less fair, I might have been more blest:
Great beauty through great danger is possess'd.
To leave me here his venture was not hard,
Because he thought my virtue was my guard.
He fear'd my face, but trusted to my life,
The beauty doubted, but believ'd the wife.
You bid me use th' occasion while I can,
Put in our hands by the good easy man.
I would, and yet I doubt, 'twixt love and fear;
One draws me from you, and one brings me near.
Our flames are mutual, and my husband's gone:
The nights are long; I fear to lie alone.
One house contains us, and weak walls divide,
And you're too pressing to be long denied.
Let me not live, but every thing conspires
To join our loves, and yet my fear retires.
You court with words, when you should force
A rape is requisite to shame-fac'd joy. [employ:
Indulgent to the wrongs which we receive,
Our sex can suffer what we dare not give.
What have I said? for both of us 'twere best,
Our kindling fire if each of us supprest.
The faith of strangers is too prone to change,
And, like themselves, their wandering passions
range.
Hypsipile, and the fond Minonian maid,
Were both by trusting of their guests betray'd.
How can I doubt that other men deceive,

When you yourself did fair Œnone leave?
But lest I should upbraid your treachery,
You make a merit of that crime to me.
Yet grant you were to faithful love inclin'd,
Your weary Trojans wait but for a wind.
Should you prevail; while I assign the night,
Your sails are hoisted, and you take your flight:
Some bawling mariner our love destroys,
And breaks asunder our unfinish'd joys.
But I with you may leave the Spartan port,
To view the Trojan wealth and Priam's court:
Shown while I see, I shall expose my fame,
And fill a foreign country with my shame.
In Asia what reception shall I find?
And what dishonour leave in Greece behind?
What will your brothers, Priam, Hecuba,
And what will all your modest matrons say?
E'en you, when on this action you reflect,
My future conduct justly may suspect;
And whate'er stranger lands upon your coast,
Conclude me, by your own example, lost.
I from your rage a strumpet's name shall hear,
While you forget what part in it you bear.
You, my crime's author, will my crime upbraid:
Deep under ground, oh, let me first be laid!
You boast the pomp and plenty of your land,
And promise all shall be at my command:
Your Trojan wealth, believe me, I despise;
My own poor native land has dearer ties.
Should I be injur'd on your Phrygian shore,

What help of kindred could I there implore?
Medea was by Jason's flatt'ry won:
I may, like her, believe, and be undone.
Plain honest hearts, like mine, suspect no cheat,
And love contributes to its own deceit.
The ships, about whose sides loud tempests roar,
With gentle winds were wafted from the shore.
Your teeming mother dream'd a flaming brand,
Sprung from her womb, consum'd the Trojan land.
To second this, old prophecies conspire,
That Ilium shall be burnt with Grecian fire.
Both give me fear; nor is it much allay'd,
That Venus is oblig'd our loves to aid.
For they, who lost their cause, revenge will take;
And for one friend two enemies you make.
Nor can I doubt, but, should I follow you,
The sword would soon our fatal crime pursue.
A wrong so great my husband's rage would rouse,
And my relations would his cause espouse.
You boast your strength and courage; but, alas!
Your words receive small credit from your face.
Let heroes in the dusty field delight,
Those limbs were fashion'd for another fight.
Bid Hector sally from the walls of Troy;
A sweeter quarrel should your arms employ.
Yet fears like these should not my mind perplex,
Were I as wise as many of my sex.
But time and you may bolder thoughts inspire;
And I perhaps may yield to your desire.
You last demand a private conference;

These are your words, but I can guess your sense.
Your unripe hopes their harvest must attend:
Be rul'd by me, and time may be your friend.
This is enough to let you understand;
For now my pen has tir'd my tender hand:
My woman knows the secret of my heart,
And may hereafter better news impart.

DIDO TO ÆNEAS.

EPIST. VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneas, the son of Venus and Anchises, having, at the destruction of Troy, saved his gods, his father, and son Ascanius, from the fire, put to sea with twenty sail of ships; and, having been long tost with tempests, was at last cast upon the shore of Lybia, where queen Dido (flying from the cruelty of Pygmalion, her brother, who had killed her husband Sichæus) had lately built Carthage. She entertained Æneas and his fleet with great civility, fell passionately in love with him, and in the end denied him not the last favours. But Mercury admonishing Æneas to go in search of Italy, (a kingdom promised him by the gods) he readily prepared to follow him. Dido soon perceived it, and having in vain tried all other means to engage him to stay, at last in despair writes to him as follows.

So, on Mæander's banks, when death is nigh,
The mournful swan sings her own elegy.
Not that I hope (for, oh, that hope were vain!)
By words your lost affection to regain:

But having lost whate'er was worth my care,
Why should I fear to lose a dying pray'r?
'Tis then resolv'd poor Dido must be left,
Of life, of honour, and of love bereft!
While you, with loosen'd sails, and vows, prepare
To seek a land that flies the searcher's care.
Nor can my rising tow'rs your flight restrain,
Nor my new empire, offer'd you in vain.
Built walls you shun, unbuilt you seek; that land
Is yet to conquer; but you this command.
Suppose you landed where your wish design'd,
Think what reception foreigners would find.
What people is so void of common sense,
To vote succession from a native prince?
Yet there new sceptres and new loves you seek;
New vows to plight, and plighted vows to break.
When will your tow'rs the height of Carthage know?
Or when your eyes discern such crowds below?
If such a town and subjects you could see,
Still would you want a wife who lov'd like me.
For, oh, I burn, like fires with incense bright:
Not holy tapers flame with purer light:
Æneas is my thoughts' perpetual theme;
Their daily longing, and their nightly dream.
Yet he's ungrateful and obdurate still:
Fool that I am to place my heart so ill!
Myself I cannot to myself restore;
Still I complain, and still I love him more.
Have pity, Cupid, on my bleeding heart,
And pierce thy brother's with an equal dart

I rave: nor canst thou Venus' offspring be,
Love's mother could not bear a son like thee.
From harden'd oak, or from a rock's cold womb,
At least thou art from some fierce tigress come;
Or on rough seas, from their foundation torn,
Got by the winds, and in a tempest born:
Like that, which now thy trembling sailors fear;
Like that, whose rage should still detain thee here.
Behold how high the foamy billows ride!
The winds and waves are on the juster side.
To winter weather and a stormy sea
I'll owe, what rather I would owe to thee.
Death thou deserv'st from heav'n's avenging laws;
But I'm unwilling to become the cause.
To shun my love, if thou wilt seek thy fate,
'Tis a dear purchase, and a costly hate.
Stay but a little, 'till the tempest cease,
And the loud winds are lull'd into a peace.
May all thy rage, like theirs, unconstant prove!
And so it will, if there be pow'r in love.
Know'st thou not yet what dangers ships sustain?
So often wreck'd, how dar'st thou tempt the main?
Which were it smooth, were ev'ry wave asleep,
Ten thousand forms of death are in the deep.
In that abyss the gods their vengeance store,
For broken vows of those who falsely swore.
There winged storms on sea-born Venus wait,
To vindicate the justice of her state.
Thus I to thee the means of safety show;
And, lost myself, would still preserve my foe.

False as thou art. I not thy death design:
O rather live, to be the cause of mine!
Should some avenging storm thy vessel tear,
(But heav'n forbid my words should omen bear)
Then in thy face thy perjur'd vows would fly;
And my wrong'd ghost be present to thy eye.
With threat'ning looks think thou behold'st me stare,
Gasping my mouth, and clotted all my hair.
Then, should fork'd lightning and red thunder fall,
What couldst thou say, but, I deserv'd 'em all.
Lest this should happen, make not haste away;
To shun the danger will be worth thy stay.
Have pity on thy son, if not on me:
My death alone is guilt enough for thee.
What has his youth, what have thy gods deserv'd,
To sink in seas, who were from fires preserv'd?
But neither gods nor parent didst thou bear;
Smooth stories all to please a woman's ear,
False as the tale of thy romantic life.
Nor yet am I thy first-deluded wife:
Left to pursuing foes Creüsa staid,
By thee, base man, forsaken and betray'd.
This, when thou told'st me, struck my tender heart,
That such requital follow'd such desert.
Nor doubt I but the gods, for crimes like these,
Seven winters kept thee wand'ring on the seas.
Thy starv'd companions, cast ashore, I fed,
Thyself admitted to my crown and bed.
To harbour strangers, succour the distrest,

Was kind enough; but, oh, too kind the rest!
Curst be the cave which first my ruin brought,
Where, from the storm, we common shelter sought!
A dreadful howling echoed round the place:
The mountain nymphs, thought I, my nuptials grace.
I thought so then, but now too late I know
The furies yell'd my funerals from below.
O chastity and violated fame,
Exact your dues to my dead husband's name!
By death redeem my reputation lost,
And to his arms restore my guilty ghost.
Close by my palace, in a gloomy grove,
Is rais'd a chapel to my murder'd love;
There, wreath'd with boughs and wool his statue stands,
The pious monument of artful hands.
Last night, me thought, he call'd me from the dome,
And thrice, with hollow voice, cried, Dido, come.
She comes; thy wife thy lawful summons hears;
But comes more slowly, clogg'd with conscious fears.
Forgive the wrong I offer'd to thy bed;
Strong were his charms, who my weak faith misled.
His goddess mother, and his aged sire,
Borne on his back, did to my fall conspire.
Oh! such he was, and is, that, were he true,
Without a blush I might his love pursue.
But cruel stars my birth-day did attend;
And as my fortune open'd, it must end.
My plighted lord was at the altar slain,
Whose wealth was made my bloody brother's gain.

Friendless, and follow'd by the murd'rer's hate,
To foreign countries I remov'd my fate;
And here, a suppliant, from the natives' hands
I bought the ground on which my city stands,
With all the coast that stretches to the sea;
E'en to the friendly port that shelter'd thee:
Then rais'd these walls, which mount into the air,
At once my neighbours' wonder, and their fear.
For now they arm; and round me leagues are made,
My scarce establish'd empire to invade.
To man my new-built walls I must prepare,
A helpless woman, and unskill'd in war.
Yet thousand rivals to my love pretend;
And for my person would my crown defend:
Whose jarring votes in one complaint agree,
That each unjustly is disdain'd for thee.
To proud Hyarbas give me up a prey;
(For that must follow, if thou goest away:)
Or to my husband's murd'rer leave my life,
That to the husband he may add the wife.
Go then, since no complaints can move thy mind:
Go, perjur'd man, but leave thy gods behind.
Touch not those gods, by whom thou art forsworn,
Who will in impious hands no more be borne:
Thy sacrilegious worship they disdain,
And rather would the Grecian fires sustain.
Perhaps my greatest shame is still to come,
And part of thee lies hid within my womb.
The babe unborn must perish by thy hate,
And perish guiltless in his mother's fate.

Some god, thou say'st, thy voyage does command;
Would the same god had barr'd thee from my land!
The same, I doubt not, thy departure steers,
Who kept thee out at sea so many years;
While thy long labours were a price so great,
As thou to purchase Troy wouldst not repeat.
But Tyber now thou seek'st, to be at best,
When there arriv'd, a poor precarious guest.
Yet it deludes thy search: perhaps it will
To thy old age lie undiscover'd still.
A ready crown and wealth in dower I bring,
And, without conqu'ring, here thou art a king.
Here thou to Carthage may'st transfer thy Troy:
Here young Ascanius may his arms employ;
And, while we live secure in soft repose,
Bring many laurels home from conquer'd foes.
By Cupid's arrows, I adjure thee stay;
By all the gods, companions of thy way.
So may thy Trojans, who are yet alive,
Live still, and with no future fortune strive;
So may thy youthful son old age attain,
And thy dead father's bones in peace remain;
As thou hast pity on unhappy me,
Who knew no crime, but too much love of thee.
I am not born from fierce Achilles' line,
Nor did my parents against Troy combine.
To be thy wife if I unworthy prove,
By some inferior name admit my love.
To be secur'd of still possessing thee,
What would I do, and what would I not be!

Our Libyan coasts their certain seasons know,
When free from tempests passengers may go:
But now with northern blasts the billows roar,
And drive the floating sea-weed to the shore.
Leave to my care the time to sail away;
When safe, I will not suffer thee to stay.
Thy weary men would be with ease content;
Their sails are tatter'd, and their masts are spent.
If by no merit I thy mind can move,
What thou deniest my merit, give my love.
Stay, till I learn my loss to undergo;
And give me time to struggle with my woe.
If not, know this, I will not suffer long;
My life's too loathsome, and my love too strong.
Death holds my pen, and dictates what I say,
While cross my lap the Trojan sword I lay.
My tears flow down; the sharp edge cuts their flood,
And drinks my sorrows, that must drink my blood.
How well thy gift does with my fate agree!
My funeral pomp is cheaply made by thee.
To no new wounds my bosom I display:
The sword but enters where love made the way.
But thou, dear sister, and yet dearer friend,
Shalt my cold ashes to their urn attend.
Sichæus' wife let not the marble boast,
I lost that title, when my fame I lost.
This short inscription only let it bear:
"Unhappy Dido lies in quiet here.
The cause of death, and sword by which she died,
Æneas gave: the rest her arm supplied."

TRANSLATIONS
FROM OVID'S ART OF LOVE.

THE FIRST BOOK OF OVID'S ART OF LOVE.

In Cupid's school whoe'er would take degree,
Must learn his rudiments, by reading me.
Seamen with sailing arts their vessels move;
Art guides the chariot; art instructs to love.
Of ships and chariots others know the rule;
But I am master in Love's mighty school.
Cupid indeed is obstinate and wild,
A stubborn god; but yet the god's a child:
Easy to govern in his tender age,
Like fierce Achilles in his pupillage:
That hero, born for conquest, trembling stood
Before the Centaur, and receiv'd the rod.
As Chiron mollified his cruel mind
With art, and taught his warlike hands to wind
The silver strings of his melodious lyre:
So Love's fair goddess does my soul inspire,
To teach her softer arts; to soothe the mind,
And smooth the rugged breasts of human kind.
Yet Cupid and Achilles, each with scorn
And rage were fill'd; and both were goddess-born.
The bull, reclaim'd and yok'd, the burden draws:

The horse receives the bit within his jaws;
And stubborn Love shall bend beneath my sway,
Though struggling oft he strives to disobey.
He shakes his torch, he wounds me with his darts;
But vain his force, and vainer are his arts.
The more he burns my soul, or wounds my sight,
The more he teaches to revenge the spite.

I boast no aid the Delphian god affords,
Nor auspice from the flight of chattering birds;
Nor Clio, nor her sisters have I seen;
As Hesiod saw them on the shady green:
Experience makes my work; a truth so tried
You may believe; and Venus be my guide.

Far hence, ye vestals, be, who bind your hair;
And wives, who gowns below your ankles wear.
I sing the brothels loose and unconfin'd,
Th' unpunishable pleasures of the kind;
Which all alike, for love, or money, find.

You, who in Cupid's rolls inscribe your name,
First seek an object worthy of your flame;
Then strive, with art, your lady's mind to gain:
And, last, provide your love may long remain.
On these three precepts all my work shall move:
These are the rules and principles of love.

Before your youth with marriage is oppress,
Make choice of one who suits your humour best:
And such a damsel drops not from the sky;
She must be sought for with a curious eye.

The wary angler, in the winding brook,
Knows what the fish, and where to bait his hook.

The fowler and the huntsman know by name
The certain haunts and harbour of their game.
So must the lover beat the likeliest grounds;
Th' assembly where his quarry most abounds.
Nor shall my novice wander far astray;
These rules shall put him in the ready way.
Thou shalt not sail around the continent,
As far as Perseus, or as Paris went:
For Rome alone affords thee such a store,
As all the world can hardly show thee more.
The face of heav'n with fewer stars is crown'd,
Than beauties in the Roman sphere are found.
Whether thy love is bent on blooming youth,
On dawning sweetness in unartful truth;
Or courts the juicy joys of riper growth;
Here mayst thou find thy full desires in both.
Or if autumnal beauties please thy sight
(An age that knows to give, and take delight;)
Millions of matrons of the graver sort,
In common prudence, will not balk the sport.
In summer heats thou need'st but only go
To Pompey's cool and shady portico;
Or Concord's fane; or that proud edifice,
Whose turrets near the bawdy suburb rise:
Or to that other portico, where stands
The cruel father urging his commands,
And fifty daughters wait the time of rest,
To plunge their poniards in the bridegroom's breast:
Or Venus' temple; where, on annual nights,
They mourn Adonis with Assyrian rites.

Nor shun the Jewish walk, where the foul drove,
On sabbaths, rest from ev'ry thing but love:
Nor Isis' temple; for that sacred whore
Makes others, what to Jove she was before.
And if the hall itself be not belied,
E'en there the cause of love is often tried;
Near it at least, or in the palace-yard,
From whence the noisy combatants are heard.
The crafty counsellors, in formal gown,
There gain another's cause, but lose their own.
There eloquence is nonplust in the suit;
And lawyers, who had words at will, are mute.
Venus, from her adjoining temple, smiles,
To see them caught in their litigious wiles.
Grave senators lead home the youthful dame,
Returning clients, when they patrons came.
But, above all, the play-house is the place;
There's choice of quarry in that narrow chase.
There take thy stand, and sharply looking out,
Soon mayst thou find a mistress in the rout,
For length of time, or for a single bout.
The theatres are berries for the fair:
Like ants on mole-hills thither they repair;
Like bees to hives, so numerously they throng
It may be said, they to that place belong.
Thither they swarm, who have the public voice:
There choose, if plenty not distracts thy choice.
To see and to be seen, in heaps they run;
Some to undo, and some to be undone.

From Romulus the rise of plays began,

To his new subjects a commodious man;
Who, his unmarried soldiers to supply,
Took care the commonwealth should multiply:
Providing Sabine women for his braves,
Like a true king, to get a race of slaves.
His play-house not of Parian marble made,
Nor was it spread with purple sails for shade.
The stage with rushes, or with leaves they strew'd:
No scenes in prospect, no machining god.
On rows of homely turf they sat to see,
Crown'd with the wreaths of ev'ry common tree.
There, while they sat in rustic majesty,
Each lover had his mistress in his eye;
And whom he saw most suiting to his mind,
For joys of matrimonial rape design'd.
Scarce could they wait the plaudit in their haste;
But, ere the dances and the song were past,
The monarch gave the signal from his throne;
And, rising, bade his merry men fall on.
The martial crew, like soldiers ready prest,
Just at the word (the word too was, The Best)
With joyful cries each other animate;
Some choose, and some at hazard seize their mate.
As doves from eagles, or from wolves the lambs,
So from their lawless lovers fly the dames.
Their fear was one, but not one face of fear;
Some rend the lovely tresses of their hair; [pair.
Some shriek, and some are struck with dumb des-
Her absent mother one invokes in vain;
One stands amaz'd, not daring to complain;

The nimbler trust their feet, the slow remain.
But nought availing, all are captives led,
Trembling and blushing to the genial bed.
She who too long resisted, or denied,
The lusty lover made by force a bride;
And, with superior strength, compell'd her to his side.
Then sooth'd her thus:—My soul's far better part,
Cease weeping, nor afflict thy tender heart:
For what thy father to thy mother was,
That faith to thee, that solemn vow I pass.
Thus Romulus became so popular;
This was the way to thrive in peace and war;
To pay his army, and fresh whores to bring:
Who would not fight for such a gracious king?
Thus love in theatres did first improve;
And theatres are still the scenes of love:
Nor shun the chariot's, and the courser's race;
The Circus is no inconvenient place.
No need is there of talking on the hand;
Nor nods, nor signs, which lovers understand.
But boldly next the fair your seat provide;
Close as you can to hers, and side by side.
Pleas'd or unpleas'd, no matter; crowding sit:
For so the laws of public shows permit.
Then find occasion to begin discourse;
Inquire, whose chariot this, and whose that horse?
To whatsoever side she is inclin'd,
Suit all your inclinations to her mind;
Like what she likes; from thence your court begin;
And whom she favours, wish that he may win.

But when the statues of the deities,
In chariots roll'd, appear before the prize;
When Venus comes, with deep devotion rise.
If dust be on her lap, or grains of sand,
Brush both away with your officious hand.
If none be there, yet brush that nothing thence;
And still to touch her lap make some pretence.
Touch any thing of hers; and if her train
Sweep on the ground, let it not sweep in vain;
But gently take it up, and wipe it clean;
And while you wipe it, with observing eyes,
Who knows but you may see her naked thighs!
Observe, who sits behind her; and beware,
Lest his incroaching knee should press the fair.
Light service takes light minds: for some can tell
Of favours won, by laying cushions well:
By fanning faces some their fortune meet;
And some by laying footstools for their feet.
These overtures of love the Circus gives;
Nor at the sword-play less the lover thrives:
For there the son of Venus fights his prize;
And deepest wounds are oft receiv'd from eyes.
One, while the crowd their acclamations make,
Or while he bets, and puts his ring to stake,
Is struck from far, and feels the flying dart;
And of the spectacle is made a part.
  Cæsar would represent a naval fight,
For his own honour, and for Rome's delight.
From either sea the youths and maidens come;
And all the world was then contain'd in Rome.

In this vast concourse, in this choice of game,
What Roman heart but felt a foreign flame?
Once more our prince prepares to make us glad;
And the remaining East to Rome will add.
Rejoice, ye Roman soldiers, in your urn;
Your ensigns from the Parthians shall return;
And the slain Crassi shall no longer mourn.
A youth is sent those trophies to demand;
And bears his father's thunder in his hand:
Doubt not th' imperial boy in wars unseen;
In childhood all of Cæsar's race are men.
Celestial seeds shoot out before their day,
Prevent their years, and brook no dull delay.
Thus infant Hercules the snakes did press,
And in his cradle did his sire confess.
Bacchus, a boy, yet like a hero fought,
And early spoils from conquer'd India brought.
Thus you your father's troops shall lead to fight,
And thus shall vanquish in your father's right.
These rudiments you to your lineage owe;
Born to increase your titles, as you grow.
Brethren you had, revenge your brethren slain;
You have a father, and his rights maintain.
Arm'd by your country's parent, and your own,
Redeem your country, and restore his throne.
Your enemies assert an impious cause;
You fight both for divine and human laws.
Already in their cause they are o'ercome:
Subject them too, by force of arms, to Rome.
Great father Mars with greater Cæsar join,

To give a prosp'rous omen to your line:
One of you is, and one shall be divine.
I prophesy you shall, you shall o'ercome:
My verse shall bring you back in triumph home.
Speak in my verse, exhort to loud alarms:
O were my numbers equal to your arms!
Then would I sing the Parthians' overthrow;
Their shot averse sent from a flying bow:
The Parthians, who already flying fight,
Already give an omen of their flight.
O when will come the day, by heav'n design'd,
When thou, the best and fariest of mankind,
Drawn by white horses shalt in triumph ride,
With conquer'd slaves attending on thy side;
Slaves, that no longer can be safe in flight;
O glorious object, O surprising sight,
O day of public joy, too good to end in night!
On such a day, if thou, and, next to thee,
Some beauty sits, the spectacle to see:
If she inquire the names of conquer'd kings,
Of mountains, rivers, and their hidden springs,
Answer to all thou know'st; and, if need be,
Of things unknown seem to speak knowingly;
This is Euphrates, crown'd with reeds; and there
Flows the swift Tigris with his sea-green hair.
Invent new names of things unknown before;
Call this Armenia, that the Caspian shore;
Call this a Mede, and that a Parthian youth;
Talk probably; no matter for the truth.

In feasts, as at our shows, new means abound;

More pleasure there, than that of wine, is found.
The Paphian goddess there her ambush lays;
And Love betwixt the horns of Bacchus plays:
Desires increase at ev'ry swelling draught;
Brisk vapours add new vigour to the thought.
There Cupid's purple wings no flight afford;
But, wet with wine, he flutters on the board.
He shakes his pinions, but he cannot move;
Fix'd he remains, and turns a maudlin Love.
Wine warms the blood, and makes the spirits flow;
Care flies, and wrinkles from the forehead go:
Exalts the poor, invigorates the weak;
Gives mirth and laughter, and a rosy cheek.
Bold truths it speaks; and, spoken, dares maintain;
And brings our old simplicity again.
Love sparkles in the cup, and fills it higher:
Wine feeds the flames, and fuel adds to fire.
But choose no mistress in thy drunken fit;
Wine gilds too much their beauties and their wit.
Nor trust thy judgment when the tapers dance;
But sober, and by day, thy suit advance.
By day-light Paris judg'd the beauteous three;
And for the fairest did the prize decree.
Night is a cheat, and all deformities
Are hid, or lessen'd in her dark disguise.
The sun's fair light each error will confess,
In face, in shape, in jewels, and in dress.
Why name I ev'ry place where youths abound?
'Tis loss of time, and a too fruitful ground.
The Baian baths, where ships at anchor ride,

And wholesome streams from sulphur fountains glide;
Where wounded youths are by experience taught,
The waters are less healthful than they thought:
Or Dian's fane, which near the suburb lies,
Where priests, for their promotion, fight a prize.
That maiden goddess is Love's mortal foe,
And much from her his subjects undergo.

Thus far the sportful Muse, with myrtle bound,
Has sung where lovely lasses may be found.
Now let me sing, how she who wounds your mind,
With art, may be to cure your wounds inclin'd.
Young nobles, to my laws attention lend;
And all you vulgar of my school attend.

First then believe, all women may be won;
Attempt with confidence, the work is done.
The grasshopper shall first forbear to sing
In summer season, or the birds in spring,
Than women can resist your flatt'ring skill:
E'en she will yield, who swears she never will.
To secret pleasure both the sexes move;
But women most, who most dissemble love.
'Twere best for us, if they would first declare,
Avow their passion, and submit to pray'r.
The cow, by lowing, tells the bull her flame:
The neighing mare invites her stallion to the game.
Man is more temp'rate in his lust than they,
And, more than women, can his passion sway.
Biblis, we know, did first her love declare,
And had recourse to death in her despair.

Her brother she, her father Myrrha sought,
And lov'd, but lov'd not as a daughter ought.
Now from a tree she stills her odorous tears,
Which yet the name of her who shed 'em bears.
In Ida's shady vale a bull appear'd,
White as the snow, the fairest of the herd;
A beauty-spot of black there only rose,
Betwixt his equal horns and ample brows:
The love and wish of all the Cretan cows.
The queen beheld him as his head he rear'd;
And envied ev'ry leap he gave the herd.
A secret fire she nourish'd in her breast,
And hated ev'ry heifer he caress'd.
A story known, and known for true, I tell;
Nor Crete, though lying, can the truth conceal.
She cut him grass; (so much can Love command)
She strok'd, she fed him with her royal hand:
Was pleas'd in pastures with the herd to roam;
And Minos by the bull was overcome.
Cease, queen, with gems t' adorn thy beauteous brows,
The monarch of thy heart no jewel knows.
Nor in thy glass compose thy looks and eyes:
Secure from all thy charms thy lover lies:
Yet trust thy mirror, when it tells thee true;
Thou art no heifer to allure his view.
Soon wouldst thou quit thy royal diadem
To thy fair rivals, to be horn'd like them.
If Minos please, no lover seek to find;
If not, at least seek one of human kind.
The wretched queen the Cretan court forsakes;

In woods and wilds her habitation makes:
She curses ev'ry beauteous cow she sees;
Ah, why dost thou my lord and master please!
And think'st, ungrateful creature as thou art,
With frisking awkwardly, to gain his heart!
She said, and straight commands, with frowning look,
To put her, undeserving, to the yoke;
Or feigns some holy rites of sacrifice,
And sees her rival's death with joyful eyes:
Then, when the bloody priest has done his part,
Pleas'd, in her hand she holds the beating heart;
Nor from a scornful taunt can scarce refrain;
Go, fool, and strive to please my love again.
Now she would be Europa, Io now:
(One bore a bull, and one was made a cow.)
Yet she at last her brutal bliss obtain'd,
And in a wooden cow the bull sustain'd;
Fill'd with his seed, accomplish'd her desire;
Till by his form the son betray'd the sire.
If Atreus' wife to incest had not run,
(But, ah, how hard it is to love but one!)
His coursers Phœbus had not driv'n away,
To shun that sight, and interrupt the day.
Thy daughter, Nisus, pull'd thy purple hair,
And barking sea-dogs yet her bowels tear.
At sea and land Atrides sav'd his life,
Yet fell a prey to his adult'rous wife.
Who knows not what revenge Medea sought,
When the slain offspring bore the father's fault?
Thus Phœnix did a woman's love bewail;

And thus Hippolytus by Phædra fell.
These crimes revengeful matrons did commit:
Hotter their lust, and sharper is their wit.
Doubt not from them an easy victory:
Scarce of a thousand dames will one deny.
All women are content that men should woo;
She who complains, and she who will not do.
Rest then secure, whate'er thy luck may prove,
Not to be hated for declaring love.
And yet how canst thou miss, since womankind
Is frail and vain, and still to change inclin'd?
Old husbands and stale gallants they despise;
And more another's, than their own, they prize.
A larger crop adorns our neighbour's field;
More milk his kine from swelling udders yield.
First gain the maid; by her thou shalt be sure
A free access and easy to procure:
Who knows what to her office does belong,
Is in the secret, and can hold her tongue.
Bribe her with gifts, with promises, and pray'rs;
For her good word goes far in love-affairs.
The time and fit occasion leave to her,
When she most aptly can thy suit prefer.
The time for maids to fire their lady's blood,
Is, when they find her in a merry mood;
When all things at her wish and pleasure move:
Her heart is open then, and free to love.
Then mirth and wantonness to lust betray,
And smooth the passage to the lover's way.
Troy stood the siege, when fill'd with anxious care:

One merry fit concluded all the war.
If some fair rival vex her jealous mind,
Offer thy service to revenge in kind.
Instruct the damsel, while she combs her hair,
To raise the choler of that injur'd fair;
And, sighing, make her mistress understand,
She has the means of vengeance in her hand:
Then, naming thee, thy humble suit prefer;
And swear thou languishest and diest for her.
Then let her lose no time, but push at all;
For women soon are rais'd, and soon they fall.
Give their first fury leisure to relent,
They melt like ice, and suddenly repent.
T' enjoy the maid, will that thy suit advance?
'Tis a hard question, and a doubtful chance.
One maid, corrupted, bawds the better for't;
Another for herself would keep the sport.
Thy business may be further'd or delay'd:
But by my counsel, let alone the maid:
E'en though she should consent to do the feat,
The profit's little, and the danger great.
I will not lead thee through a rugged road;
But where the way lies open, safe, and broad.
Yet if thou find'st her very much thy friend,
And her good face her diligence commend:
Let the fair mistress have thy first embrace,
And let the maid come after in her place.
But this I will advise, and mark my words;
For 'tis the best advice my skill affords:
If needs thou with the damsel wilt begin,

Before th' attempt is made, make sure to win;
For then the secret better will be kept;
And she can tell no tales when once she's dipt.
'Tis for the fowler's interest to beware,
The bird intangled should not 'scape the snare.
The fish, once prick'd, avoids the bearded hook,
And spoils the sport of all the neighb'ring brook.
But if the wench be thine, she makes thy way,
And, for thy sake, her mistress will betray;
Tell all she knows, and all she hears her say.
Keep well the counsel of thy faithful spy:
So shalt thou learn whene'er she treads awry.
All things the stations of their seasons keep;
And certain times there are to sow and reap.
Ploughmen and sailors for the season stay,
One to plough land, and one to plough the sea:
So should the lover wait the lucky day.
Then stop thy suit, it hurts not thy design:
But think, another hour she may be thine.
And when she celebrates her birth at home,
Or when she views the public shows of Rome,
Know, all thy visits then are troublesome.
Defer thy work, and put not then to sea,
For that's a boding and a stormy day.
Else take thy time, and, when thou canst, begin:
To break a Jewish sabbath, think no sin:
Nor e'en on superstitious days abstain;
Not when the Romans were at Allia slain.
Ill omens in her frowns are understood;
When she's in humour, ev'ry day is good.

But than her birth-day seldom comes a worse;
When bribes and presents must be sent of course;
And that's a bloody day, that costs thy purse.
Be staunch; yet parsimony will be vain:
The craving sex will still the lover drain.
No skill can shift them off, nor art remove;
They will be begging, when they know we love.
The merchant comes upon th' appointed day,
Who shall before thy face his wares display.
To choose for her she craves thy kind advice;
Then begs again, to bargain for the price:
But when she has her purchase in her eye,
She hugs thee close, and kisses thee to buy.
'Tis what I want, and 'tis a pen'orth too;
In many years I will not trouble you.
If you complain you have no ready coin;
No matter, 'tis but writing of a line,
A little bill, not to be paid at sight;
Now curse the time when thou wert taught to write.
She keeps her birth-day; you must send the cheer;
And she'll be born a hundred times a year.
With daily lies she dribs thee into cost;
That ear-ring dropt a stone, that ring is lost.
They often borrow what they never pay;
Whate'er you lend her, think it thrown away.
Had I ten mouths and tongues to tell each art,
All would be wearied ere I told a part.

By letters, not by words, thy love begin;
And ford the dangerous passage with thy pen.
Into her heart thou aim'st to find the way,

Extremely flatter, and extremely pray.
Priam by prayers did Hector's body gain;
Nor is an angry god invok'd in vain.
With promis'd gifts her easy mind bewitch;
For e'en the poor in promise may be rich.
Vain hopes awhile her appetite will stay;
'Tis a deceitful, but commodious way.
Who gives is mad, but make her still believe
'Twill come, and that's the cheapest way to give.
E'en barren lands fair promises afford;
But the lean harvest cheats the starving lord.
Buy not thy first enjoyment, lest it prove
Of bad example to thy future love:
But get it gratis; and she'll give thee more,
For fear of losing what she gave before.
The losing gamester shakes the box in vain,
And bleeds, and loses on, in hopes to gain.
Write then, and in thy letter, as I said,
Let her with mighty promises be fed.
Cydippe by a letter was betray'd,
Writ on an apple to th' unwary maid.
She read herself into a marriage vow;
(And every cheat in love the gods allow.)
Learn eloquence, ye noble youth of Rome;
It will not only at the bar o'ercome:
Sweet words the people and the senate move;
But the chief end of eloquence is love.
But in thy letter hide thy moving arts;
Affect not to be thought a man of parts.
None but vain fools to simple women preach:

A learned letter oft has made a breach.
In a familiar style your thoughts convey,
And write such things as present you would say;
Such words as from the heart may seem to move:
'Tis wit enough to make her think you love.
If seal'd she sends it back, and will not read,
Yet hope, in time, the business may succeed.
In time the steer will to the yoke submit;
In time the restiff horse will bear the bit.
E'en the hard ploughshare use will wear away:
And stubborn steel in length of time decay.
Water is soft, and marble hard; and yet
We see soft water through hard marble eat.
Though late, yet Troy at length in flames expir'd;
And ten years more Penelope had tir'd.
Perhaps thy lines unanswer'd she retain'd;
No matter; there's a point already gain'd:
For she, who reads, in time will answer too;
Things must be left by just degrees to grow.
Perhaps she writes, but answers with disdain,
And sharply bids you not to write again:
What she requires, she fears you should accord;
The jilt would not be taken at her word.

Mean-time, if she be carried in her chair,
Approach, but do not seem to know she's there.
Speak softly to delude the standers-by;
Or, if aloud, then speak ambiguously.
If sauntering in the portico she walk,
Move slowly too; for that's a time for talk:
And sometimes follow, sometimes be her guide:

But, when the crowd permits, go side by side.
Nor in the play-house let her sit alone:
For she's the play-house and the play in one.
There thou mayst ogle, or by signs advance
Thy suit, and seem to touch her hand by chance.
Admire the dancer who her liking gains,
And pity in the play the lover's pains;
For her sweet sake the loss of time despise;
Sit while she sits, and when she rises rise.
But dress not like a fop, nor curl your hair,
Nor with a pumice make your body bare.
Leave those effeminate and useless toys
To eunuchs, who can give no solid joys.
Neglect becomes a man: this Theseus found:
Uncurl'd, uncomb'd, the nymph his wishes crown'd.
The rough Hippolytus was Phædra's care;
And Venus thought the rude Adonis fair.
Be not too finical; but yet be clean;
And wear well-fashion'd clothes, like other men.
Let not your teeth be yellow, or be foul;
Nor in wide shoes your feet too loosely roll.
Of a black muzzle, and long beard, beware;
And let a skilful barber cut your hair:
Your nails be pick'd from filth, and even par'd;
Nor let your nasty nostrils bud with beard.
Cure your unsav'ry breath, gargle your throat,
And free your armpits from the ram and goat.
Dress not, in short, too little or too much;
And be not wholly French, nor wholly Dutch.
Now Bacchus calls me to his jolly rites:

Who would not follow, when a god invites?
He helps the poet, and his pen inspires,
Kind and indulgent to his former fires.
Fair Ariadne wander'd on the shore,
Forsaken now; and Theseus loved no more:
Loose was her gown, dishevel'd was her hair;
Her bosom naked, and her feet were bare:
Exclaiming, on the water's brink she stood;
Her briny tears augment the briny flood.
She shriek'd, and wept, and both became her face:
No posture could that heav'nly form disgrace.
She beat her breast: The traitor's gone, said she;
What shall become of poor forsaken me?
What shall become——she had not time for more,
The sounding cymbals rattled on the shore.
She swoons for fear, she falls upon the ground;
No vital heat was in her body found.
The Mimallonian dames about her stood;
And scudding satyrs ran before their god.
Silenus on his ass did next appear,
And held upon the mane; (the god was clear)
The drunken sire pursues, the dames retire;
Sometimes the drunken dames pursue the drunken sire.
At last he topples over on the plain;
The satyrs laugh, and bid him rise again.
And now the god of wine came driving on,
High on his chariot by swift tigers drawn,
Her colour, voice, and sense forsook the fair;
Thrice did her trembling feet for flight prepare,
And thrice affrighted did her flight forbear.

She shook, like leaves of corn when tempests blow,
Or slender reeds that in the marshes grow.
To whom the god: Compose thy fearful mind;
In me a truer husband thou shalt find.
With heaven I will endow thee, and thy star
Shall with propitious light be seen afar,
And guide on seas the doubtful mariner.
He said, and from his chariot leaping light,
Lest the grim tigers should the nymph affright,
His brawny arms around her waist he threw;
(For gods, whate'er they will, with ease can do:)
And swiftly bore her thence: th' attending throng
Shout at the sight, and sing the nuptial song.
Now in full bowls her sorrow she may steep:
The bridegroom's liquor lays the bride asleep.
But thou, when flowing cups in triumph ride,
And the lov'd nymph is seated by thy side;
Invoke the god, and all the mighty pow'rs,
That wine may not defraud thy genial hours.
Then in ambiguous words thy suit prefer,
Which she may know were all addrest to her,
In liquid purple letters write her name,
Which she may read, and reading find the flame.
Then may your eyes confess your mutual fires;
(For eyes have tongues, and glances tell desires)
Whene'er she drinks, be first to take the cup;
And, where she laid her lips, the blessing sup.
When she to carving does her hand advance,
Put out thy own, and touch it as by chance.
Thy service e'en her husband must attend:

(A husband is a most convenient friend.)
Seat the fool cuckold in the highest place:
And with thy garland his dull temples grace.
Whether below or equal in degree,
Let him be lord of all the company,
And what he says be seconded by thee.
'Tis common to deceive through friendship's name:
But, common though it be, 'tis still to blame:
Thus factors frequently their trust betray,
And to themselves their masters' gains convey.
Drink to a certain pitch, and then give o'er;
Thy tongue and feet may stumble, drinking more.
Of drunken quarrels in her sight beware;
Pot-valour only serves to fright the fair.
Eurytion justly fell, by wine opprest,
For his rude riot at a wedding-feast.
Sing, if you have a voice; and show your parts
In dancing, if endu'd with dancing arts.
Do any thing within your power to please;
Nay, e'en affect a seeming drunkenness;
Clip ev'ry word; and if by chance you speak
Too home, or if too broad a jest you break,
In your excuse the company will join,
And lay the fault upon the force of wine.
True drunkenness is subject to offend;
But when 'tis feign'd 'tis oft a lover's friend.
Then safely you may praise her beauteous face,
And call him happy, who is in her grace.
Her husband thinks himself the man design'd;
But curse the cuckold in your secret mind.

When all are risen, and prepare to go,
Mix with the crowd, and tread upon her toe.
This is the proper time to make thy court,
For now she's in the vein, and fit for sport.
Lay bashfulness, that rustic virtue, by;
To manly confidence thy thoughts apply.
On Fortune's foretop timely fix thy hold;
Now speak and speed, for Venus loves the bold.
No rules of rhetoric here I need afford:
Only begin, and trust the following word;
It will be witty of its own accord.
Act well the lover; let thy speech abound
In dying words, that represent thy wound:
Distrust not her belief; she will be mov'd;
All women think they merit to be lov'd.
Sometimes a man begins to love in jest,
And, after, feels the torment he profest.
For your own sakes be pitiful, ye fair;
For a feign'd passion may a true prepare.
By flatteries we prevail on womankind;
As hollow banks by streams are undermin'd.
Tell her, her face is fair, her eyes are sweet:
Her taper fingers praise, and little feet.
Such praises e'en the chaste are pleas'd to hear;
Both maids and matrons hold their beauty dear.
Once naked Pallas with Jove's queen appear'd;
And still they grieve that Venus was preferr'd.
Praise the proud peacock, and he spreads his train:
Be silent, and he pulls it in again.
Pleas'd is the courser in his rapid race;

Applaud his running, and he mends his pace.
But largely promise, and devoutly swear;
And, if need be, call ev'ry god to hear.
Jove sits above, forgiving with a smile
The perjuries that easy maids beguile.
He swore to Juno by the Stygian lake:
Forsworn, he dares not an example make,
Or punish falsehood, for his own dear sake.
'Tis for our interest that the gods should be;
Let us believe 'em: I believe, they see,
And both reward, and punish equally.
Not that they live above like lazy drones,
Or kings below, supine upon their thrones.
Lead then your lives as present in their sight;
Be just in dealings, and defend the right;
By fraud betray not, nor oppress by might.
But 'tis a venial sin, to cheat the fair;
All men have liberty of conscience there.
On cheating nymphs a cheat is well design'd;
'Tis a profane and a deceitful kind.

'Tis said, that Ægypt for nine years was dry,
Nor Nile did floods, nor heav'n did rain supply.
A foreigner at length inform'd the king,
That slaughter'd guests would kindly moisture bring.
The king replied: On thee the lot shall fall;
Be thou my guest, the sacrifice for all.
Thus Phalaris Perillus taught to low,
And made him season first the brazen cow.
A rightful doom, the laws of nature cry,

'Tis, the artificers of death should die.
Thus justly women suffer by deceit;
Their practice authorizes us to cheat.
Beg her, with tears, thy warm desires to grant,
For tears will pierce a heart of adamant.
If tears will not be squeez'd, then rub your eye,
Or 'noint the lids, and seem at least to cry.
Kiss, if you can: resistance if she make,
And will not give you kisses, let her take.
Fy, fy, you naughty man, are words of course;
She struggles but to be subdu'd by force.
Kiss only soft, I charge you, and beware,
With your hard bristles not to brush the fair.
He who has gain'd a kiss, and gains no more,
Deserves to lose the bliss he got before.
If once she kiss, her meaning is exprest;
There wants but little pushing for the rest:
Which if thou dost not gain, by strength or art,
The name of clown then suits with thy desert;
'Tis downright dulness, and a shameful part.
Perhaps, she calls it force; but, if she 'scape,
She will not thank you for the omitted rape.
The sex is cunning to conceal their fires;
They would be forc'd e'en to their own desires.
They seem t' accuse you, with a downcast sight,
But in their souls confess you did them right.
Who might be forc'd, and yet untouch'd depart,
Thank with their tongues, but curse you with their heart.
Fair Phœbe and her sister did prefer
To their dull mates the noble ravisher.

What Deidamia did, in days of yore,
The tale is old, but worth the reading o'er.
When Venus had the golden apple gain'd,
And the just judge fair Helen had obtain'd:
When she with triumph was at Troy receiv'd,
The Trojans joyful while the Grecians griev'd:
They vow'd revenge of violated laws,
And Greece was arming in the cuckold's cause:
Achilles, by his mother warn'd from war,
Disguis'd his sex, and lurk'd among the fair,
What means Æacides to spin and sew?
With spear and sword in field thy valour show;
And, leaving this, the nobler Pallas know.
Why dost thou in that hand the distaff wield,
Which is more worthy to sustain the shield?
Or with that other draw the woolly twine,
The same the fates for Hector's thread assign?
Brandish thy falchion in thy pow'rful hand,
Which can alone the pond'rous lance command.
In the same room by chance the royal maid
Was lodg'd, and, by his seeming sex betray'd,
Close to her side the youthful hero laid.
I know not how his courtship he began;
But, to her cost, she found it was a man.
'Tis thought she struggled; but withal 'tis thought,
Her wish was to be conquer'd, when she fought.
For when disclos'd, and hast'ning to the field,
He laid his distaff down, and took the shield,
With tears her humble suit she did prefer,
And thought to stay the grateful ravisher.

She sighs, she sobs, she begs him not to part:
And now 'tis nature, what before was art.
She strives by force her lover to detain,
And wishes to be ravish'd once again.
This is the sex, they will not first begin,
But, when compell'd, are pleas'd to suffer sin.
Is there, who thinks that women first should woo?
Lay by thy self-conceit, thou foolish beau.
Begin, and save their modesty the shame;
'Tis well for thee, if they receive thy flame.
'Tis decent for a man to speak his mind;
They but expect th' occasion to be kind.
Ask, that thou mayst enjoy; she waits for this;
And on thy first advance depends thy bliss.
E'en Jove himself was forc'd to sue for love;
None of the nymphs did first solicit Jove.
But if you find your prayers increase her pride,
Strike sail awhile, and wait another tide.
They fly when we pursue; but make delay,
And, when they see you slacken, they will stay.
Sometimes it profits to conceal your end;
Name not yourself her lover, but her friend.
How many skittish girls have thus been caught?
He prov'd a lover, who a friend was thought.
Sailors by sun and wind are swarthy made;
A tann'd complexion best becomes their trade.
'Tis a disgrace to ploughmen to be fair;
Bluff cheeks they have, and weather-beaten hair.
Th' ambitious youth, who seeks an olive crown,
Is sun-burnt with his daily toil, and brown.

But if the lover hopes to be in grace,
Wan be his looks, and meager be his face.
That colour from the fair compassion draws:
She thinks you sick, and thinks herself the cause.
Orion wander'd in the woods for love:
His paleness did the nymphs to pity move;
His ghastly visage argued hidden love.
Nor fail a nightcap, in full health, to wear;
Neglect thy dress, and discompose thy hair.
All things are decent, that in love avail:
Read long by night, and study to be pale:
Forsake your food, refuse your needful rest;
Be miserable, that you may be blest.
  Shall I complain, or shall I warn you most?
Faith, truth, and friendship in the world are lost;
A little and an empty name they boast.
Trust not thy friend, much less thy mistress praise:
If he believe, thou mayst a rival raise.
'Tis true, Patroclus, by no lust misled,
Sought not to stain his dear companion's bed.
Nor Pylades Hermione embrac'd;
E'en Phædra to Pirithous still was chaste.
But hope not thou, in this vile age, to find
Those rare examples of a faithful mind.
The sea shall sooner with sweet honey flow;
Or from the furzes pears and apples grow.
We sin with gust, we love by fraud to gain;
And find a pleasure in our fellow's pain.
From rival foes you may the fair defend;
But, would you ward the blow, beware your friend:

Beware your brother, and your next of kin ;
But from your bosom-friend your care begin.
Here I had ended, but experience finds,
That sundry women are of sundry minds ;
With various crotchets fill'd, and hard to please :
They therefore must be caught by various ways.
All things are not produc'd in any soil ;
This ground for wine is proper, that for oil.
So 'tis in men, but more in womankind :
Different in face, in manners, and in mind :
But wise men shift their sails with every wind :
As changeful Proteus varied oft his shape,
And did in sundry forms and figures 'scape ;
A running stream, a standing tree became,
A roaring lion, or a bleating lamb.
Some fish with harpoons, some with darts are struck,
Some drawn with nets, some hang upon the hook :
So turn thyself ; and imitating them,
Try several tricks, and change thy stratagem.
One rule will not for different ages hold ;
The jades grow cunning, as they grow more old.
Then talk not bawdy to the bashful maid :
Broad words will make her innocence afraid.
Nor to an ignorant girl of learning speak ;
She thinks you conjure, when you talk in Greek.
And hence 'tis often seen, the simple shun
The learn'd, and into vile embraces run.
Part of my task is done, and part to do :
But here 'tis time to rest myself and you.

FROM OVID'S AMOURS.

BOOK I. ELEG. I.

For mighty wars I thought to tune my lute,
And make my measures to my subject suit.
Six feet for ev'ry verse the Muse design'd:
But Cupid, laughing, when he saw my mind,
From ev'ry second verse a foot purloin'd.
Who gave thee, boy, this arbitrary sway,
On subjects, not thy own, commands to lay,
Who Phœbus only and his laws obey?
'Tis more absurd than if the Queen of Love
Should in Minerva's arms to battle move:
Or manly Pallas from that queen should take
Her torch, and o'er the dying lover shake.
In fields as well may Cynthia sow the corn,
Or Ceres wind in woods the bugle-horn.
As well may Phœbus quit the trembling string,
For sword and shield; and Mars may learn to sing.
Already thy dominions are too large;
Be not ambitious of a foreign charge.
If thou wilt reign o'er all, and every where,
The god of Music for his harp may fear.
Thus when with soaring wings I seek renown,
Thou pluck'st my pinions, and I flutter down.
Could I on such mean thoughts my Muse employ,
I want a mistress or a blooming boy.

Thus I complain'd: his bow the stripling bent,
And chose an arrow fit for his intent.
The shaft his purpose fatally pursues;
Now, poet, there's a subject for thy Muse.
He said: too well, alas, he knows his trade;
For in my breast a mortal wound he made.
Far hence, ye proud hexameters, remove,
My verse is pac'd and trammel'd into love.
With myrtle wreaths my thoughtful brows inclose,
While in unequal verse I sing my woes.

FROM OVID'S AMOURS.

BOOK I. ELEG. IV.

To his mistress, whose husband is invited to a feast with them. The poet instructs her how to behave herself in his company.

Your husband will be with us at the treat;
May that be the last supper he shall eat.
And am poor I a guest invited there,
Only to see, while he may touch the fair?
To see you kiss and hug your nauseous lord,
While his lewd hand descends below the board?
Now wonder not that Hippodamia's charms,
At such a sight, the Centaurs urg'd to arms;
That in a rage they threw their cups aside,
Assail'd the bridegroom, and would force the bride.

I am not half a horse, (I would I were)
Yet hardly can from you my hands forbear.
Take then my counsel; which observ'd, may be
Of some importance both to you and me.
Be sure to come before your man be there;
There's nothing can be done; but come howe'er.
Sit next him (that belongs to decency)
But tread upon my foot in passing by.
Read in my looks what silently they speak,
And slily, with your eyes, your answer make.
My lifted eyebrow shall declare my pain;
My right-hand to his fellow shall complain;
And on the back a letter shall design;
Besides a note that shall be writ in wine.
Whene'er you think upon our last embrace,
With your fore-finger gently touch your face.
If any word of mine offend my dear,
Pull, with your hand, the velvet of your ear.
If you are pleas'd with what I do or say,
Handle your rings, or with your fingers play.
As suppliants use at altars, hold the board,
Whene'er you wish the devil may take your lord.
When he fills for you, never touch the cup,
But bid th' officious cuckold drink it up.
The waiter on those services employ:
Drink you, and I will snatch it from the boy;
Watching the part where your sweet mouth hath been,
And thence with eager lips will suck it in.
If he, with clownish manners, thinks it fit

To taste, and offer you the nasty bit,
Reject his greasy kindness, and restore
Th' unsav'ry morsel he had chew'd before.
Nor let his arms embrace your neck, nor rest
Your tender cheek upon his hairy breast.
Let not his hand within your bosom stray,
And rudely with your pretty bubbies play.
But above all, let him no kiss receive;
That's an offence I never can forgive.
Do not, O do not that sweet mouth resign,
Lest I rise up in arms, and cry, 'Tis mine.
I shall thrust in betwixt, and void of fear
The manifest aduiterer will appear.
These things are plain to sight; but more I doubt
What you conceal beneath your petticoat.
Take not his leg between your tender thighs,
Nor with your hand, provoke my foe to rise.
How many love-inventions I deplore,
Which I myself have practis'd all before?
How oft have I been forc'd the robe to lift
In company; to make a homely shift
For a bare bout, ill huddled o'er in haste,
While o'er my side the fair her mantle cast.
You to your husband shall not be so kind;
But, lest you should, your mantle leave behind.
Encourage him to tope; but kiss him not,
Nor mix one drop of water in his pot.
If he be fuddled well, and snores apace,
Then we may take advice from time and place.
When all depart, when compliments are loud,

Be sure to mix among the thickest crowd :
There I will be, and there we cannot miss,
Perhaps to grubble, or at least to kiss.
Alas ! what length of labour I employ,
Just to secure a short and transient joy !
For night must part us : and when night is come,
Tuck'd underneath his arm he leads you home.
He locks you in ; I follow to the door,
His fortune envy, and my own deplore.
He kisses you, he more than kisses too ;
Th' outrageous cuckold thinks it all his due.
But add not to his joy by your consent,
And let it not be given, but only lent.
Return no kiss, nor move in any sort ;
Make it a dull and a malignant sport.
Had I my wish, he should no pleasure take,
But slubber o'er your business for my sake.
And whate'er fortune shall this night befall,
Coax me to-morrow, by forswearing all.

FROM OVID'S AMOURS.

BOOK II. ELEG. XIX.

If for thyself thou wilt not watch thy whore,
Watch her for me, that I may love her more.
What comes with ease, we nauseously receive,
Who, but a sot, would scorn to love with leave ?

With hopes and fears my flames are blown up
Make me despair, and then I can desire. [higher?
Give me a jilt to tease my jealous mind;
Deceits are virtues in the female kind.
Corinna my fantastic humour knew,
Play'd trick for trick, and kept herself still new:
She, that next night I might the sharper come,
Fell out with me, and sent me fasting home;
Or some pretence to lie alone would take;
Whene'er she pleas'd, her head and teeth would ake:
Till having won me to the highest strain,
She took occasion to be sweet again.
With what a gust, ye gods, we then embrac'd!
How ev'ry kiss was dearer than the last!
Thou whom I now adore, be edified,
Take care that I may often be denied.
Forget the promis'd hour, or feign some fright,
Make me lie rough on bulks each other night.
These are the arts that best secure thy reign,
And this the food, that must my fires maintain.
Gross easy love does, like gross diet, pall,
In squeasy stomachs honey turns to gall.
Had Danaë not been kept in brazen tow'rs,
Jove had not thought her worth his golden show'rs.
When Juno to a cow turn'd Io's shape,
The watchman help'd her to a second leap.
Let him who loves an easy Whetstone whore,
Pluck leaves from trees, and drink the common-
shore.
The jilting harlot strikes the surest blow,

A truth which I by sad experience know.
The kind poor constant creature we despise;
Man but pursues the quarry while it flies.
But thou, dull husband of a wife too fair,
Stand on thy guard, and watch the precious ware,
If creaking doors, or barking dogs thou hear,
Or windows scratch'd, suspect a rival there.
An orange wench would tempt thy wife abroad;
Kick her, for she's a letter-bearing bawd;
In short, be jealous as the devil in hell!
And set my wit on work to cheat thee well.
The sneaking city-cuckold is my foe,
I scorn to strike, but when he wards the blow.
Look to thy hits, and leave off thy conniving,
I'll be no drudge to any wittal living;
I have been patient, and forborne thee long,
In hope thou wouldst not pocket up thy wrong:
If no affront can rouse thee, understand
I'll take no more indulgence at thy hand.
What, ne'er to be forbid thy house, and wife!
Damn him who loves to lead so ill a life.
Now I can neither sigh, nor whine, nor pray,
All those occasions thou hast ta'en away.
Why art thou so incorrigibly civil?
Do somewhat I may wish thee at the devil.
For shame be no accomplice in my treason,
A pimping husband is too much in reason.
Once more wear horns, before I quite forsake her,
In hopes whereof, I rest thy cuckold-maker.

TRANSLATIONS FROM JUVENAL.

THE FIRST SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

The poet gives us first a kind of humorous reason for his writing: That being provoked by hearing so many ill poets rehearse their works, he does himself justice on them, by giving them as bad as they bring. But since no man will rank himself with ill writers, 'tis easy to conclude, that if such wretches could draw an audience, he thought it no hard matter to excel them, and gain a greater esteem with the public. Next he informs us more openly, why he rather addicts himself to Satire, than any other kind of poetry. And here he discovers that it is not so much his indignation to ill poets, as to ill men, which has prompted him to write. He therefore gives us a summary and general view of the vices and follies reigning in his time. So that this first satire is the natural ground-work of all the rest. Herein he confines himself to no one subject, but strikes indifferently at all men in his way: in every following satire he has chosen some particular moral which he would inculcate; and lashes some particular vice or folly, (an art with which our lampooners are not much acquainted.) But our poet being desirous to reform his own age, and not daring to attempt it by an overt act of naming living persons, inveighs only against those who were infamous in the times immediately preceding his, whereby he not only gives a fair warning to great men, that their memory lies at the mercy of future poets and historians, but also with a finer stroke of his pen, brands even the living, and personates them under dead men's names.

I have avoided as much as I could possibly the borrowed learning of marginal notes and illustrations, and for that

reason have translated this satire somewhat largely. And freely own (if it be a fault) that I have likewise omitted most of the proper names, because I thought they would not much edify the reader. To conclude, if in two or three places I have deserted all the commentators, it is because I thought they first deserted my author, or at least have left him in so much obscurity, that too much room is left for guessing.

Still shall I hear, and never quit the score,
Stunn'd with hoarse Codrus' Theseid, o'er and o'er?
Shall this man's Elegies and t'other's Play
Unpunish'd murder a long summer's day?
Huge Telephus, a formidable page,
Cries vengeance; and Orestes' bulky rage,
Unsatisfied with margins closely writ,
Foams o'er the covers, and not finish'd yet.
No man can take a more familiar note
Of his own home, than I of Vulcan's grot,
Or Mars his grove, or hollow winds that blow
From Ætna's top, or tortur'd ghosts below.
I know by rote the fam'd exploits of Greece;
The Centaurs' fury, and the golden fleece;
Through the thick shades th' eternal scribbler bawls,
And shakes the statues on their pedestals.
The best and worst on the same theme employs
His muse, and plagues us with an equal noise.
Provok'd by these incorrigible fools,
I left declaiming in pedantic schools;
Where, with men-boys, I strove to get renown,
Advising Sylla to a private gown.
But since the world with writing is possest,

I'll versify in spite; and do my best,
To make as much waste paper as the rest.
But why I lift aloft the Satire's rod,
And tread the path which fam'd Lucilius trod,
Attend the causes which my Muse have led:
When sapless eunuchs mount the marriage-bed,
When mannish Mevia, that two-handed whore,
Astride on horseback hunts the Tuscan boar,
When all our lords are by his wealth outvied,
Whose razor on my callow beard was tried;
When I behold the spawn of conquer'd Nile,
Crispinus, both in birth and manners vile,
Pacing in pomp, with cloak of Tyrian dye,
Chang'd oft a day for needless luxury;
And finding oft occasion to be fann'd,
Ambitious to produce his lady-hand;
Charg'd with light summer-rings his fingers sweat,
Unable to support a gem of weight:
Such fulsome objects meeting every where,
'Tis hard to write, but harder to forbear.
To view so lewd a town, and to refrain,
What hoops of iron could my spleen contain!
When pleading Matho, borne abroad for air,
With his fat paunch fills his new-fashion'd chair,
And after him the wretch in pomp convey'd,
Whose evidence his lord and friend betray'd,
And but the wish'd occasion does attend
From the poor nobles the last spoils to rend,
Whom e'en spies dread as their superior fiend,
And bribe with presents; or, when presents fail,

They send their prostituted wives for bail:
When night-performance holds the place of merit,
And brawn and back the next of kin disherit;
For such good parts are in preferment's way,
The rich old madam never fails to pay
Her legacies, by nature's standard giv'n,
One gains an ounce, another gains eleven:
A dear-bought bargain, all things duly weigh'd,
For which their thrice concocted blood is paid.
With looks as wan, as he who in the brake
At unawares has trod upon a snake;
Or play'd at Lyons a declaiming prize,
For which the vanquish'd rhetorician dies.

What indignation boils within my veins,
When perjur'd guardians, proud with impious gains,
Choke up the streets, too narrow for their trains!
Whose wards by want betray'd, to crimes are led
Too foul to name, too fulsome to be read!
When he who pill'd his province scapes the laws,
And keeps his money, though he lost his cause:
His fine begg'd off, contemns his infamy,
Can rise at twelve, and get him drunk ere three:
Enjoys his exile, and, condemn'd in vain,
Leaves thee, prevailing province, to complain!

Such villanies rous'd Horace into wrath:
And 'tis more noble to pursue his path,
Than an old tale of Diomede to repeat,
Or lab'ring after Hercules to sweat,
Or wand'ring in the winding maze of Crete;
Or with the winged smith aloft to fly,

Or flutt'ring perish with his foolish boy.
With what impatience must the muse behold
The wife, by her procuring husband sold?
For though the law makes null th' adulterer's deed
Of lands to her, the cuckold may succeed;
Who his taught eyes up to the ceiling throws,
And sleeps all over but his wakeful nose.
When he dares hope a colonel's command,
Whose coursers kept, ran out his father's land;
Who, yet a stripling, Nero's chariot drove,
Whirl'd o'er the streets, while his vain master strove
With boasted art to please his eunuch-love.
Would it not make a modest author dare
To draw his table-book within the square,
And fill with notes, when lolling at his ease,
Mecænas-like, the happy rogue he sees
Borne by six wearied slaves in open view,
Who cancell'd an old will, and forg'd a new;
Made wealthy at the small expense of signing
With a wet seal, and a fresh interlining?
The lady, next, requires a lashing line,
Who squeez'd a toad into her husband's wine:
So well the fashionable med'cine thrives,
That now 'tis practis'd e'en by country wives:
Pois'ning, without regard of fame or fear:
And spotted corpse are frequent on the bier.
Wouldst thou to honours and preferments climb?
Be bold in mischief, dare some mighty crime,
Which dungeons, death, or banishment deserves:
For virtue is but drily prais'd, and sterves.

Great men, to great crimes, owe their plate emboss'd,
Fair palaces, and furniture of cost;
And high commands: a sneaking sin is lost.
Who can behold that rank old lecher keep
His son's corrupted wife, and hope to sleep?
Or that male-harlot, or that unfledg'd boy,
Eager to sin, before he can enjoy?
If nature could not, anger would indite
Such woful stuff as I or Shadwell write.

Count from the time, since old Deucalion's boat,
Rais'd by the flood, did on Parnassus float;
And scarcely mooring on the cliff, implor'd
An oracle how man might be restor'd;
When soften'd stones and vital breath ensu'd,
And virgins naked were by lovers view'd;
What ever since that Golden Age was done,
What human kind desires, and what they shun,
Rage, passions, pleasures, impotence of will,
Shall this satirical collection fill.

What age so large a crop of vices bore,
Or when was avarice extended more?
When were the dice with more profusion thrown?
The well-fill'd fob not emptied now alone,
But gamesters for whole patrimonies play;
The steward brings the deeds which must convey
The lost estate: what more than madness reigns,
When one short sitting many hundreds drains,
And not enough is left him to supply
Board-wages, or a footman's livery?

What age so many summer-seats did see?

Or which of our forefathers far'd so well,
As on seven dishes, at a private meal?
Clients of old were feasted; now a poor
Divided dole is dealt at th' outward door;
Which by the hungry rout is soon dispatch'd:
The paltry largess, too, severely watch'd
Ere given; and ev'ry face observ'd with care,
That no intruding guest usurp a share.
Known, you receive: the crier calls aloud
Our old nobility of Trojan blood,
Who gape among the crowd for their precarious [food.
The prætors' and the tribunes' voice is heard;
The freedman justles, and will be preferr'd;
First come, first serv'd, he cries; and I, in spite
Of your great lordships, will maintain my right.
Though born a slave, though my torn ears are bor'd,
'Tis not the birth, 'tis money makes the lord.
The rents of five fair houses I receive;
What greater honours can the purple give?
The poor patrician is reduc'd to keep,
In melancholy walks, a grazier's sheep:
Not Pallas nor Licinius had my treasure;
Then let the sacred tribunes wait my leisure.
Once a poor rogue, 'tis true, I trod the street,
And trudg'd to Rome upon my naked feet:
Gold is the greatest god; though yet we see
No temples rais'd to Money's majesty,
No altars fuming to her power divine,
Such as to Valour, Peace, and Virtue shine,
And Faith, and Concord: where the stork on high

Seems to salute her infant progeny:
Presaging pious love with her auspicious cry.
But since our knights and senators account
To what their sordid begging vails amount,
Judge what a wretched share the poor attends,
Whose whole subsistence on those alms depends!
Their household fire, their raiment, and their food,
Prevented by those harpies; when a wood
Of litters thick besiege the donor's gate,
And begging lords and teeming ladies wait
The promis'd dole: nay, some have learn'd the trick
To beg for absent persons; feign them sick,
Close mew'd in their sedans, for fear of air:
And for their wives produce an empty chair.
This is my spouse: dispatch her with her share.
'Tis Galla: Let her ladyship but peep:
No, Sir, 'tis pity to disturb her sleep.
Such fine employments our whole days divide:
The salutations of the morning tide
Call up the sun; those ended, to the hall
We wait the patron, hear the lawyers bawl;
Then to the statues; where amidst the race
Of conqu'ring Rome, some Arab shows his face,
Inscrib'd with titles, and profanes the place;
Fit to be piss'd against, and somewhat more.
The great man, home conducted, shuts his door;
Old clients, wearied out with fruitless care,
Dismiss their hopes of eating, and despair.
Though much against the grain forc'd to retire,
Buy roots for supper, and provide a fire.

Meantime his lordship lolls within at ease,
Pamp'ring his paunch with foreign rarities;
Both sea and land are ransack'd for the feast;
And his own gut the sole invited guest.
Such plate, such tables, dishes drest so well,
That whole estates are swallow'd at a meal.
E'en parasites are banish'd from his board:
(At once a sordid and luxurious lord:)
Prodigious throat, for which whole boars are drest;
(A creature form'd to furnish out a feast.)
But present punishment pursues his maw,
When surfeited and swell'd, the peacock raw
He bears into the bath; whence want of breath,
Repletions, apoplex, intestate death.
His fate makes table talk, divulg'd with scorn,
And he, a jest, into his grave is borne.
No age can go beyond us; future times
Can add no farther to the present crimes.
Our sons but the same things can wish and do;
Vice is at stand, and at the highest flow.
Then Satire spread thy sails; take all the winds can blow.
Some may, perhaps, demand what Muse can yield
Sufficient strength for such a spacious field?
From whence can be deriv'd so large a vein,
Bold truths to speak, and spoken to maintain;
When god-like freedom is so far bereft
The noble mind, that scarce the name is left?
Ere *scandalum magnatum* was begot,
No matter if the great forgave or not:

But if that honest license now you take,
If into rogues omnipotent you rake,
Death is your doom, impal'd upon a stake.
Smear'd o'er with wax, and set on fire, to light
The streets, and make a dreadful blaze by night.
Shall they, who drench'd three uncles in a draught
Of pois'nous juice, be then in triumph brought,
Makes lanes among the people where they go,
And, mounted high on downy chariots, throw
Disdainful glances on the crowd below?
Be silent, and beware, if such you see;
'Tis defamation but to say, That's he!
Against bold Turnus the great Trojan arm,
Amidst their strokes the poet gets no harm:
Achilles may in epique verse be slain,
And none of all his Myrmidons complain:
Hylas may drop his pitcher, none will cry;
Not if he drown himself for company:
But when Lucilius brandishes his pen,
And flashes in the face of guilty men,
A cold sweat stands in drops on ev'ry part;
And rage succeeds to tears, revenge to smart.
Muse, be advis'd; 'tis past consid'ring time,
When enter'd once the dang'rous lists of rhyme:
Since none the living villains dare implead,
Arraign them in the persons of the dead.

THE THIRD SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

The story of this satire speaks itself. Umbritius, the supposed friend of Juvenal, and himself a poet, is leaving Rome, and retiring to Cumæ. Our author accompanies him out of town. Before they take leave of each other, Umbritius tells his friend the reasons which oblige him to lead a private life, in an obscure place. He complains that an honest man cannot get his bread at Rome. That none but flatterers make their fortunes there: that Grecians and other foreigners raise themselves by those sordid arts which he describes, and against which he bitterly inveighs. He reckons up the several inconveniences which arise from a city life; and the many dangers which attend it. Upbraids the noblemen with covetousness, for not rewarding good poets; and arraigns the government for starving them. The great art of this satire is particularly shown, in common places; and drawing in as many vices, as could naturally fall into the compass of it.

Griev'd though I am an ancient friend to lose,
I like the solitary seat he chose:
In quiet Cumæ fixing his repose:
Where, far from noisy Rome secure he lives,
And one more citizen to Sybil gives;
The road to Bajæ, and that soft recess
Which all the gods with all their bounty bless.
Though I in Prochyta with greater ease
Could live, than in a street of palaces.
What scene so desert, or so full of fright,

As tow'ring houses tumbling in the night,
And Rome on fire beheld by its own blazing light?
But worse than all, the clatt'ring tiles; and worse
Than thousand padders, is the poet's curse.
Rogues that in dog-days cannot rhyme forbear:
But without mercy read, and make you hear.

Now while my friend, just ready to depart,
Was packing all his goods in one poor cart;
He stopp'd a little at the Conduit-gate,
Where Numa modell'd once the Roman state,
In mighty councils with his Nymph retir'd:
Though now the sacred shades and founts are hir'd
By banish'd Jews, who their whole wealth can lay
In a small basket, on a wisp of hay;
Yet such our avarice is, that ev'ry tree
Pays for his head; not sleep itself is free:
Nor place, nor persons, now are sacred held,
From their own grove the Muses are expell'd.
Into this lonely vale our steps we bend,
I and my sullen discontented friend:
The marble caves, and aqueducts we view;
But how adult'rate now, and different from the true!
How much more beauteous had the fountain been
Embellish'd with her first created green,
Where crystal streams through living turf had run,
Contented with an urn of native stone!

Then thus Umbritius (with an angry frown,

[21] *Nymph*] Ægeria, a nymph, or goddess; with whom Numa feigned to converse by night; and to be instructed by her, in modelling his superstitions.

And looking back on this degen'rate town,)
Since noble arts in Rome have no support,
And ragged virtue not a friend at court,
No profit rises from th' ungrateful stage,
My poverty increasing with my age,
'Tis time to give my just disdain a vent,
And, cursing, leave so base a government.
Where Dædalus his borrow'd wings laid by,
To that obscure retreat I choose to fly:
While yet few furrows on my face are seen,
While I walk upright, and old age is green,
And Lachesis has somewhat left to spin.
Now, now 'tis time to quit this cursed place,
And hide from villains my too honest face:
Here let Arturius live, and such as he;
Such manners will with such a town agree.
Knaves who in full assemblies have the knack
Of turning truth to lies, and white to black;
Can hire large houses, and oppress the poor
By farm'd excise; can cleanse the common-shore;
And rent the fishery; can bear the dead;
And teach their eyes dissembled tears to shed,
All this for gain; for gain they sell their very head.
These fellows (see what fortune's power can do)
Were once the minstrels of a country show:
Follow'd the prizes through each paltry town,
By trumpet-cheeks and bloated faces known.
But now, grown rich, on drunken holidays,
At their own costs exhibit public plays;
Where influenc'd by the rabble's bloody will,

With thumbs bent back, they popularly kill.
From thence return'd, their sordid avarice rakes
In excrements again, and hires the jakes.
Why hire they not the town, not ev'ry thing,
Since such as they have fortune in a string?
Who, for her pleasure, can her fools advance;
And toss 'em topmost on the wheel of chance.
What's Rome to me, what bus'ness have I there,
I who can neither lie, nor falsely swear?
Nor praise my patron's undeserving rhymes,
Nor yet comply with him, nor with his times;
Unskill'd in schemes by planets to foreshow,
Like canting rascals, how the wars will go:
I neither will, nor can prognosticate
To the young gaping heir, his father's fate:
Nor in the entrails of a toad have pry'd,
Nor carried bawdy presents to a bride:
For want of these town-virtues, thus, alone,
I go conducted on my way by none:
Like a dead member from the body rent;
Maim'd, and unuseful to the government.

Who now is lov'd, but he who loves the times,
Conscious of close intrigues, and dipt in crimes;
Lab'ring with secrets which his bosom burn,
Yet never must to public light return?

[68] *With thumbs bent back*] In a prize of sword-players, when one of the fencers had the other at his mercy, the vanquished party implored the clemency of the spectators. If they thought he deserved it not, they held up their thumbs and bent them backwards, in sign of death.

They get reward alone who can betray:
For keeping honest counsels none will pay.
He who can Verres, when he will, accuse,
The purse of Verres may at pleasure use:
But let not all the gold which Tagus hides,
And pays the sea in tributary tides,
Be bribe sufficient to corrupt thy breast;
Or violate with dreams thy peaceful rest.
Great men with jealous eyes the friend behold,
Whose secrecy they purchase with their gold.
I haste to tell thee, nor shall shame oppose,
What confidents our wealthy Romans chose:
And whom I most abhor: to speak my mind,
I hate, in Rome, a Grecian town to find:
To see the scum of Greece transplanted here,
Receiv'd like gods, is what I cannot bear.
Nor Greeks alone, but Syrians here abound,
Obscene Orontes, diving under ground,
Conveys his wealth to Tyber's hungry shores.
And fattens Italy with foreign whores:
Hither their crooked harps and customs come;
All find receipt in hospitable Rome.
The barbarous harlots crowd the public place:
Go, fools, and purchase an unclean embrace;
The painted mitre court, and the more painted face.
Old Romulus, and father Mars look down,
Your herdsman primitive, your homely clown
Is turn'd a beau in a loose tawdry gown.
His once unkemb'd, and horrid locks, behold
Stilling sweet oil: his neck inchain'd with gold:

Aping the foreigners, in ev'ry dress;
Which, bought at greater cost, becomes him less.
Meantime they wisely leave their native land,
From Sicyon, Samos, and from Alaband,
And Amydon, to Rome they swarm in shoals:
So sweet and easy is the gain from fools.
Poor refugees at first, they purchase here:
And, soon as denizen'd, they domineer.
Grow to the great, a flatt'ring servile rout:
Work themselves inward, and their patrons out.
Quick-witted, brazen-fac'd, with fluent tongues,
Patient of labours, and dissembling wrongs.
Riddle me this, and guess him if you can,
Who bears a nation in a single man?
A cook, a conjuror, a rhetorician,
A painter, pedant, a geometrician,
A dancer on the ropes, and a physician.
All things the hungry Greek exactly knows:
And bid him go to heav'n, to heav'n he goes.
In short, no Scythian, Moor, or Thracian born,
But in that town which arms and arts adorn.
Shall he be plac'd above me at the board,
In purple cloth'd, and lolling like a lord?
Shall he before me sign, whom t' other day
A small-craft vessel hither did convey;
Where stow'd with prunes, and rotten figs, he lay?
How little is the privilege become
Of being born a citizen of Rome!

143 *But in that town, &c.*] Athens; of which Pallas the goddess of arms and arts was patroness.

The Greeks get all by fulsome flatteries;
A most peculiar stroke they have at lies.
They make a wit of their insipid friend;
His blobber-lips, and beetle-brows commend;
His long crane neck, and narrow shoulders praise;
You'd think they were describing Hercules.
A creaking voice for a clear treble goes;
Though harsher than a cock that treads and crows.
We can as grossly praise; but, to our grief,
No flatt'ry but from Grecians gains belief.
Besides these qualities, we must agree
They mimic better on the stage than we:
The wife, the whore, the shepherdess they play,
In such a free, and such a graceful way,
That we believe a very woman shown,
And fancy something underneath the gown.
But not Antiochus, nor Stratocles,
Our ears and ravish'd eyes can only please:
The nation is compos'd of such as these.
All Greece is one comedian: laugh, and they
Return it louder than an ass can bray:
Grieve, and they grieve; if you weep silently,
There seems a silent echo in their eye:
They cannot mourn like you, but they can cry.
Call for a fire, their winter clothes they take:
Begin but you to shiver, and they shake:
In frost and snow, if you complain of heat,
They rub th' unsweating brow, and swear they sweat.

168 *Antiochus, nor Stratocles*] Two famous Grecian mimicks, or actors in the poet's time.

We live not on the square with such as these,
Such are our betters who can better please:
Who day and night are like a looking-glass;
Still ready to reflect their patron's face.
The panegyric hand, and lifted eye,
Prepar'd for some new piece of flattery.
E'en nastiness, occasions will afford;
They praise a belching, or well-pissing lord.
Besides, there's nothing sacred, nothing free
From bold attempts of their rank lechery.
Through the whole family their labours run;
The daughter is debauch'd, the wife is won:
Nor 'scapes the bridegroom, or the blooming son.
If none they find for their lewd purpose fit,
They with the walls and very floors commit.
They search the secrets of the house, and so
Are worshipp'd there, and fear'd for what they know.
And, now we talk of Grecians, cast a view
On what, in schools, their men of morals do;
A rigid Stoick his own pupil slew:
A friend, against a friend of his own cloth,
Turn'd evidence, and murder'd on his oath.
What room is left for Romans in a town
Where Grecians rule, and cloaks control the gown?
Some Diphilus, or some Protogenes,
Look sharply out, our senators to seize:
Engross 'em wholly, by their native art,
And fear no rivals in their bubble's heart:
One drop of poison in my patron s ear,
One slight suggestion of a senseless fear,

Infus'd with cunning, serves to ruin me;
Disgrac'd, and banish'd from the family.
In vain forgotten services I boast;
My long dependance in an hour is lost:
Look round the world, what country will appear,
Where friends are left with greater ease than here?
At Rome (nor think me partial to the poor)
All offices of ours are out of door:
In vain we rise, and to their levees run;
My lord himself is up, before, and gone:
The prætor bids his lictors mend their pace,
Lest his colleague outstrip him in the race:
The childless matrons are, long since, awake;
And, for affronts, the tardy visits take.
'Tis frequent, here, to see a freeborn son
On the left hand of a rich hireling run:
Because the wealthy rogue can throw away,
For half a brace of bouts, a tribune's pay:
But you, poor sinner, though you love the vice,
And like the whore, demur upon the price:
And, frighted with the wicked sum, forbear
To lend a hand, and help her from the chair.
Produce a witness of unblemish'd life,
Holy as Numa, or as Numa's wife,
Or him who bid th' unhallow'd flames retire,
And snatch'd the trembling goddess from the fire.
The question is not put, how far extends
His piety, but what he yearly spends:
Quick, to the bus'ness; how he lives and eats;
How largely gives; how splendidly he treats:

How many thousand acres feed his sheep,
What are his rents? what servants does he keep?
Th' account is soon cast up; the judges rate
Our credit in the court by our estate.
Swear by our gods, or those the Greeks adore,
Thou art as sure forsworn, as thou art poor:
The poor must gain their bread by perjury;
And e'en the gods, that other means deny,
In conscience must absolve 'em, when they lie.
Add, that the rich have still a gibe in store;
And will be monstrous witty on the poor:
For the torn surtout and the tatter'd vest,
The wretch and all his wardrobe are a jest:
The greasy gown, sullied with often turning,
Gives a good hint, to say, The man's in mourning:
Or if the shoe be ript, or patches put,
He's wounded! see the plaster on his foot.
Want is the scorn of ev'ry wealthy fool;
And wit in rags is turn'd to ridicule.
Pack hence, and from the cover'd benches rise,
(The master of the ceremonies cries)
This is no place for you, whose small estate
Is not the value of the settled rate:
The sons of happy punks, the pandar's heir,
Are privileg'd to sit in triumph there,
To clap the first, and rule the theatre.
Up to the galleries, for shame, retreat;
For, by the Roscian law, the poor can claim no seat.
Who ever brought to his rich daughter's bed
The man that poll'd but twelve pence for his head?

Who ever nam'd a poor man for his heir,
Or call'd him to assist the judging chair?
The poor were wise, who, by the rich oppress'd,
Withdrew, and sought a sacred place of rest.
Once they did well, to free themselves from scorn;
But had done better never to return.
Rarely they rise by virtue's aid, who lie
Plung'd in the depth of helpless poverty.
At Rome 'tis worse; where house rent by the year,
And servants' bellies cost so devilish dear;
And tavern bills run high for hungry cheer.
To drink or eat in earthenware we scorn,
Which cheaply country cupboards does adorn:
And coarse blue hoods on holidays are worn.
Some distant parts of Italy are known,
Where none, but only dead men, wear a gown:
On theatres of turf, in homely state,
Old plays they act, old feasts they celebrate:
The same rude song returns upon the crowd,
And, by tradition, is for wit allow'd.
The mimic yearly gives the same delights;
And in the mother's arms the clownish infant
Their habits (undistinguish'd by degree) [frights.
Are plain, alike; the same simplicity,
Both on the stage, and in the pit, you see.
In his white cloak the magistrate appears;
The country bumpkin the same liv'ry wears.
But here, attir'd beyond our purse we go,
For useless ornament and flaunting show:
We take on trust, in purple robes to shine;

And poor, are yet ambitious to be fine.
This is a common vice, though all things here
Are sold, and sold unconscionably dear.
What will you give that Cossus may but view
Your face, and in the crowd distinguish you;
May take your incense like a gracious god,
And answer only with a civil nod?
To please our patrons, in this vicious age,
We make our entrance by the fav'rite page:
Shave his first down, and when he polls his hair,
The consecrated locks to temples bear:
Pay tributary cracknels, which he sells,
And, with our offerings, help to raise his vails.
  Who fears, in country towns, a house's fall,
Or to be caught betwixt a riven wall?
But we inhabit a weak city here;
Which buttresses and props but scarcely bear:
And 'tis the village mason's daily calling,
To keep the world's metropolis from falling,
To cleanse the gutters, and the chinks to close,
And, for one night, secure his lord's repose.
At Cumæ we can sleep, quite round the year,
Nor falls, nor fires, nor nightly dangers fear;
While rolling flames from Roman turrets fly,
And the pale citizens for buckets cry.
Thy neighbour has remov'd his wretched store,
(Few hands will rid the lumber of the poor);
Thy own third story smokes, while thou, supine,
Art drench'd in fumes of undigested wine.
For if the lowest floors already burn,

Cock-lofts and garrets soon will take the turn.
Where thy tame pigeons next the tiles were bred,
Which, in their nests unsafe, are timely fled.
Codrus had but one bed, so short to boot,
That his short wife's short legs hung dangling out;
His cupboard's head six earthen pitchers grac'd,
Beneath 'em was his trusty tankard plac'd.
And, to support this noble plate, there lay
A bending Chiron cast from honest clay;
His few Greek books a rotten chest contain'd;
Whose covers much of mouldiness complain'd:
Where mice and rats devour'd poetic bread;
And with heroic verse luxuriously were fed.
'Tis true, poor Codrus nothing had to boast,
And yet poor Codrus all that nothing lost.
Begg'd naked through the streets of wealthy Rome;
And found not one to feed, or take him home.
But if the palace of Arturius burn,
The nobles change their clothes, the matrons mourn;
The city pretor will no pleadings hear;
The very name of fire we hate and fear:
And look aghast, as if the Gauls were here.
While yet it burns, th' officious nation flies,
Some to condole, and some to bring supplies:
One sends him marble to rebuild, and one
White naked statues of the Parian stone,
The work of Polyclete, that seem to live;
While others images for altars give;
One books and screens, and Pallas to the breast;

Another bags of gold, and he gives best.
Childless Arturius, vastly rich before,
Thus by his losses multiplies his store:
Suspected for accomplice to the fire,
That burnt his palace but to build it higher.
But, could you be content to bid adieu
To the dear play-house, and the players too:
Sweet country-seats are purchas'd every where,
With lands and gardens, at less price than here
You hire a darksome doghole by the year.
A small convenience, decently prepar'd,
A shallow well, that rises in your yard,
That spreads his easy crystal streams around,
And waters all the pretty spot of ground.
There, love the fork, thy garden cultivate,
And give thy frugal friends a Pythagorean treat.
'Tis somewhat to be lord of some small ground,
In which a lizard may, at least, turn round.
'Tis frequent, here, for want of sleep to die;
Which fumes of undigested feasts deny;
And, with imperfect heat, in languid stomachs fry.
What house secure from noise the poor can keep,
When e'en the rich can scarce afford to sleep;
So dear it costs to purchase rest in Rome;
And hence the sources of diseases come.
The drover who his fellow-drover meets
In narrow passages of winding streets:
The waggoners, that curse their standing teams,
Would wake e'en drowsy Drusus from his dreams.
And yet the wealthy will not brook delay,

But sweep above our heads, and make their way;
In lofty litters borne, and read and write,
Or sleep at ease: the shutters make it night.
Yet still he reaches, first, the public place:
The prease before him stops the client's pace.
The crowd that follows crush his panting sides,
And trip his heels; he walks not, but he rides.
One elbows him, one justles in the shole:
A rafter breaks his head, or chairman's pole:
Stocking'd with loads of fat town-dirt he goes;
And some rogue-soldier, with his hob-nail'd shoes,
Indents his legs behind in bloody rows.
See with what smoke our doles we celebrate:
A hundred guests, invited, walk in state:
A hundred hungry slaves, with their Dutch kitchens wait.
Huge pans the wretches on their head must bear,
Which scarce gigantic Corbulo could rear:
Yet they must walk upright beneath the load;
Nay, run, and running blow the sparkling flames abroad.
Their coats, from botching newly brought, are torn:
Unwieldy timber-trees in waggons borne,
Stretch'd at their length, beyond their carriage lie;
That nod, and threaten ruin from on high.
For, should their axle break, its overthrow
Would crush, and pound to dust, the crowd below;
Nor friends their friends, nor sires their sons could know:
Nor limbs, nor bones, nor carcass would remain:

But a mash'd heap, a hotchpotch of the slain.
One vast destruction; not the soul alone,
But bodies, like the soul, invisible are flown.
Mean time, unknowing of their fellows' fate,
The servants wash the platter, scour the plate,
Then blow the fire, with puffing cheeks, and lay
The rubbers, and the bathing-sheets display;
And oil them first; and each is handy in his way.
But he, for whom this busy care they take,
Poor ghost, is wand'ring by the Stygian lake:
Affrighted with the ferryman's grim face;
New to the horrors of that uncouth place;
His passage begs with unregarded pray'r:
And wants two farthings to discharge his fare.
  Return we to the dangers of the night;
And, first, behold our houses' dreadful height:
From whence come broken potsherds tumbling down;
And leaky ware, from garret windows thrown:
Well may they break our heads, that mark the flinty stone.
'Tis want of sense to sup abroad too late;
Unless thou first hast settled thy estate.
As many fates attend, thy steps to meet,
As there are waking windows in the street.
Bless the good gods, and think thy chance is rare
To have a pisspot only for thy share.
  The scouring drunkard, if he does not fight
Before his bed-time, takes no rest that night.
Passing the tedious hours in greater pain

Than stern Achilles, when his friend was slain:
'Tis so ridiculous, but so true withal,
A bully cannot sleep without a brawl:
Yet though his youthful blood be fir'd with wine,
He wants not wit the danger to decline
Is cautious to avoid the coach and six
And on the lackeys will no quarrel fix
His train of flambeaux, and embroider'd coat,
May privilege my lord to walk secure on foot.
But me, who must by moonlight homeward bend,
Or lighted only with a candle's end,
Poor me he fights, if that be fighting, where
He only cudgels, and I only bear.
He stands, and bids me stand: I must abide;
For he's the stronger, and is drunk beside.
Where did you whet your knife to-night, he cries,
And shred the leeks that in your stomach rise?
Whose windy beans have stuft your guts, and where
Have your black thumbs been dipt in vinegar?
With what companion cobbler have you fed,
On old ox-cheeks, or he-goat's tougher head?
What, are you dumb? Quick, with your answer,
Before my foot salutes you with a kick. [quick,
Say, in what nasty cellar under ground,
Or what church-porch, your rogueship may be
Answer, or answer not, 'tis all the same: [found?
He lays me on, and makes me bear the blame.
Before the bar, for beating him, you come;
This is a poor man's liberty in Rome.
You beg his pardon; happy to retreat

With some remaining teeth, to chew your meat.
Nor is this all; for, when retir'd, you think
To sleep securely; when the candles wink,
When ev'ry door with iron chains is barr'd
And roaring taverns are no longer heard;
The ruffian robbers by no justice aw'd,
And unpaid cut-throat soldiers, are abroad,
Those venal souls, who, harden'd in each ill,
To save complaints and prosecution, kill.
Chas'd from their woods and bogs, the padders come
To this vast city, as their native home;
To live at ease, and safely skulk in Rome.
The forge in fetters only is employ'd;
Our iron mines exhausted and destroy'd
In shackles; for these villains scarce allow
Goads for the teams, and ploughshares for the plough.
Oh happy ages of our ancestors,
Beneath the kings and tribunitial powers!
One jail did all their criminals restrain,
Which, now, the walls of Rome can scarce contain.
More I could say, more causes I could show
For my departure; but the sun is low:
The waggoner grows weary of my stay;
And whips his horses forwards on their way.
Farewell; and when, like me, o'erwhelm'd with care,
You to your own Aquinum shall repair,
To take a mouthful of sweet country air,
Be mindful of your friend; and send me word,
What joys your fountains and cool shades afford:
Then, to assist your satires, I will come;
And add new venom, when you write of Rome.

THE SIXTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

This satire, of almost double length to any of the rest, is a bitter invective against the fair sex. 'Tis indeed, a common-place, from whence all the moderns have notoriously stolen their sharpest railleries. In his other satires, the poet has only glanced on some particular women, and generally scourged the men. But this he reserved wholly for the ladies. How they had offended him I know not: but upon the whole matter he is not to be excused for imputing to all, the vices of some few amongst them. Neither was it generously done of him, to attack the weakest as well as the fairest part of the creation. neither do I know what moral he could reasonably draw from it. It could not be to avoid the whole sex, if all had been true which he alleges against them: for that had been to put an end to human kind. And to bid us beware of their artifices, is a kind of silent acknowledgment, that they have more wit than men: which turns the satire upon us, and particularly upon the poet; who thereby makes a compliment, where he meant a libel. If he intended only to exercise his wit, he has forfeited his judgment, by making the one half of his readers his mortal enemies; and amongst the men, all the happy lovers, by their own experience, will disprove his accusations. The whole world must allow this to be the wittiest of his satires; and truly he had need of all his parts, to maintain, with so much violence, so unjust a charge. I am satisfied he will bring but few over to his opinion: and on that consideration chiefly I ventured to translate him. Though there wanted not another reason, which was, that no one else would undertake it: at least, Sir C. S. who could

have done more right to the author, after a long delay, at length absolutely refused so ungrateful an employment; and every one will grant, that the work must have been imperfect and lame, if it had appeared without one of the principal members belonging to it. Let the poet therefore bear the blame of his own invention; and let me satisfy the world, that I am not of his opinion. Whatever his Roman ladies were, the English are free from all his imputations. They will read with wonder and abhorrence the vices of an age, which was the most infamous of any on record. They will bless themselves when they behold those examples, related of Domitian's time: they will give back to antiquity those monsters it produced; and believe with reason, that the species of those women is extinguished, or at least that they were never here propagated. I may safely therefore proceed to the argument of a satire, which is no way relating to them; and first observe, that my author makes their lust the most heroic of their vices: the rest are in a manner but digression. He skims them over; but he dwells on this: when he seems to have taken his last leave of it, on the sudden he returns to it: 'tis one branch of it in Hippia, another in Messalina, but lust is the main body of the tree. He begins with this text in the first line, and takes it up with intermissions to the end of the chapter. Every vice is a loader, but that's a ten. The fillers, or intermediate parts, are their revenge; their contrivances of secret crimes; their arts to hide them; their wit to excuse them; and their impudence to own them, when they can no longer be kept secret. Then the persons to whom they are most addicted, and on whom they commonly bestow the last favours: as stage-players, fiddlers, singing-boys, and fencers. Those who pass for chaste amongst them, are not really so; but only for their vast dowries, are rather suffered, than loved by their own husbands. That they are imperious, domineering, scolding wives; set up for learning and criticism in poetry, but are false

judges. Love to speak Greek, (which was then the fashionable tongue, as French is now with us.) That they plead causes at the bar, and play prizes at the bear-garden. That they are gossips and news-mongers: wrangle with their neighbours abroad, and beat their servants at home. That they lie-in for new faces once a month; are sluttish with their husbands in private; and paint and dress in public for their lovers. That they deal with Jews, diviners, and fortune-tellers: learn the arts of miscarrying, and barrenness. Buy children, and produce them for their own. Murder their husband's sons, if they stand in their way to his estate, and make their adulterers his heirs. From hence the poet proceeds to show the occasions of all these vices, their original, and how they were introduced in Rome, by peace, wealth, and luxury. In conclusion, if we will take the word of our malicious author, bad women are the general standing rule; and the good, but some few exceptions to it.

In Saturn's reign, at Nature's early birth,
There was that thing call'd chastity on earth;
When in a narrow cave, their common shade,
The sheep, the shepherds, and their gods were laid:
When reeds and leaves, and hides of beasts were spread
By mountain housewives for their homely bed,
And mossy pillows rais'd, for the rude husband's head.
Unlike the niceness of our modern dames,
(Affected nymphs with new affected names:)
The Cynthia's and the Lesbia's of our years,
Who for a sparrow's death dissolve in tears.

[1] *In Saturn's reign*] In the Golden Age.

Those first unpolish'd matrons, big and bold,
Gave suck to infants of gigantic mould;
Rough as their savage lords who rang'd the wood,
And fat with acorns belch'd their windy food.
For when the world was buxom, fresh and young,
Her sons were undebauch'd and therefore strong:
And whether born in kindly beds of earth,
Or struggling from the teeming oaks to birth,
Or from what other atoms they begun,
No sires they had, or, if a sire, the sun.
Some thin remains of chastity appear'd
E'en under Jove, but Jove without a beard;
Before the servile Greeks had learnt to swear
By heads of kings; while yet the bounteous year
Her common fruits in open plains expos'd,
Ere thieves were fear'd, or gardens were inclos'd.
At length uneasy Justice upwards flew,
And both the sisters to the stars withdrew;
From that old æra whoring did begin,
So venerably ancient is the sin.
Adult'rers next invade the nuptial state,
And marriage-beds creak'd with a foreign weight;
All other ills did iron times adorn;
But whores and silver in one age were born.
Yet thou, they say, for marriage dost provide:
Is this an age to buckle with a bride?
They say thy hair the curling art is taught,
The wedding-ring perhaps already bought:

[23] *E'en under Jove*] When Jove had driven his father into banishment, the silver Age began, according to the poets.

A sober man like thee to change his life!
What fury would possess thee with a wife?
Art thou of every other death bereft,
No knife, no ratsbane, no kind halter left?
(For every noose compar'd to hers is cheap)
Is there no city-bridge from whence to leap?
Wouldst thou become her drudge, who dost enjoy
A better sort of bedfellow, thy boy?
He keeps thee not awake with nightly brawls,
Nor with a begg'd reward thy pleasure palls;
Nor with insatiate heavings calls for more,
When all thy spirits were drain'd out before.
But still Ursidius courts the marriage-bait,
Longs for a son to settle his estate,
And takes no gifts, though every gaping heir
Would gladly grease the rich old bachelor.
What revolution can appear so strange,
As such a lecher, such a life to change?
A rank, notorious whoremaster, to choose
To thrust his neck into the marriage-noose!
He who so often in a dreadful fright
Had in a coffer 'scap'd the jealous cuckold's sight,
That he, to wedlock dotingly betray'd,
Should hope in this lewd town to find a maid!
The man's grown mad: to ease his frantic pain,
Run for the surgeon; breathe the middle vein:
But let a heifer with gilt horns be led
To Juno, regent of the marriage-bed,
And let him every deity adore,
If his new bride prove not an errant whore,

In head and tail, and every other pore.
On Ceres' feast, restrain'd from their delight,
Few matrons, there, but curse the tedious night:
Few whom their fathers dare salute, such lust
Their kisses have, and come with such a gust.
With ivy now adorn thy doors, and wed;
Such is thy bride, and such thy genial bed.
Think'st thou one man is for one woman meant?
She, sooner, with one eye would be content.
And yet, 'tis nois'd, a maid did once appear
In some small village, though fame says not where:
'Tis possible; but sure no man she found;
'Twas desert, all, about her father's ground:
And yet some lustful god might there make bold:
Are Jove and Mars grown impotent and old?
Many a fair nymph has in a cave been spread,
And much good love without a feather-bed.
Whither wouldst thou to choose a wife resort,
The Park, the Mall, the Play-house, or the Court?
Which way soever thy adventures fall,
Secure alike of chastity in all.
One sees a dancing-master capering high,
And raves, and pisses, with pure ecstasy:
Another does, with all his motions, move,
And gapes, and grins as in the feat of love;
A third is charm'd with the new opera notes,
Admires the song, but on the singer dotes:
The country lady in the box appears,
Softly she warbles over all she hears;
And sucks in passion, both at eyes and ears.

The rest (when now the long vacation's come,
The noisy hall and theatres grown dumb)
Their memories to refresh, and cheer their hearts,
In borrow'd breeches act the players' parts.
The poor, that scarce have wherewithal to eat,
Will pinch, to make the singing-boy a treat.
The rich, to buy him, will refuse no price;
And stretch his quail-pipe, till they crack his voice.
Tragedians, acting love, for lust are sought:
(Though but the parrots of a poet's thought.)
The pleading lawyer, though for counsel us'd,
In chamber-practice often is refus'd.
Still thou wilt have a wife, and father heirs;
(The product of concurring theatres.)
Perhaps a fencer did thy brows adorn,
And a young sword-man to thy lands is born.
Thus Hippia loath'd her old patrician lord,
And left him for a brother of the sword:
To wond'ring Pharos with her love she fled,
To show one monster more than Afric bred:
Forgetting house and husband, left behind,
E'en children too; she sails before the wind;
False to 'em all, but constant to her kind.
But, stranger yet, and harder to conceive,
She could the play-house and the players leave.
Born of rich parentage, and nicely bred,
She lodg'd on down, and in a damask bed;
Yet daring now the dangers of the deep,
On a hard mattrass is content to sleep.
Ere this, 'tis true, she did her fame expose:

But that, great ladies with great ease can lose.
The tender nymph could the rude ocean bear:
So much her lust was stronger than her fear.
But, had some honest cause her passage prest,
The smallest hardship had disturb'd her breast:
Each inconvenience makes their virtue cold;
But womankind, in ills, is ever bold.
Were she to follow her own lord to sea,
What doubts or scruples would she raise to stay?
Her stomach sick, and her head giddy grows;
The tar and pitch are nauseous to her nose.
But in love's voyage nothing can offend;
Women are never sea-sick with a friend.
Amidst the crew, she walks upon the board;
She eats, she drinks, she handles every cord:
And if she spews, 'tis thinking of her lord.
Now ask, for whom her friends and fame she lost?
What youth, what beauty could th' adulterer boast?
What was the face, for which she could sustain
To be call'd mistress to so base a man?
The gallant, of his days had known the best:
Deep scars were seen indented on his breast;
And all his batter'd limbs requir'd their needful rest.
A promontory wen, with griesly grace,
Stood high, upon the handle of his face:
His blear eyes ran in gutters to his chin:
His beard was stubble, and his cheeks were thin.
But 'twas his fencing did her fancy move:
'Tis arms and blood and cruelty they love.
But should he quit his trade, and sheath his sword,

Her lover would begin to be her lord.
This was a private crime; but you shall hear
What fruits the sacred brows of monarchs bear:
The good old sluggard but began to snore,
When from his side up rose th' imperial whore:
She who preferr'd the pleasures of the night
To pomps, that are but impotent delight;
Strode from the palace, with an eager pace,
To cope with a more masculine embrace;
Muffled she march'd, like Juno in a cloud,
Of all her train but one poor wench allow'd,
One whom in secret service she could trust;
The rival and companion of her lust.
To the known brothel-house she takes her way;
And for a nasty room gives double pay;
That room in which the rankest harlot lay.
Prepar'd for fight, expectingly she lies,
With heaving breasts, and with desiring eyes.
Still as one drops, another takes his place,
And baffled still succeeds to like disgrace.
At length, when friendly darkness is expir'd,
And every strumpet from her cell retir'd,
She lags behind, and ling'ring at the gate,
With a repining sigh submits to fate:
All filth without, and all a fire within,
Tir'd with the toil, unsated with the sin,
Old Cæsar's bed the modest matron seeks;
The steam of lamps still hanging on her cheeks,

[163] He tells the famous story of Messalina, wife to the emperor Claudius.

In ropy smut: thus foul, and thus bedight,
She brings him back the product of the night.
Now should I sing what poisons they provide;
With all their trumpery of charms beside;
And all their arts of death: it would be known
Lust is the smallest sin the sex can own,
Cæsinia still, they say, is guiltless found
Of ev'ry vice, by her own lord renown'd:
And well she may, she brought ten thousand pound.
She brought him wherewithal to be call'd chaste;
His tongue is tied in golden fetters fast:
He sighs, adores, and courts her ev'ry hour;
Who would not do as much for such a dower?
She writes love-letters to the youth in grace;
Nay, tips the wink before the cuckold's face;
And might do more; her portion makes it good;
Wealth has the privilege of widowhood.
These truths with his example you disprove,
Who with his wife is monstrously in love:
But know him better; for I heard him swear,
'Tis not that she's his wife, but that she's fair.
Let her but have three wrinkles in her face,
Let her eyes lessen, and her skin unbrace,
Soon you will hear the saucy steward say,
Pack up with all your trinkets, and away;
You grow offensive both at bed and board:
Your betters must be had to please my lord.
Mean time she's absolute upon the throne:
And, knowing time is precious, loses none:
She must have flocks of sheep, with wool more fine

Than silk, and vineyards of the noblest wine:
Whole droves of pages for her train she craves:
And sweeps the prisons for attending slaves.
In short, whatever in her eyes can come,
Or others have abroad, she wants at home.
When winter shuts the seas, and fleecy snows
Make houses white, she to the merchant goes;
Rich crystals of the rock she takes up there,
Huge agate vases, and old China ware:
Then Berenice's ring her finger proves,
More precious made by her incestuous loves:
And infamously dear: a brother's bribe,
E'en God's anointed, and of Judah's tribe:
Where barefoot they approach the sacred shrine,
And think it only sin to feed on swine.

But is none worthy to be made a wife
In all this town? Suppose her free from strife,
Rich, fair, and fruitful, of unblemish'd life;
Chaste as the Sabines, whose prevailing charms
Dismiss'd their husbands', and their brothers' arms:
Grant her, besides, of noble blood, that ran
In ancient veins ere heraldry began:
Suppose all these, and take a poet's word,
A black swan is not half so rare a bird.
A wife, so hung with virtues, such a freight,
What mortal shoulders could support the weight!
Some country girl, scarce to a curtsy bred,

227 *Berenice's ring*] A ring of great price, which Herod Agrippa gave to his sister Berenice. He was king of the Jews, but tributary to the Romans.

Would I much rather than Cornelia wed:
If supercilious, haughty, proud, and vain,
She brought her father's triumphs in her train.
Away with all your Carthaginian state,
Let vanquish'd Hannibal without doors wait,
Too burly and too big to pass my narrow gate.
O Pæan, cries Amphion, bend thy bow
Against my wife, and let my children go:
But sullen Pæan shoots at sons and mothers too
His Niobe and all his boys he lost;
E'en her who did her num'rous offspring boast,
As fair and fruitful as the sow that carried
The thirty pigs at one large litter farrow'd.
What beauty or what chastity can bear
So great a price, if stately and severe
She still insults, and you must still adore?
Grant that the honey's much, the gall is more.
Upbraided with the virtues she displays, [praise:
Seven hours in twelve, you loathe the wife you
Some faults, though small, intolerable grow;
For what so nauseous and affected too,
As those that think they due perfection want,
Who have not learnt to lisp the Grecian cant?
In Greece, their whole accomplishments they seek:
Their fashion, breeding, language, must be Greek:

245 *Cornelia*] Mother to the Gracchi, of the family of the Cornelii; from whence Scipio the African was descended, who triumphed over Hannibal.

257 *The thirty pigs, &c.*] He alludes to the white sow in Virgil, who farrowed thirty pigs.

But, raw in all that does to Rome belong,
They scorn to cultivate their mother tongue.
In Greek they flatter, all their fears they speak,
Tell all their secrets; nay, they scold in Greek:
E'en in the feat of love, they use that tongue.
Such affectations may become the young;
But thou, old hag, of threescore years and three,
Is shewing of thy parts in Greek for thee?
Ζωὴ καὶ ψυχὴ! All those tender words
The momentary trembling bliss affords,
The kind soft murmurs of the private sheets,
Are bawdy, while thou speak'st in public streets.
Those words have fingers; and their force is such,
They raise the dead, and mount him with a touch.
But all provocatives from thee are vain:
No blandishment the slacken'd nerve can strain.
If then thy lawful spouse thou canst not love,
What reason should thy mind to marriage move?
Why all the charges of the nuptial feast,
Wine and desserts, and sweetmeats to digest?
Th' endowing gold that buys the dear delight,
Giv'n for their first and only happy night?
If thou art thus uxoriously inclin'd,
To bear thy bondage with a willing mind,
Prepare thy neck, and put it in the yoke:
But for no mercy from thy woman look.
For though, perhaps, she loves with equal fires,
To absolute dominion she aspires;
Joys in the spoils, and triumphs o'er thy purse;
The better husband makes the wife the worse.

Nothing is thine to give, or sell, or buy,
All offices of ancient friendship die;
Nor hast thou leave to make a legacy.
By thy imperious wife thou art bereft
A privilege, to pimps and panders left;
Thy testament's her will; where she prefers
Her ruffians, drudges, and adulterers,
Adopting all thy rivals for thy heirs.
Go drag that slave to death: You reason, why
Should the poor innocent be doom'd to die?
What proofs? For, when man's life is in debate,
The judge can ne'er too long deliberate.
Call'st thou that slave a man? the wife replies:
Prov'd, or unprov'd, the crime, the villain dies.
I have the sovereign pow'r to save or kill;
And give no other reason but my will.
Thus the she-tyrant reigns, till pleas'd with change,
Her wild affections to new empires range:
Another subject-husband she desires;
Divorc'd from him, she to the first retires,
While the last wedding-feast is scarcely o'er,
And garlands hang yet green upon the door.
So still the reck'ning rises; and appears
In total sum, eight husbands in five years.
The title for a tombstone might be fit;
But that it would too commonly be writ.
Her mother living, hope no quiet day;
She sharpens her, instructs her how to flay
Her husband bare, and then divides the prey.

She takes love-letters, with a crafty smile,
And, in her daughter's answer, mends the style.
In vain the husband sets his watchful spies;
She cheats their cunning, or she bribes their eyes.
The doctor's call'd; the daughter, taught the trick,
Pretends to faint; and in full health is sick.
The panting stallion, at the closet-door,
Hears the consult, and wishes it were o'er.
Canst thou, in reason, hope, a bawd so known
Should teach her other manners than her own?
Her int'rest is in all th' advice she gives:
'Tis on the daughter's rents the mother lives.
No cause is tried at the litigious bar,
But women plaintiffs or defendants are,
They form the process, all the briefs they write;
The topics furnish, and the pleas indite;
And teach the toothless lawyer how to bite.
They turn viragos too; the wrestler's toil
They try, and smear their naked limbs with oil:
Against the post their wicker shields they crush,
Flourish the sword, and at the plastron push.
Of ev'ry exercise the mannish crew
Fulfils the parts, and oft excels us too;
Prepar'd not only in feign'd fights t' engage,
But rout the gladiators on the stage.
What sense of shame in such a breast can lie,
Inur'd to arms, and her own sex to fly?
Yet to be wholly man she would disclaim:
To quit her tenfold pleasure at the game,
For frothy praises and an empty name.

Oh what a decent sight 'tis to behold
All thy wife's magazine by auction sold!
The belt, the crested plume, the several suits
Of armour, and the Spanish leather boots!
Yet these are they, that cannot bear the heat
Of figur'd silks, and under sarcenet sweat.
Behold the strutting Amazonian whore,
She stands in guard with her right foot before:
Her coats tuck'd up; and all her motions just,
She stamps, and then cries, hah! at ev'ry thrust:
But laugh to see her, tir'd with many a bout,
Call for the pot, and like a man piss out.
The ghosts of ancient Romans, should they rise,
Would grin to see their daughters play a prize.
  Besides, what endless brawls by wives are bred:
The curtain-lecture makes a mournful bed.
Then, when she has thee sure within the sheets,
Her cry begins, and the whole day repeats.
Conscious of crimes herself, she teizes first;
Thy servants are accus'd; thy whore is curst;
She acts the jealous, and at will she cries;
For women's tears are but the sweat of eyes.
Poor cuckold-fool, thou think'st that love sincere,
And suck'st between her lips the falling tear:
But search her cabinet, and thou shalt find
Each tiller there with love epistles lin'd.
Suppose her taken in a close embrace,
This you would think so manifest a case,
No rhetoric could defend, no impudence outface:
And yet e'en then she cries the marriage vow

A mental reservation must allow;
And there's a silent bargain still implied,
The parties should be pleas'd on either side:
And both may for their private needs provide.
Though men yourselves, and women us you call,
Yet *homo* is a common name for all.
There's nothing bolder than a woman caught;
Guilt gives them courage to maintain their fault.
You ask from whence proceed these monstrous crimes?
Once poor, and therefore chaste, in former times,
Our matrons were: no luxury found room
In low-roof't houses, and bare walls of lome;
Their hands with labour harden'd while 'twas light,
And frugal sleep supplied the quiet night,
While pinch'd with want, their hunger held 'em straight;
When Hannibal was hov'ring at the gate:
But wanton now, and lolling at our ease,
We suffer all th' invet'rate ills of peace,
And wasteful riot; whose destructive charms
Revenge the vanquish'd world, of our victorious arms.
No crime, no lustful postures are unknown;
Since Poverty, our guardian god, is gone:
Pride, laziness, and all luxurious arts,
Pour like a deluge in, from foreign parts:
Since gold obscene, and silver found the way,
Strange fashions with strange bullion to convey,
And our plain simple manners to betray.

What care our drunken dames to whom they spread?
Wine no distinction makes of tail or head.
Who lewdly dancing at a midnight ball,
For hot eringoes and fat oysters call:
Full brimmers to their fuddled noses thrust;
Brimmers, the last provocatives of lust.
When vapours to their swimming brains advance,
And double tapers on the tables dance.
Now think what bawdy dialogues they have,
What Tullia talks to her confiding slave,
At Modesty's old statue; when by night
They make a stand, and from their litters light:
The good man early to the levee goes,
And treads the nasty paddle of his spouse.
The secrets of the goddess nam'd the Good,
Are e'en by boys and barbers understood:
Where the rank matrons, dancing to the pipe,
Gig with their bums, and are for action ripe;
With music rais'd, they spread abroad their hair;
And toss their heads like an enamour'd mare:
Laufella lays her garland by, and proves
The mimic lechery of manly loves.
Rank'd with the lady the cheap sinner lies;
For here not blood, but virtue, gives the prize.
Nothing is feign'd in this venereal strife;
'Tis downright lust, and acted to the life.
So full, so fierce, so vigorous, and so strong,
That, looking on, would make old Nestor young.
Impatient of delay, a general sound,

A universal groan of lust goes round;
For then, and only then, the sex sincere is found.
Now is the time of action; Now begin,
They cry, and let the lusty lovers in.
The whoresons are asleep; then bring the slaves,
And watermen, a race of strong-back'd knaves.
I wish, at least, our sacred rites were free
From those pollutions of obscenity:
But 'tis well known what singer, how disguis'd,
A lewd audacious action enterpriz'd:
Into the fair, with women mix'd, he went,
Arm'd with a huge two-handed instrument;
A grateful present to those holy quires,
Where the mouse, guilty of his sex, retires:
And e'en male-pictures modestly are vail'd;
Yet no profaneness on that age prevail'd;
No scoffers at religious rites are found;
Though now, at ev'ry altar they abound.
I hear your cautious counsel, you would say,
Keep close your women under lock and key:
But, who shall keep those keepers? Women, nurst
In craft: begin with those, and bribe 'em first.
The sex is turn'd all whore; they love the game:
And mistresses and maids are both the same.
The poor Ogulnia, on the poet's day,
Will borrow clothes, and chair, to see the play:

453 *what singer, &c.*] He alludes to the story of P. Clodius, who, disguised in the habit of a singing woman, went into the house of Cæsar, where the feast of the good goddess was celebrated, to find an opportunity with Cæsar's wife Pompeia.

She, who before had mortgag'd her estate,
And pawn'd the last remaining piece of plate.
Some are reduc'd their utmost shifts to try:
But women have no shame of poverty.
They live beyond their stint; as if their store
The more exhausted, would increase the more:
Some men, instructed by the lab'ring ant,
Provide against th' extremities of want;
But womankind, that never knows a mean,
Down to the dregs their sinking fortune drain:
Hourly they give, and spend, and waste, and wear:
And think no pleasure can be bought too dear.
There are, who in soft eunuchs place their bliss;
To shun the scrubbing of a bearded kiss;
And 'scape abortion; but their solid joy
Is when the page, already past a boy,
Is capon'd late; and to the gelder shown,
With his two pounders to perfection grown.
When all the navel-string could give, appears;
All but the beard, and that's the barber's loss, not theirs.
Seen from afar, and famous for his ware,
He struts into the bath, among the fair:
Th' admiring crew to their devotions fall;
And, kneeling, on their new Priapus call.
Kerv'd for his lady's use, and with her lies;

[486] He taxes women with their loving eunuchs, who can get no children; but adds, that they only love such eunuchs as are gelded when they are already at the age of manhood.

[494] *Priapus*] The god of lust.

And let him drudge for her, if thou art wise,
Rather than trust him with thy fav'rite boy;
He proffers death, in proffering to enjoy.
If songs they love, the singer's voice they force
Beyond his compass till his quail-pipe's hoarse;
His lute and lyre with their embrace is worn;
With knots they trim it, and with gems adorn:
Run over all the strings, and kiss the case;
And make love to it, in the master's place.
A certain lady once of high degree,
To Janus vow'd, and Vesta's deity,
That Pollio might, in singing, win the prize;
Pollio the dear, the darling of her eyes:
She pray'd, and brib'd; what could she more have done
For a sick husband, or an only son?
With her face veil'd, and heaving up her hands,
The shameless suppliant at the altar stands;
The forms of pray'r she solemnly pursues;
And, pale with fear, the offer'd entrails views.
Answer, ye Pow'rs: for, if you heard her vow,
Your godships, sure, had little else to do.
This is not all; for actors they implore:
An impudence not known to heav'n before.
Th' Aruspex, tir'd with this religious rout,
Is forc'd to stand so long, he gets the gout.

517 That such an actor whom they love might obtain the prize.

519 *Th' Aruspex*] He who inspects the entrails of the sacrifice, and from thence, foretells the successor.

But suffer not thy wife abroad to roam,
If she loves singing, let her sing at home;
Not strut in streets, with Amazonian pace;
For that's to cuckold thee before thy face.
Their endless itch of news comes next in play;
They vent their own, and hear what others say.
Know what in Thrace, or what in France is done;
Th' intrigues betwixt the stepdame and the son.
Tell who loves who, what favours some partake:
And who is jilted for another's sake.
What pregnant widow in what month was made;
How oft she did, and doing, what she said.
She, first, beholds the raging comet rise:
Knows whom it threatens, and what lands destroys.
Still for the newest news she lies in wait;
And takes reports just ent'ring at the gate.
Wrecks, floods, and fires; whatever she can meet,
She spreads; and is the fame of ev'ry street.
This is a grievance; but the next is worse;
A very judgment, and her neighbours' curse:
For if their barking dog disturb her ease,
No pray'r can bind her, no excuse appease.
Th' unmanner'd malefactor is arraign'd;
But first the master, who the cur maintain'd,
Must feel the scourge; by night she leaves her bed,
By night her bathing equipage is led.
That marching armies a less noise create;
She moves in tumult, and she sweats in state.
Mean while, her guests their appetites must keep;
Some gape for hunger, and some gasp for sleep.

At length she comes, all flush'd ; but ere she sup,
Swallows a swinging preparation-cup ;
And then, to clear her stomach, spews it up.
The deluge-vomit all the floor o'erflows,
And the sour savour nauseates ev'ry nose.
She drinks again ; again she spews a lake ;
Her wretched husband sees, and dares not speak :
But mutters many a curse against his wife ;
And damns himself for choosing such a life.
But of all plagues, the greatest is untold ;
The book learn'd wife in Greek and Latin bold.
The critic-dame, who at her table sits :
Homer and Virgil quotes, and weighs their wits ;
And pities Dido's agonizing fits.
She has so far th' ascendant of the board,
The prating pedant puts not in one word :
The man of law is non-plust, in his suit ;
Nay, every other female tongue is mute.
Hammers, and beating anvils, you would swear,
And Vulcan with his whole militia there.
Tabors and trumpets cease ; for she alone
Is able to redeem the lab'ring Moon.
E'en wit's a burthen, when it talks too long :
But she, who has no continence of tongue,
Should walk in breeches, and should wear a beard ;
And mix among the philosophic herd.
O what a midnight curse has he, whose side
Is pester'd with a mood and figure bride !

578 *a mood and figure bride*] A woman who has learned logic.

Let mine, ye gods! (if such must be my fate)
No logic learn, nor history translate;
But rather be a quiet, humble fool:
I hate a wife to whom I go to school.
Who climbs the grammar-tree, distinctly knows
Where noun, and verb, and participle grows;
Corrects her country neighbour; and, a-bed,
For breaking Priscian's, breaks her husband's head.
  The gawdy gossip, when she's set agog,
In jewels drest, and at each ear a bob,
Goes flaunting out, and, in her trim of pride,
Thinks all she says or does, is justified.
When poor, she's scarce a tolerable evil;
But rich, and fine, a wife's a very devil.
  She duly, once a month, renews her face;
Mean time, it lies in daub, and hid in grease;
Those are the husband's nights; she craves her due,
He takes fat kisses, and is stuck in glue.
But, to the lov'd adult'rer when she steers,
Fresh from the bath, in brightness she appears:
For him the rich Arabia sweats her gum;
And precious oils from distant Indies come:
How haggardly soe'er she looks at home.
Th' eclipse then vanishes; and all her face
Is open'd, and restor'd to ev'ry grace,
The crust remov'd, her cheeks as smooth as silk,
Are polish'd with a wash of asses' milk;
And should she to the farthest North be sent,

586 A woman-grammarian, who corrects her husband for speaking false Latin, which is called breaking Priscian's head

A train of these attend her banishment.
But hadst thou seen her plaster'd up before,
'Twas so unlike a face, it seem'd a sore.
'Tis worth our while to know what all the day
They do, and how they pass their time away,
For, if o'er-night the husband has been slack,
Or counterfeited sleep, and turn'd his back,
Next day, be sure, the servants go to wrack.
The chamber-maid and dresser are call'd whores;
The page is stript, and beaten out of doors.
The whole house suffers for the master's crime:
And he himself is warn'd to wake another time.
She hires tormentors by the year; she treats
Her visitors, and talks; but still she beats.
Beats while she paints her face, surveys her gown,
Casts up the day's account, and still beats on:
Tir'd out, at length, with an outrageous tone,
She bids 'em in the devil's name be gone.
Compar'd with such a proud, insulting dame,
Sicilian tyrants may renounce their name.
For, if she hastes abroad to take the air,
Or goes to Isis' church (the bawdy-house of pray'r)
She hurries all her handmaids to the task;
Her head, alone, will twenty dressers ask.
Psecas, the chief, with breast and shoulders bare,
Trembling, considers ev'ry sacred hair;
If any straggler from his rank be found,
A pinch must, for the mortal sin, compound.
Psecas is not in fault: but, in the glass,
The dame's offended at her own ill face.

The maid is banish'd; and another girl
More dext'rous, manages the comb and curl;
The rest are summon'd on a point so nice;
And first, the grave old woman gives advice.
The next is call'd, and so the turn goes round,
As each for age, or wisdom, is renown'd:
Such counsel, such deliberate care they take,
As if her life and honour lay at stake:
With curls on curls, they build her head before
And mount it with a formidable tow'r.
A giantess she seems; but look behind,
And then she dwindles to the pigmy kind.
Duck-legg'd, short-waisted, such a dwarf she is,
That she must rise on tip-toes for a kiss.
Mean while, her husband's whole estate is spent;
He may go bare, while she receives his rent.
She minds him not; she lives not as a wife,
But like a bawling neighbour, full of strife:
Near him, in this alone, that she extends
Her hate to all his servants and his friends.
  Bellona's priests, a eunuch at their head,
About the streets a mad procession lead;
The venerable gelding, large, and high,
O'erlooks the herd of his inferior fry.
His awkward clergymen about him prance;
And beat the timbrels to their mystic dance.
Guiltless of testicles, they tear their throats,
And squeak, in treble, their unmanly notes.
Mean while, his cheeks the mitred prophet swells,
And dire presages of the year foretells.

Unless with eggs (his priestly hire) they haste
To expiate, and avert th' autumnal blast.
And add beside a murrey-colour'd vest,
Which, in their places, may receive the pest:
And, thrown into the flood, their crimes may bear,
To purge th' unlucky omens of the year.
Th' astonish'd matrons pay, before the rest;
That sex is still obnoxious to the priest.
Through ice they beat, and plunge into the stream,
If so the god has warn'd 'em in a dream.
Weak in their limbs, but in devotion strong,
On their bare hands and feet they crawl along
A whole field's length, the laughter of the throng.
Should Io (Io's priest I mean) command
A pilgrimage to Meroe's burning sand,
Through deserts they would seek the secret spring;
And holy water, for lustration, bring.
How can they pay their priests too much respect,
Who trade with heav'n, and earthly gains neglect?
With him, domestic gods discourse by night:
By day, attended by his quire in white,
The bald-pate tribe runs madding thro' the street,
And smile to see with how much ease they cheat.
The ghostly sire forgives the wife's delights,
Who sins, through frailty, on forbidden nights;
And tempts her husband in the holy time,
When carnal pleasure is a mortal crime.

669 *And add beside, &c.*] A garment was given to the priest, which he threw into the river; and that, they thought, bore all the sins of the people, which were drowned with it.

The sweating image shakes his head, but he
With mumbled pray'rs atones the deity.
The pious priesthood the fat goose receive,
And they once brib'd, the godhead must forgive.
No sooner these remove, but full of fear,
A gypsy Jewess whispers in your ear,
And begs an alms: a high-priest's daughter she,
Vers'd in their Talmud, and divinity,
And prophesies beneath a shady tree.
Her goods a basket, and old hay her bed,
She strolls, and, telling fortunes, gains her bread:
Farthings, and some small monies, are her fees;
Yet she interprets all your dreams for these.
Foretells th' estate, when the rich uncle dies,
And sees a sweetheart in the sacrifice.
Such toys, a pigeon's entrails can disclose:
Which yet th' Armenian augur far outgoes:
In dogs, a victim more obscene, he rakes;
And murder'd infants for inspection takes:
For gain, his impious practice he pursues;
For gain, will his accomplices accuse.
More credit, yet, is to Chaldeans giv'n;
What they foretell, is deem'd the voice of heav'n.
Their answers, as from Hammon's altar, come;
Since now the Delphian oracles are dumb.
And mankind, ignorant of future fate,
Believes what fond astrologers relate.
Of these the most in vogue is he, who sent

715 Chaldeans are thought to have been the first astrologers.

Beyond seas, is return'd from banishment,
His art who to aspiring Otho sold;
And sure succession to the crown foretold.
For his esteem is in his exile plac'd;
The more believ'd, the more he was disgrac'd.
No astrologic wizard honour gains,
Who has not oft been banish'd, or in chains.
He gets renown, who, to the halter near,
But narrowly escapes, and buys it dear.

From him your wife enquires the planets' will,
When the black jaundice shall her mother kill:
Her sister's and her uncle's end, would know:
But, first, consults his art, when you shall go.
And, what's the greatest gift that heav'n can give,
If, after her, th' adulterer shall live.
She neither knows nor cares to know the rest;
If Mars and Saturn shall the world infest;
Or Jove and Venus with their friendly rays,
Will interpose, and bring us better days.

Beware the woman too, and shun her sight,
Who in these studies does herself delight.
By whom a greasy almanack is borne,
With often handling, like chaft amber, worn:
Not now consulting, but consulted, she
Of the twelve houses, and their lords, is free.
She, if the scheme a fatal journey show,
Stays safe at home, but lets her husband go.
If but a mile she travel out of town,

723 Otho succeeded Galba in the empire; which was foretold him by an astrologer.

The planetary hour must first be known,
And lucky moment; if her eye but akes
Or itches, its decumbiture she takes.
No nourishment receives in her disease,
But what the stars and Ptolemy shall please.
The middle sort, who have not much to spare,
To chiromancers' cheaper art repair,
Who clap the pretty palm, to make the lines more fair.
But the rich matron, who has more to give,
Her answers from the Brachman will receive:
Skill'd in the globe and sphere, he gravely stands,
And, with his compass, measures seas and lands.
The poorest of the sex have still an itch
To know their fortunes, equal to the rich.
The dairy-maid inquires, if she shall take
The trusty tailor, and the cook forsake.
Yet these, though poor, the pain of childbed bear;
And, without nurses, their own infants rear:
You seldom hear of the rich mantle, spread
For the babe, born in the great lady's bed.
Such is the pow'r of herbs; such arts they use
To make them barren, or their fruit to lose.
But thou, whatever slops she will have bought,
Be thankful, and supply the deadly draught:

754 *Ptolemy*] A famous astrologer, an Egyptian.

759 The Brachmans are Indian philosophers, who remain to this day; and hold, after Pythagoras, the translation of souls from one body to another.

Help her to make manslaughter; let her bleed,
And never want for savin at her need.
For, if she holds till her nine months be run,
Thou mayst be father to an Æthiop's son.
A boy, who ready gotten to thy hands,
By law is to inherit all thy lands:
One of that hue, that should he cross the way,
His omen would discolour all the day.
I pass the foundling by, a race unknown,
At doors expos'd, whom matrons make their own:
And into noble families advance
A nameless issue, the blind work of chance.
Indulgent Fortune does her care employ,
And, smiling, broods upon the naked boy:
Her garment spreads, and laps him in the fold,
And covers, with her wings, from nightly cold:
Gives him her blessing; puts him in a way;
Sets up the farce, and laughs at her own play.
Him she promotes; she favours him alone,
And makes provision for him as her own.
The craving wife the force of magic tries,
And philters for th' unable husband buys:
The potion works not on the part design'd;
But turns his brains, and stupifies his mind.

777 *to an Æthiop's son*] His meaning is, help her to any kind of slops, which may cause her to miscarry; for fear she may be brought to bed of a blackmoor, which thou, being her husband, art bound to father; and that bastard may by law, inherit thy estate.

781 *His omen, &c.*] The Romans thought it ominous to see a blackmoor in the morning, if he were the first man they met.

The sotted moon-calf gapes, and staring on,
Sees his own bus'ness by another done:
A long oblivion, a benumbing frost,
Constrains his head; and yesterday is lost:
Some nimbler juice would make him foam and rave,
Like that Cæsonia to her Caius gave:
Who, plucking from the forehead of the fole
His mother's love, infus'd it in the bowl:
The boiling blood ran hissing in his veins,
Till the mad vapour mounted to his brains.
The Thund'rer was not half so much on fire,
When Juno's girdle kindled his desire.
What woman will not use the pois'ning trade,
When Cæsar's wife the precedent has made?
Let Agrippina's mushroom be forgot,
Giv'n to a slav'ring, old, unuseful sot;
That only clos'd the driveling dotard's eyes,
And sent his godhead downward to the skies.
But this fierce potion calls for fire and sword;
Nor spares the commons, when it strikes the lord:
So many mischiefs were in one combin'd;
So much one single pois'ner cost mankind.
If stepdames seek their sons-in-law to kill,

[803] Cæsonia, wife to Caius Caligula, the great tyrant: 'tis said she gave him a love-potion, which flying up into his head, distracted him; and was the occasion of his committing so many acts of cruelty.

[812] Agrippina was the mother of the tyrant Nero, who poisoned her husband Claudius, that Nero might succeed, who was her son, and not Britannicus, who was the son of Claudius, by a former wife.

'Tis venial trespass; let them have their will:
But let the child, entrusted to the care
Of his own mother, of her bread beware:
Beware the food she reaches with her hand;
The morsel is intended for thy land.
Thy tutor be thy taster, ere thou eat;
There's poison in thy drink, and in thy meat.
You think this feign'd; the satire in a rage
Struts in the buskins of the tragic stage,
Forgets his bus'ness is to laugh and bite;
And will of deaths and dire revenges write.
Would it were all a fable that you read;
But Drymon's wife pleads guilty to the deed.
I (she confesses) in the fact was caught,
Two sons dispatching at one deadly draught.
What two! two sons, thou viper, in one day!
Yes, seven, she cries, if seven were in my way.
Medea's legend is no more a lie;
One age adds credit to antiquity.
Great ills, we grant, in former times did reign,
And murders then were done: but not for gain.
Less admiration to great crimes is due,
Which they thro' wrath, or thro' revenge, pursue.
For, weak of reason, impotent of will,
The sex is hurried headlong into ill:
And, like a cliff from its foundations torn,

[833] The widow of Drymon poisoned her sons, that she might succeed to their estate: This was done either in the poet's time, or just before it.

[838] Medea, out of revenge to Jason, who had forsaken her, killed the children which she had by him.

By raging earthquakes, into seas is borne.
But those are fiends, who crimes from thought
And, cool in mischief, meditate the sin. [begin:
They read th' example of a pious wife,
Redeeming, with her own, her husband's life;
Yet, if the laws did that exchange afford,
Would save their lap-dog sooner than their lord.
Where'er you walk, the Belides you meet;
And Clytemnestras grow in ev'ry street:
But here's the difference; Agamemnon's wife
Was a gross butcher with a bloody knife;
But murder, now, is to perfection grown,
And subtle poisons are employ'd alone:
Unless some antidote prevents their arts,
And lines with balsam all the nobler parts:
In such a case, reserv'd for such a need,
Rather than fail, the dagger does the deed.

854 *the Belides*] Who were fifty sisters, married to fifty young men, their cousin-germans; and killed them all on their wedding-night, excepting Hypermnestra, who saved her husband Linus.

855 *Clytemnestra*] The wife of Agamemnon, who, in favour to her adulterer Ægysthus, was consenting to his murder.

863 *Rather than fail*] It will easily be understood, why it was impossible to make a single observation on this Sixth Satire, which, as he finely says in another place, is

Too foul to name, too fulsome to be read.

Yet Lud. Prateüs wrote long notes for the use of the Dauphin under the inspection of Bossuet. *Dr. J. W.*

THE TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE poet's design, in this divine satire, is to represent the various wishes and desires of mankind; and to set out the folly of them. He runs through all the several heads of riches, honours, eloquence, fame for martial achievements, long life, and beauty; and gives instances, in each, how frequently they have proved the ruin of those that owned them. He concludes therefore, that since we generally choose so ill for ourselves, we should do better to leave it to the gods, to make the choice for us. All we can safely ask of heaven lies within a very small compass. 'Tis but health of body and mind. And if we have these, it is not much matter what we want besides; for we have already enough to make us happy.

LOOK round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good; or knowing it, pursue.
How void of reason are our hopes and fears!
What in the conduct of our life appears
So well design'd, so luckily begun,
But, when we have our wish, we wish undone?
  Whole houses, of their whole desires possest,
Are often ruin'd, at their own request.
In wars, and peace, things hurtful we require,
When made obnoxious to our own desire.
  With laurels some have fatally been crown'd;
Some, who the depths of eloquence have found,
In that unnavigable stream were drown'd.

The brawny fool, who did his vigour boast,
In that presuming confidence was lost:
But more have been by avarice oppress,
And heaps of money crowded in the chest:
Unwieldy sums of wealth, which higher mount
Than files of marshall'd figures can account.
To which the stores of Crœsus, in the scale,
Would look like little dolphins, when they sail
In the vast shadow of the British whale.

For this, in Nero's arbitrary time,
When virtue was a guilt, and wealth a crime,
A troop of cut-throat guards were sent to seize
The rich men's goods, and gut their palaces:
The mob, commission'd by the government,
Are seldom to an empty garret sent.
The fearful passenger, who travels late,
Charg'd with the carriage of a paltry plate,
Shakes at the moonshine shadow of a rush;
And sees a red-coat rise from every bush:
The beggar sings, e'en when he sees the place
Beset with thieves, and never mends his pace.

Of all the vows, the first and chief request
Of each is, to be richer than the rest:
And yet no doubts the poor man's draught control,
He dreads no poison in his homely bowl,
Then fear the deadly drug, when gems divine

[14] Milo, of Crotona, who, for a trial of his strength, going to rend an oak, perished in the attempt; for his arms were caught in the trunk of it, and he was devoured by wild beasts.

Enchase the cup, and sparkle in the wine.
Will you not now the pair of sages praise,
Who the same end pursu'd, by several ways?
One pitied, one contemn'd the woful times:
One laugh'd at follies, one lamented crimes:
Laughter is easy; but the wonder lies,
What store of brine supplied the weeper's eyes.
Democritus could feed his spleen, and shake
His sides and shoulders till he felt 'em ake;
Though in his country-town no lictors were,
Nor rods, nor axe, nor tribune did appear;
Nor all the foppish gravity of show,
Which cunning magistrates on crowds bestow:
What had he done, had he beheld, on high
Our pretor seated, in mock majesty;
His chariot rolling o'er the dusty place,
While, with dumb pride, and a set formal face,
He moves, in the dull ceremonial track,
With Jove's embroider'd coat upon his back:
A suit of hangings had not more oppress
His shoulders, than that long, laborious vest:
A heavy gewgaw, (call'd a crown) that spread
About his temples, drown'd his narrow head:
And would have crush'd it with the massy freight,
But that a sweating slave sustain'd the weight:
A slave in the same chariot seen to ride,
To mortify the mighty madman's pride.
Add now th' imperial eagle, rais'd on high,
With golden beak (the mark of majesty),
Trumpets before, and on the left and right,

A cavalcade of nobles, all in white:
In their own natures false and flatt'ring tribes,
But made his friends, by places and by bribes.
In his own age, Democritus could find
Sufficient cause to laugh at human kind:
Learn from so great a wit; a land of bogs
With ditches fenc'd, a heaven fat with fogs,
May form a spirit fit to sway the state;
And make the neighb'ring monarchs fear their fate.
He laughs at all the vulgar cares and fears;
At their vain triumphs, and their vainer tears:
An equal temper in his mind he found,
When Fortune flatter'd him, and when she frown'd.
'Tis plain, from hence, that what our vows request,
Are hurtful things, or useless at the best.
Some ask for envied pow'r; which public hate
Pursues, and hurries headlong to their fate:
Down go the titles; and the statue crown'd,
Is by base hands in the next river drown'd.
The guiltless horses, and the chariot wheel,
The same effects of vulgar fury feel:
The smith prepares his hammer for the stroke,
While the lung'd bellows hissing fire provoke;
Sejanus, almost first of Roman names,

[93] Sejanus was Tiberius's first favourite, and while he continued so had the highest marks of honour bestowed on him: statues and triumphal chariots where every where erected to him; but as soon as he fell into disgrace with the Emperor, these were all immediately dismounted, and the senate and common people insulted over him as meanly as they had fawned on him before.

The great Sejanus crackles in the flames:
Form'd in the forge, the pliant brass is laid
On anvils; and of head and limbs are made
Pans, cans, and pisspots, a whole kitchen trade.
Adorn your doors with laurels; and a bull,
Milk white, and large, lead to the Capitol;
Sejanus with a rope is dragg'd along,
The sport and laughter of the giddy throng!
Good Lord, they cry, what Ethiop lips he has,
How foul a snout, and what a hanging face!
By heaven, I never could endure his sight;
But say, how came his monstrous crimes to light?
What is the charge, and who the evidence,
(The saviour of the nation and the prince?)
Nothing of this; but our old Cæsar sent
A noisy letter to his parliament:
Nay, Sirs, if Cæsar writ, I ask no more,
He's guilty; and the question's out of door.
How goes the mob? (for that's a mighty thing,)
When the king's trump, the mob are for the king:
They follow fortune, and the common cry
Is still against the rogue condemn'd to die.
But the same very mob, that rascal crowd,
Had cried Sejanus, with a shout as loud;
Had his designs (by fortune's favour blest)
Succeeded, and the prince's age opprest,
But long, long since, the times have chang'd their face,
The people grown degenerate and base;
Not suffer'd now the freedom of their choice,
To make their magistrates, and sell their voice.

Our wise forefathers, great by sea and land,
Had once the power and absolute command;
All offices of trust, themselves dispos'd;
Rais'd whom they pleas'd, and whom they pleas'd depos'd.
But we, who give our native rights away,
And our enslav'd posterity betray,
Are now reduc'd to beg an alms, and go
On holidays to see a puppet-show.
There was a damn'd design, cries one, no doubt;
For warrants are already issued out:
I met Brutidius in a mortal fright;
He's dipt for certain, and plays least in sight:
I fear the rage of our offended prince,
Who thinks the senate slack in his defence!
Come let us haste, our loyal zeal to show,
And spurn the wretched corps of Cæsar's foe:
But let our slaves be present there, lest they
Accuse their masters, and for gain betray.
Such were the whispers of those jealous times,
About Sejanus' punishment and crimes.
Now tell me truly, wouldst thou change thy fate
To be, like him, first minister of state?
To have thy levees crowded with resort,
Of a depending, gaping, servile court:
Dispose all honours of the sword and gown,
Grace with a nod, and ruin with a frown:
To hold thy prince in pupil-age, and sway
That monarch, whom the master'd world obey?
While he, intent on secret lusts alone,

Lives to himself, abandoning the throne;
Coop'd in a narrow isle, observing dreams
With flattering wizards, and erecting schemes!
I well believe, thou wouldst be great as he;
For every man's a fool to that degree;
All wish the dire prerogative to kill;
E'en they would have the power, who want the will:
But wouldst thou have thy wishes understood,
To take the bad together with the good,
Wouldst thou not rather choose a small renown,
To be the mayor of some poor paltry town,
Bigly to look, and barbarously to speak;
To pound false weights, and scanty measures break?
Then, grant we that Sejanus went astray
In ev'ry wish, and knew not how to pray:
For he who grasp'd the world's exhausted store,
Yet never had enough, but wish'd for more,
Rais'd a top-heavy tower, of monstrous height,
Which mould'ring, crush'd him underneath the weight.
What did the mighty Pompey's fall beget?
And ruin'd him, who, greater than the Great,
The stubborn pride of Roman nobles broke;

[154] The island of Capræ, which lies about a league out at sea from the Campanian shore, was the scene of Tiberius's pleasures in the latter part of his reign. There he lived for some years with diviners, soothsayers, and worse company; and from thence dispatched all his orders to the senate.

[173] Julius Cæsar, who got the better of Pompey, that was styled the Great.

And bent their haughty necks beneath his yoke;
What else but his immoderate lust of power,
Prayers made and granted in a luckless hour?
For few usurpers to the shades descend
By a dry death, or with a quiet end.
The boy, who scarce has paid his entrance down
To his proud pedant, or declin'd a noun,
(So small an elf, that when the days are foul,
He and his sachel must be borne to school,)
Yet prays, and hopes, and aims at nothing less,
To prove a Tully, or Demosthenes: [185]
But both those orators, so much renown'd,
In their own depths of eloquence were drown'd:
The hand and head were never lost, of those
Who dealt in doggerel, or who punn'd in prose.
"Fortune foretun'd the dying notes of Rome:
Till I, thy consul sole, consol'd thy doom."
His fate had crept below the lifted swords,
Had all his malice been to murder words.
I rather would be Mævius, thrash for rhymes
Like his, the scorn and scandal of the times, [190]
Than that Philippic, fatally divine,
Which is inscrib'd the second, should be mine.
Nor he, the wonder of the Grecian throng,

[185] Demosthenes and Tully both died for their oratory. Demosthenes gave himself poison to avoid being carried to Antipater, one of Alexander's captains, who had then made himself master of Athens. Tully was murdered by Mark Antony's order, in return for those invectives he had made against him.

Who drove them with the torrent of his tongue,
Who shook the theatres, and sway'd the state
Of Athens, found a more propitious fate.
Whom, born beneath a boding horoscope,
His sire, the blear-ey'd Vulcan of a shop,
From Mars his forge, sent to Minerva's schools,
To learn the unlucky art of wheedling fools.
With itch of honour, and opinion, vain,
All things beyond their native worth we strain:
The spoils of war, brought to Feretrian Jove,
An empty coat of armour hung above
The conqueror's chariot, and in triumph borne,
A streamer from a boarded galley torn,
A chap-fall'n beaver loosely hanging by
The cloven helm, an arch of victory,
On whose high convex sits a captive foe,
And sighing casts a mournful look below;
Of every nation, each illustrious name,
Such toys as these have cheated into fame:
Exchanging solid quiet, to obtain
The windy satisfaction of the brain.
So much the thirst of honour fires the blood;
So many would be great, so few be good.
For who would Virtue for herself regard,
Or wed, without the portion of reward?
Yet this mad chase of fame, by few pursu'd,
Has drawn destruction on the multitude:
This avarice of praise in times to come,
Those long inscriptions, crowded on the tomb,
Should some wild fig-tree take her native bent,

And heave below the gaudy monument,
Would crack the marble titles, and disperse
The characters of all the lying verse.
For sepulchres themselves must crumbling fall
In time's abyss, the common grave of all.
  Great Hannibal within the balance lay;
And tell how many pounds his ashes weigh;
Whom Afric was not able to contain,
Whose length runs level with the Atlantic main,
And wearies fruitful Nilus, to convey
His sun-beat waters by so long a way;
Which Ethiopia's double clime divides,
And elephants in other mountains hides.
Spain first he won, the Pyrenæans past,
And steepy Alps, the mounds that Nature cast:
And with corroding juices, as he went,
A passage through the living rocks he rent.
Then, like a torrent, rolling from on high,
He pours his headlong rage on Italy;
In three victorious battles over-run;
Yet still uneasy, cries, There's nothing done,
Till level with the ground their gates are laid;
And Punic flags on Roman towers display'd.
  Ask what a face belong'd to his high fame:
His picture scarcely would deserve a frame:
A signpost dauber would disdain to paint
The one-ey'd hero on his elephant.
Now what's his end, O charming Glory! say,
What rare fifth act to crown this huffing play?
In one deciding battle overcome,

He flies, is banish'd from his native home:
Begs refuge in a foreign court, and there
Attends, his mean petition to prefer;
Repuls'd by surly grooms, who wait before
The sleeping tyrant's interdicted door.
What wondrous sort of death has heaven design'd,
Distinguish'd from the herd of human kind,
For so untam'd, so turbulent a mind!
Nor swords at hand, nor hissing darts afar,
Are doom'd to avenge the tedious bloody war;
But poison, drawn through a ring's hollow plate,
Must finish him; a sucking infant's fate.
Go, climb the rugged Alps, ambitious fool,
To please the boys, and be a theme at school.
One world suffic'd not Alexander's mind;
Coop'd up, he seem'd in earth and seas confin'd:
And, struggling, stretch'd his restless limbs about
The narrow globe, to find a passage out.
Yet, enter'd in the brick-built town, he tried
The tomb, and found the strait dimensions wide:
"Death only this mysterious truth unfolds,
The mighty soul, how small a body holds."
Old Greece a tale of Athos would make out,
Cut from the continent, and sail'd about;

278 Babylon, where Alexander died.

282 Xerxes is represented in history after a very romantic manner, affecting fame beyond measure, and doing the most extravagant things to compass it. Mount Athos made a prodigious promontory in the Ægæan sea; he is said to have cut a channel through it, and to have sailed round it.

Seas hid with navies, chariots passing o'er
The channel, on a bridge from shore to shore.
Rivers, whose depth no sharp beholder sees,
Drunk at an army's dinner, to the lees;
With a long legend of romantic things,
Which in his cups the bowsy poet sings.
But how did he return, this haughty brave,
Who whipt the winds, and made the sea his slave?
(Though Neptune took unkindly to be bound;
And Eurus never such hard usage found
In his Æolian prisons under ground;)
What god so mean, e'en he who points the way,
So merciless a tyrant to obey!
But how return'd he? let us ask again.
In a poor skiff he pass'd the bloody main,
Chok'd with the slaughter'd bodies of his train.
For fame he pray'd, but let the event declare
He had no mighty penn'worth of his pray'r.
Jove, grant me length of life and years good store

He made a bridge of boats over the Hellespont, where it was three miles broad; and ordered a whipping for the winds and seas, because they had once crossed his designs, as we have a very solemn account of it in Herodotus. But after all these vain boasts, he was shamefully beaten by Themistocles at Salamis, and returned home, leaving most of his fleet behind him.

235 Mercury, who was a god of the lowest size, and employed always in errands between heaven and hell; and mortals used him accordingly, for his statues were anciently placed where roads met, with directions on the fingers of them, pointing out the several ways to travellers.

Heap on my bending back, I ask no more.
Both sick and healthful, old and young, conspire
In this one silly mischievous desire.
Mistaken blessing, which old age they call,
'Tis a long, nasty, darksome hospital,
A ropy chain of rheums; a visage rough,
Deform'd, unfeatur'd, and a skin of buff.
A stitch-fall'n cheek, that hangs below the jaw;
Such wrinkles, as a skilful hand would draw
For an old grandam ape, when, with a grace,
She sits at squat, and scrubs her leathern face.
In youth, distinctions infinite abound;
No shape, or feature, just alike are found;
The fair, the black, the feeble, and the strong;
But the same foulness does to age belong,
The selfsame palsy, both in limbs and tongue.
The skull and forehead one bald barren plain;
And gums unarm'd to mumble meat in vain:
Besides the eternal drivel, that supplies
The dropping beard, from nostrils, mouth, and eyes.
His wife and children loathe him, and, what's worse,
Himself does his offensive carrion curse!
Flatt'rers forsake him too; for who would kill
Himself, to be remember'd in a will?
His taste, not only pall'd to wine and meat,
But to the relish of a nobler treat.
The limber nerve, in vain provok'd to rise,
Inglorious from the field of battle flies:
Poor feeble dotard, how could he advance
With his blue head-piece, and his broken lance?

Add, that endeavouring still without effect,
A lust more sordid justly we suspect.
Those senses lost, behold a new defeat,
The soul dislodging from another seat.
What music, or enchanting voice, can cheer
A stupid, old, impenetrable ear?
No matter in what place, or what degree
Of the full theatre, he sits to see;
Cornets and trumpets cannot reach his ear:
Under an actor's nose he's never near.
His boy must bawl, to make him understand
The hour o' th' day, or such a lord's at hand:
The little blood that creeps within his veins,
Is but just warm'd in a hot fever's pains.
In fine, he wears no limb about him sound:
With sores and sicknesses beleaguer'd round:
Ask me their names, I sooner could relate
How many drudges on salt Hippia wait;
What crowds of patients the town-doctor kills,
Or how, last fall, he rais'd the weekly bills.
What provinces by Basilus were spoil'd,
What herds of heirs by guardians are beguil'd:
How many bouts a day that bitch has tried;
How many boys that pedagogue can ride!
What lands and lordships for their owner know
My quondam barber, but his worship now.
This dotard of his broken back complains,
One, his legs fail, and one, his shoulder pains:
Another is of both his eyes bereft;
And envies who has one for aiming left.

A fifth, with trembling lips expecting stands,
As in his childhood, cramm'd by others' hands;
One, who at sight of supper open'd wide
His jaws before, and whetted grinders tried;
Now only yawns, and waits to be supplied:
Like a young swallow, when with weary wings
Expected food her fasting mother brings.
His loss of members is a heavy curse,
But all his faculties decay'd, a worse!
His servants' names he has forgotten quite;
Knows not his friend who supp'd with him last night.
Not e'en the children he begot and bred;
Or his will knows 'em not: for, in their stead,
In form of law, a common hackney jade,
Sole heir, for secret services, is made:
So lewd, and such a batter'd brothel whore,
That she defies all comers at her door.
Well, yet suppose his senses are his own,
He lives to be chief mourner for his son:
Before his face his wife and brother burns;
He numbers all his kindred in their urns.
These are the fines he pays for living long;
And dragging tedious age in his own wrong:
Griefs always green, a household still in tears,
Sad pomps, a threshold throng'd with daily biers,
And liveries of black for length of years.
Next to the raven's age, the Pylian king

[388] Nestor, king of Pylos, who was 300 years old, according to Homer's account; at least, as he is understood by his expositors.

Was longest liv'd of any two legg'd thing;
Blest, to defraud the grave so long, to mount
His number'd years, and on his right hand count;
Three hundred seasons, guzzling must of wine:
But, hold a while, and hear himself repine
At fate's unequal laws; and at the clue
Which, merciless in length, the midmost sister drew.
When his brave son upon the fun'ral pyre
He saw extended, and his beard on fire;
He turn'd, and weeping, ask'd his friends, what crime
Had curs'd his age to this unhappy time?
Thus mourn'd old Peleus for Achilles slain,
And thus Ulysses' father did complain.
How fortunate an end had Priam made,
Among his ancestors a mighty shade,
While Troy yet stood; when Hector, with the race
Of royal bastards, might his fun'ral grace:
Amidst the tears of Trojan dames inurn'd,
And by his loyal daughters truly mourn'd!
Had heav'n so blest him, he had died before
The fatal fleet to Sparta Paris bore.
But mark what age produc'd; he liv'd to see
His town in flames, his falling monarchy:
In fine, the feeble sire, reduc'd by fate,
To change his sceptre for a sword, too late,

391 The ancients counted by their fingers; their left hands served them till they came up to a hundred, after that they used their right, to express all greater numbers.

His last effort before Jove's altar tries;
A soldier half, and half a sacrifice:
Falls like an ox, that waits the coming blow;
Old and unprofitable to the plough.
At least, he died a man; his queen surviv'd,
To howl, and in a barking body liv'd.
I hasten to our own; nor will relate
Great Mithridates, and rich Crœsus' fate;
Whom Solon wisely counsell'd to attend
The name of happy, till he knew his end.
That Marius was an exile, that he fled,
Was ta'en, in ruin'd Carthage begg'd his bread,
All these were owing to a life too long:

414 Whilst Troy was sacking by the Greeks, old King Priam is said to have buckled on his armour to oppose them; which he had no sooner done, but he was met by Pyrrhus, and slain before the altar of Jupiter, in his own palace, as we have the story finely told in Virgil's second Æneid.

418 Hecuba, his queen, escaped the swords of the Grecians, and outlived him. It seems she behaved herself so fiercely and uneasily to her husband's murderers while she lived, that the poets thought fit to turn her into a bitch, when she died.

421 Mithridates, after he had disputed the empire of the world, for forty years together, with the Romans, was at last deprived of life and empire by Pompey the Great.

422 Crœsus, in the midst of his prosperity, making his boast to Solon how happy he was, received this answer from the wise man: "That no one could pronounce himself happy till he saw what his end should be." The truth of this Crœsus found, when he was put in chains by Cyrus, and condemned to die.

For whom had Rome beheld so happy, young?
High in his chariot, and with laurel crown'd,
When he had led the Cimbrian captives round
The Roman streets; descending from his state,
In that blest hour he should have begg'd his fate;
Then, then, he might have died of all admir'd,
And his triumphant soul with shouts expir'd.
Campania, fortune's malice to prevent,
To Pompey an indulgent fever sent; [435]
But public prayers impos'd on heav'n, to give
Their much lov'd leader an unkind reprieve.
The city's fate and his conspir'd to save
The head, reserv'd for an Egyptian slave.
Cethegus, though a traitor to the state, [440]
And tortur'd, scap'd this ignominious fate:
And Sergius, who a bad cause bravely tried,
All of a piece, and undiminish'd, died.
To Venus, the fond mother makes a prayer,
That all her sons and daughters may be fair: [445]
True, for the boys a mumbling vow she sends;
But, for the girls, the vaulted temple rends:
They must be finish'd pieces: 'tis allow'd

[435] Pompey, in the midst of his glory, fell into a dangerous fit of sickness at Naples; a great many cities then made public supplications for him; he recovered, was beaten at Pharsalia, fled to Ptolemy, king of Egypt, and, instead of receiving protection at his court, had his head struck off by his order, to please Cæsar.

[440] Cethegus was one that conspired with Catiline, and was put to death by the Senate.

[442] Catiline died fighting.

Diana's beauty made Latona proud,
And pleas'd, to see the wond'ring people pray
To the new-rising sister of the day.
And yet Lucretia's fate would bar that vow:
And fair Virginia would her fate bestow
On Rutila; and change her faultless make
For the foul rumple of her camel back.
But, for his mother's boy, the beau, what frights
His parents have by day, what anxious nights!
Form join'd with virtue is a sight too rare:
Chaste is no epithet to suit with fair.
Suppose the same traditionary strain
Of rigid manners in the house remain;
Inveterate truth, an old plain Sabine's heart;
Suppose that Nature, too, has done her part;
Infus'd into his soul a sober grace,
And blush'd a modest blood into his face,
(For Nature is a better guardian far,
Than saucy pedants, or dull tutors are:)
Yet still the youth must ne'er arrive at man;
(So much almighty bribes and presents can;)
E'en with a parent, where persuasions fail,
Money is impudent, and will prevail.
We never read of such a tyrant king,

453 Virginia was killed by her own father, to prevent her being exposed to the lust of Appius Claudius, who had ill designs upon her. The story at large is in Livy's third book; and it is a remarkable one, as it gave occasion to the putting down the power of the Decemviri, of whom Appius was one.

Who gelt a boy deform'd, to hear him sing.
Nor Nero, in his more luxurious rage,
E'er made a mistress of an ugly page:
Sporus, his spouse, nor crooked was, nor lame,
With mountain back, and belly, from the game
Cross-barr'd: but both his sexes well became.
Go, boast your springal, by his beauty curst
To ills, nor think I have declar'd the worst:
His form procures him journey-work; a strife
Betwixt town-madams, and the merchant's wife:
Guess, when he undertakes this public war,
What furious beasts offended cuckolds are.
Adult'rers are with dangers round beset;
Born under Mars, they cannot scape the net;
And from revengeful husbands oft have tried
Worse handling, than severest laws provide:
One stabs; one slashes; one, with cruel art,
Makes colon suffer for the peccant part.
But your Endymion, your smooth, smockfac'd boy,
Unrivall'd, shall a beauteous dame enjoy:
Not so: one more salacious, rich, and old,
Outbids, and buys her pleasure for her gold:
Now he must moil, and drudge, for one he loaths,
She keeps him high in equipage and clothes:
She pawns her jewels, and her rich attire,
And thinks the workman worthy of his hire:
In all things else immoral, stingy, mean;
But, in her lusts, a conscionable queen.
She may be handsome, yet be chaste, you say;
Good observator, not so fast away:

Did it not cost the modest youth his life,
Who shunn'd th' embraces of his father's wife?
And was not t'other stripling forc'd to fly,
Who coldly did his patron's queen deny,
And pleaded laws of hospitality?
The ladies charg'd 'em home, and turn'd the tale;
With shame they redden'd, and with spite grew pale.
'Tis dang'rous to deny the longing dame;
She loses pity, who has lost her shame.
Now Silius wants thy counsel, give advice;
Wed Cæsar's wife, or die; the choice is nice.
Her comet-eyes she darts on ev'ry grace;
And takes a fatal liking to his face.
Adorn'd with bridal pomp she sits in state;
The public notaries and Aruspex wait:
The genial bed is in the garden drest:
The portion paid, and ev'ry rite express'd,

503 Hippolytus, the son of Theseus, was loved by his mother-in-law Phædra; but he not complying with her, she procured his death.

505 Bellerophon, the son of king Glaucus, residing some time at the court of Pætus, king of the Argives, the queen, Sthenobœa, fell in love with him; but he refusing her, she turned the accusation upon him, and he narrowly escaped Pætus's vengeance.

512 Messalina, wife to the emperor Claudius, infamous for her lewdness. She set her eyes upon C. Silius, a fine youth, forced him to quit his own wife, and marry her with all the formalities of a wedding, whilst Claudius Cæsar was sacrificing at Hostia. Upon his return, he put both Silius and her to death.

Which in a Roman marriage is profest.
'Tis no stol'n wedding this, rejecting awe,
She scorns to marry, but in form of law:
In this moot case, your judgment: to refuse
Is present death, besides the night you lose:
If you consent, 'tis hardly worth your pain;
A day or two of anxious life you gain:
Till loud reports through all the town have past,
And reach the prince: for cuckolds hear the last.
Indulge thy pleasure, youth, and take thy swing;
For not to take is but the selfsame thing;
Inevitable death before thee lies;
But looks more kindly through a lady's eyes.
What then remains? Are we depriv'd of will,
Must we not wish, for fear of wishing ill?
Receive my counsel, and securely move;
Intrust thy fortune to the Powers above.
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring wisdom sees thee want:
In goodness as in greatness they excel;
Ah that we lov'd ourselves but half so well!
We, blindly by our headstrong passions led,
Are hot for action, and desire to wed;
Then wish for heirs: but to the gods alone
Our future offspring, and our wives are known;
Th' audacious strumpet, and ungracious son.
Yet not to rob the priests of pious gain,
That altars be not wholly built in vain;
Forgive the gods the rest, and stand confin'd
To health of body, and content of mind:

A soul, that can securely death defy,
And count it nature's privilege, to die;
Serene and manly, harden'd to sustain
The load of life, and exercis'd in pain:
Guiltless of hate, and proof against desire;
That all things weighs, and nothing can admire.
That dares prefer the toils of Hercules
To dalliance, banquet, and ignoble ease.
The path to peace is virtue: what I show,
Thyself may freely on thyself bestow:
Fortune was never worshipp'd by the wise;
But, set aloft by fools, usurps the skies.

THE SIXTEENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE poet in this satire proves, that the condition of a soldier is much better than that of a countryman: first, because a countryman, however affronted, provoked, and struck himself, dares not strike a soldier; who is only to be judged by a court martial: and by the law of Camillus, which obliges him not to quarrel without the trenches, he is also assured to have a speedy hearing, and quick dispatch: whereas, the townsman or peasant is delayed in his suit by frivolous pretences, and not sure of justice when he is heard in the court. The soldier is also privileged to make a will, and to give away his estate, which he got in war, to whom he pleases, without consideration of parentage or relations, which is denied to all other Romans. This satire was written by Juvenal when he was a commander in Egypt: it is certainly his, though I think it not finished. And if it be well observed, you will find he intended an invective against a standing army.

WHAT vast prerogatives, my Gallus, are
Accruing to the mighty man of war!
For, if into a lucky camp I light,
Though raw in arms, and yet afraid to fight,

[1] *What vast prerogatives*] This satire is much inferior to the rest. The old scholiast denies that it is by Juvenal. I suppose Dryden was forced to add it to fill up his volume. —Barten Holyday's notes, added to his translation of Juvenal, are worth reading. *Dr. J. W.*

Befriend me, my good stars, and all goes right:
One happy hour is to a soldier better,
Than mother Juno's recommending letter,
Or Venus, when to Mars she would prefer
My suit, and own the kindness done to her.
See what our common privileges are:
As, first, no saucy citizen shall dare
To strike a soldier, nor, when struck, resent
The wrong, for fear of farther punishment:
Not though his teeth are beaten out, his eyes
Hang by a string, in bumps his forehead rise,
Shall he presume to mention his disgrace,
Or beg amends for his demolish'd face.
A booted judge shall sit to try his cause,
Not by the statute, but by martial laws;
Which old Camillus order'd, to confine
The brawls of soldiers to the trench and line:
A wise provision; and from thence 'tis clear,
That officers a soldier's cause should hear:
And taking cognizance of wrongs receiv'd,
An honest man may hope to be reliev'd.
So far 'tis well: but with a gen'ral cry,
The regiment will rise in mutiny,

[7] Juno was mother to Mars the god of war: Venus was his mistress.

[20] Camillus (who being first banished by his ungrateful countrymen the Romans, afterwards returned, and freed them from the Gauls,) made a law, which prohibited the soldiers from quarrelling without the camp, lest upon that pretence they might happen to be absent when they ought to be on duty.

The freedom of their fellow-rogue demand,
And, if refus'd, will threaten to disband.
Withdraw thy action, and depart in peace;
The remedy is worse than the disease:
This cause is worthy him, who in the hall
Would for his fee, and for his client, bawl:
But wouldst thou, friend, who hast two legs alone,
(Which, heav'n be prais'd, thou yet mayst call thy own)
Wouldst thou to run the gauntlet these expose
To a whole company of hob-nail'd shoes?
Sure the good-breeding of wise citizens
Should teach 'em more good-nature to their shins.
Besides, whom canst thou think so much thy friend,
Who dares appear thy business to defend?
Dry up thy tears, and pocket up th' abuse,
Nor put thy friend to make a bad excuse:
The judge cries out, Your evidence produce.
Will he, who saw the soldier's mutton-fist,
And saw thee maul'd, appear within the list,
To witness truth? When I see one so brave,
The dead, think I, are risen from the grave;
And with their long spade beards and matted hair,

32 *This cause is worthy him, &c.*] The poet names a Modenese lawyer, whom he calls Vagellius; who was so impudent that he would plead any cause, right or wrong, without shame or fear.

37 *hob-nail'd shoes*] The Roman soldiers wore plates of iron under their shoes, or stuck them with nails, as countrymen do now.

Our honest ancestors are come to take the air.
Against a clown, with more security,
A witness may be brought to swear a lie,
Than, though his evidence be full and fair,
To vouch a truth against a man of war.
More benefits remain, and claim'd as rights,
Which are a standing army's perquisites.
If any rogue vexatious suits advance
Against me for my known inheritance,
Enter by violence my fruitful grounds,
Or take the sacred landmark from my bounds,
Those bounds which, with procession and with pray'r,
And offer'd cakes, have been my annual care:
Or if my debtors do not keep their day,
Deny their hands, and then refuse to pay;
I must with patience all the terms attend,
Among the common causes that depend,
Till mine is call'd; and that long look'd-for day
Is still encumber'd with some new delay:
Perhaps the cloth of state is only spread,
Some of the quorum may be sick a-bed;
That judge is hot, and doffs his gown, while this
O'er night was bousy, and goes out to piss:

[62] Landmarks were used by the Romans, almost in the same manner as now; and as we go once a year in procession, about the bounds of parishes, and renew them, so they offered cakes upon the stone or landmark.

[69] The Courts of Judicature were hung and spread, as with us; but spread only before the hundred judges were to sit and judge public causes, which were called by lot.

So many rubs appear, the time is gone
For hearing, and the tedious suit goes on:
But buff and beltmen never know these cares,
No time, no trick of law, their action bars:
Their cause they to an easier issue put:
They will be heard, or they lug out, and cut.
Another branch of their revenue still
Remains, beyond their boundless right to kill,
Their father yet alive, impower'd to make a will.
For, what their prowess gain'd, the law declares,
Is to themselves alone, and to their heirs:
No share of that goes back to the begetter,
But if the son fights well, and plunders better,
Like stout Coranus, his old shaking sire
Does a remembrance in his will desire:
Inquisitive of fights, and longs in vain
To find him in the number of the slain:
But still he lives, and, rising by the war,
Enjoys his gains, and has enough to spare:
For 'tis a noble general's prudent part
To cherish valour, and reward desert:
Let him be daub'd with lace, live high, and whore;
Sometimes be lousy, but be never poor.

[81] The Roman soldiers had the privilege of making a will, in their father's life-time, of what they had purchased in the wars, as being no part of their patrimony. By this will they had power of excluding their own parents, and giving the estate so gotten to whom they pleased. Therefore, says the poet, Coranus (a soldier contemporary with Juvenal, who had raised his fortune by the wars) was courted by his own father, to make him his heir.

TRANSLATIONS FROM PERSIUS.

THE FIRST SATIRE OF PERSIUS.

ARGUMENT OF THE PROLOGUE TO THE FIRST SATIRE.

The design of the author was to conceal his name and quality. He lived in the dangerous times of the tyrant Nero; and aims particularly at him in most of his satires. For which reason, though he was a Roman knight, and of a plentiful fortune, he would appear in this prologue but a beggarly poet, who writes for bread. After this, he breaks into the business of the first satire; which is chiefly to decry the poetry then in fashion, and the impudence of those who were endeavouring to pass their stuff upon the world.

PROLOGUE TO THE FIRST SATIRE.

I never did on cleft Parnassus dream,
Nor taste the sacred Heliconian stream;
Nor can remember when my brain inspir'd,
Was, by the Muses, into madness fir'd.
My share in pale Pyrene I resign;
And claim no part in all the mighty Nine.
Statues, with winding ivy crown'd, belong
To nobler poets, for a nobler song:
Heedless of verse, and hopeless of the crown,
Scarce half a wit, and more than half a clown,
Before the shrine I lay my rugged numbers down.

Who taught the parrot human notes to try,
Or with a voice endu'd the chatt'ring pye?
'Twas witty want, fierce hunger to appease:
Want taught their masters, and their masters these.
Let gain, that gilded bait, be hung on high,
The hungry witlings have it in their eye;
Pyes, crows, and daws, poetic presents bring:
You say they squeak; but they will swear they sing.

THE FIRST SATIRE.

IN DIALOGUE

BETWIXT THE POET AND HIS FRIEND OR MONITOR.

THE ARGUMENT.

I NEED not repeat, that the chief aim of the author is against bad poets in this satire. But I must add, that he includes also bad orators, who began at that time (as Petronius in the beginning of his book tells us) to enervate manly eloquence, by tropes and figures, ill placed, and worse applied. Amongst the poets, Persius covertly strikes at Nero; some of whose verses he recites with scorn and indignation. He also takes notice of the noblemen and their abominable poetry, who, in the luxury of their fortune, set up for wits and judges. The satire is in dialogue, betwixt the author and his friend or monitor; who dissuades him from this dangerous attempt of exposing great men. But Persius, who is of a free spirit, and has not forgotten that Rome was once a commonwealth, breaks through all those difficulties, and boldly

arraigns the false judgment of the age in which he lives. —The reader may observe that our poet was a Stoick philosopher; and that all his moral sentences, both here and in all the rest of his satires, are drawn from the dogmas of that sect.

PERSIUS. How anxious are our cares, and yet
The bent of our desires! [how vain
FRIEND. Thy spleen contain:
For none will read thy satires.
PER. This to me?
FRIEND. None; or what's next to none, but
'Tis hard, I grant. [two or three.
PER. 'Tis nothing; I can bear
That paltry scribblers have the public ear:
That this vast universal fool, the Town,
Should cry up Labeo's stuff, and cry me down.
They damn themselves; nor will my Muse descend
To clap with such, who fools and knaves commend:
Their smiles and censures are to me the same:
I care not what they praise, or what they blame.
In full assemblies let the crowd prevail:
I weigh no merit by the common scale.
The conscience is the test of ev'ry mind;
"Seek not thyself, without thyself, to find."
But where's that Roman?—Somewhat I would say,
But Fear;—let Fear, for once, to Truth give way.
Truth lends the Stoick courage: when I look
On human acts, and read in Nature's book
From the first pastimes of our infant age,
To elder cares, and man's severer page;

When stern as tutors, and as uncles hard,
We lash the pupil, and defraud the ward:
Then, then I say,—or would say, if I durst—
But thus provok'd, I must speak out, or burst.
FRIEND. Once more forbear.
PER. I cannot rule my spleen;
My scorn rebels, and tickles me within.
First, to begin at home: our authors write
In lonely rooms, secur'd from public sight;
Whether in prose, or verse, 'tis all the same:
The prose is fustian, and the numbers lame.
All noise, and empty pomp, a storm of words,
Lab'ring with sound, that little sense affords.
They comb, and then they order ev'ry hair:
A gown, or white, or scour'd to whiteness, wear:
A birth-day jewel bobbing at their ear.
Next, gargle well their throats, and thus prepar'd,
They mount, a God's name, to be seen and heard,
From their high scaffold, with a trumpet cheek,
And ogling all their audience ere they speak.
The nauseous nobles, e'en the chief of Rome,
With gaping mouths to these rehearsals come,
And pant with pleasure, when some lusty line
The marrow pierces, and invades the chine.
At open fulsome bawdry they rejoice,
And slimy jests applaud with broken voice.
Base prostitute, thus dost thou gain thy bread?
Thus dost thou feed their ears, and thus art fed?
At his own filthy stuff he grins and brays:
And gives the sign where he expects their praise.

Why have I learn'd, say'st thou, if thus confin'd,
I choke the noble vigour of my mind?
Know, my wild fig-tree, which in rocks is bred,
Will split the quarry, and shoot out the head.
Fine fruits of learning! old ambitious fool,
Dar'st thou apply that adage of the school;
As if 'tis nothing worth that lies conceal'd,
And "science is not science till reveal'd?"
Oh, but 'tis brave to be admir'd, to see
The crowd with pointing fingers, cry, That's he:
That's he, whose wondrous poem is become
A lecture for the noble youth of Rome!
Who, by their fathers, is at feasts renown'd;
And often quoted when the bowls go round.
Full gorg'd and flush'd, they wantonly rehearse;
And add to wine the luxury of verse.
One, clad in purple, not to lose his time,
Eats, and recites some lamentable rhyme:
Some senseless Phillis, in a broken note,
Snuffling at nose, and croaking in his throat:
Then graciously the mellow audience nod:
Is not th' immortal author made a god?
Are not his manes blest, such praise to have?
Lies not the turf more lightly on his grave?
And roses (while his loud applause they sing)
Stand ready from his sepulchre to spring?
All these, you cry, but light objections are;
Mere malice, and you drive the jest too far.
For does there breathe a man, who can reject
A general fame, and his own lines neglect?

In cedar tablets worthy to appear,
That need not fish, or frankincense to fear?
Thou, whom I make the adverse part to bear,
Be answer'd thus: If I by chance succeed
In what I write, (and that's a chance indeed)
Know, I am not so stupid, or so hard,
Not to feel praise, or fame's deserv'd reward:
But this I cannot grant, that thy applause
Is my work's ultimate, or only, cause.
Prudence can ne'er propose so mean a prize;
For mark what vanity within it lies.
Like Labeo's Iliads, in whose verse is found
Nothing but trifling care, and empty sound:
Such little elegies as nobles write,
Who would be poets, in Apollo's spite.
Them and their woful works the Muse defies:
Products of citron beds, and golden canopies.
To give thee all thy due, thou hast the heart
To make a supper, with a fine dessert;
And to thy thread-bare friend, a cast old suit impart.
Thus brib'd, thou thus bespeak'st him, Tell me, friend,
(For I love truth, nor can plain speech offend,)
What says the world of me and of my Muse?

[85] The Romans wrote on cedar and cypress tables, in regard of the duration of the wood: ill verses might justly be afraid of frankincense; for the papers in which they were written were fit for nothing but to wrap it up.

[102] *Products of citron beds, &c.*] Writings of noblemen, whose bedsteads were of the wood of citron.

The poor dare nothing tell but flatt'ring news:
But shall I speak? Thy verse is wretched rhyme;
And all thy labours are but loss of time.
Thy strutting belly swells, thy paunch is high;
Thou writ'st not, but thou pissest poetry.
All authors to their own defects are blind;
Hadst thou but, Janus like, a face behind,
To see the people, what splay-mouths they make;
To mark their fingers, pointed at thy back:
Their tongues loll'd out, a foot beyond the pitch,
When most a-thirst, of an Apulian bitch:
But noble scribblers are with flatt'ry fed;
For none dare find their faults, who eat their bread.
To pass the poets of patrician blood,
What is't the common reader takes for good?
The verse in fashion is, when numbers flow,
Soft without sense, and without spirit slow:
So smooth and equal, that no sight can find
The rivet, where the polish'd piece was join'd.
So even all, with such a steady view,
As if he shut one eye to level true.
Whether the vulgar vice his satire stings,
The people's riots, or the rage of kings,
The gentle poet is alike in all;
His reader hopes no rise, and fears no fall. [thing
FRIEND. Hourly we see some raw pin-feather'd
Attempt to mount, and fights and heroes sing;
Who for false quantities was whipt at school
But t'other day, and breaking grammar rule,
Whose trivial art was never tried above

The bare description of a native grove:
Who knows not how to praise the country store,
The feasts, the baskets, nor the fatted boar;
Nor paint the flow'ry fields, that paint themselves
before.
Where Romulus was bred, and Quintius born,
Whose shining ploughshare was in furrows worn,
Met by his trembling wife, returning home,
And rustically joy'd, as chief of Rome:
She wip'd the sweat from the dictator's brow;
And o'er his back his robe did rudely throw;
The lictors bore in state their lord's triumphant
plough.
Some love to hear the fustian poet roar;
And some on antiquated authors pore:
Rummage for sense; and think those only good
Who labour most, and least are understood.
When thou shalt see the blear-ey'd fathers teach
Their sons, this harsh and mouldy sort of speech;
Or others new affected ways to try,
Of wanton smoothness, female poetry;
One would inquire from whence this motley style
Did first our Roman purity defile:
For our old dotards cannot keep their seat;
But leap and catch at all that's obsolete.
Others, by foolish ostentation led,
When call'd before the bar, to save their head,
Bring trifling tropes, instead of solid sense:
And mind their figures more than their defence.
Are pleas'd to hear their thick-skull'd judges cry,

Well mov'd, oh finely said, and decently!
Theft (says the accuser) to thy charge I lay,
O Pedius! what does gentle Pedius say?
Studious to please the genius of the times,
With periods, points, and tropes, he slurs his crimes:
" He robb'd not, but he borrow'd from the poor;
And took but with intention to restore."
He lards with flourishes his long harangue;
'Tis fine, say'st thou: What, to be prais'd and hang?
Effeminate Roman, shall such stuff prevail
To tickle thee, and make thee wag thy tail?
Say, should a shipwreck'd sailor sing his woe,
Wouldst thou be mov'd to pity, or bestow
An alms? What's more preposterous than to see
A merry beggar? Mirth in misery?

PER. He seems a trap, for charity, to lay:
And cons, by night, his lesson for the day.

FRIEND. But to raw numbers, and unfinish'd verse,
Sweet sound is added now, to make it terse:
" 'Tis tagg'd with rhyme, like Berecynthian Atys,
The mid-part chimes with art, which never flat is.
The dolphin brave, that cuts the liquid wave,
Or he who in his line, can chine the long-ribb'd Apennine."

PER. All this is doggerel stuff.

FRIEND. What if I bring
A nobler verse? " Arms and the man I sing."

PER. Why name you Virgil with such fops as these?

He's truly great, and must for ever please;
Not fierce, but awful is his manly page;
Bold is his strength, but sober is his rage.
FRIEND. What poems think you soft? and to be read
With languishing regards, and bending head?
PER. "Their crooked horns the Mimallonian crew
With blasts inspir'd; and Bassaris who slew
The scornful calf, with sword advanc'd on high,
Made from his neck his haughty head to fly.
And Mænas, when with ivy bridles bound,
She led the spotted lynx, then Evion rung around;
Evion from woods and floods repairing echos sound."
Could such rude lines a Roman mouth become,
Were any manly greatness left in Rome?
Mænas and Atys in the mouth were bred;
And never hatch'd within the lab'ring head:
No blood from bitten nails those poems drew:
But churn'd, like spittle, from the lips they flew.
FRIEND. 'Tis fustian all; 'tis execrably bad:
But if they will be fools, must you be mad?
Your satires, let me tell you, are too fierce;
The great will never bear so blunt a verse.
Their doors are barr'd against a bitter flout:
Snarl, if you please, but you shall snarl without.
Expect such pay as railing rhymes deserve,
You're in a very hopeful way to sterve.
PER. Rather than so, uncensur'd let 'em be;

All, all is admirably well, for me.
My harmless rhyme shall scape the dire disgrace
Of common-shores, and every pissing-place.
Two painted serpents shall, on high, appear;
'Tis holy ground; you must not urine here.
This shall be writ to fright the fry away,
Who draw their little baubles, when they play.
Yet old Lucilius never fear'd the times,
But lash'd the city, and dissected crimes.
Mutius and Lupus both by name he brought;
He mouth'd 'em, and betwixt his grinders caught.
Unlike in method, with conceal'd design,
Did crafty Horace his low numbers join:
And, with a sly insinuating grace,
Laugh'd at his friend, and look'd him in the face:
Would raise a blush, where secret vice he found;
And tickle, while he gently prob'd the wound.
With seeming innocence the crowd beguil'd;
But made the desperate passes, when he smil'd.
Could he do this, and is my Muse control'd
By servile awe? Born free, and not be bold?
At least, I'll dig a hole within the ground;
And to the trusty earth commit the sound:
The reeds shall tell you what the poet fears,
"King Midas has a snout, and asses' ears."
This mean conceit, this darling mystery,
Which thou think'st nothing, friend, thou shalt not buy,
Nor will I change, for all the flashy wit,
That flatt'ring Labeo in his Iliads writ.
Thou, if there be a thou in this base town,

Who dares, with angry Eupolis, to frown;
He, who, with bold Cratinus, is inspir'd
With zeal, and equal indignation fir'd;
Who, at enormous villany, turns pale,
And steers against it with a full blown sail,
Like Aristophanes, let him but smile [style:
On this my honest work, though writ in homely
And if two lines or three in all the vein
Appear less drossy, read those lines again.
May they perform their author's just intent,
Glow in thy ears, and in thy breast ferment.
But from the reading of my book and me,
Be far, ye foes of virtuous poverty:
Who fortune's fault upon the poor can throw;
Point at the tatter'd coat, and ragged shoe:
Lay nature's failings to their charge, and jeer
The dim week eye-sight, when the mind is clear.
When thou thyself, thus insolent in state,
Art but, perhaps, some country magistrate;
Whose power extends no farther than to speak
Big on the bench, and scanty weights to break.
Him, also, for my censor I disdain,
Who thinks all science, as all virtue, vain;
Who counts geometry and numbers toys;
And with his foot the sacred dust destroys:
Whose pleasure is to see a strumpet tear
A Cynick's beard, and lug him by the hair.
Such, all the morning, to the pleadings run;
But when the business of the day is done,
On dice, and drink, and drabs, they spend their afternoon.

THE SECOND SATIRE OF PERSIUS.

DEDICATED TO HIS FRIEND PLOTIUS MACRINUS, ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

THE ARGUMENT.

This satire contains a most grave and philosophical argument, concerning prayers and wishes. Undoubtedly it gave occasion to Juvenal's tenth satire; and both of them had their original from one of Plato's dialogues, called the second Alcibiades. Our author has induced it with great mastery of art, by taking his rise from the birth-day of his friend; on which occasions, prayers were made, and sacrifices offered by the native. Persius commending the purity of his friend's vows, descends to the impious and immoral requests of others. The satire is divided into three parts. The first is the exordium to Macrinus, which the poet confines within the compass of four verses. The second relates to the matter of the prayers and vows, and an enumeration of those things, wherein men commonly sinned against right reason, and offended in their requests. The third part consists in showing the repugnancies of those prayers and wishes, to those of other men, and inconsistencies with themselves. He shows the original of these vows, and sharply inveighs against them: and lastly, not only corrects the false opinion of mankind concerning them, but gives the true doctrine of all addresses made to Heaven, and how they may be made acceptable to the Powers above, in excellent precepts, and more worthy of a Christian than a Heathen.

Let this auspicious morning be exprest
With a white stone, distinguish'd from the rest:

[2] *white stone*] The Romans were used to mark their

White as thy fame, and as thy honour clear;
And let new joys attend on thy new added year.
Indulge thy genius, and o'erflow thy soul,
Till thy wit sparkle, like the cheerful bowl.
Pray; for thy prayers the test of heaven will bear;
Nor need'st thou take the gods aside, to hear:
While others, e'en the mighty men of Rome,
Big swell'd with mischief, to the temples come;
And in low murmurs, and with costly smoke,
Heaven's help, to prosper their black vows, invoke.
So boldly to the gods mankind reveal
What from each other they, for shame, conceal.
Give me good fame, ye Powers, and make me just:
Thus much the rogue to public ears will trust:
In private then:—When wilt thou, mighty Jove,
My wealthy uncle from this world remove?
Or—O thou Thunderer's son, great Hercules,
That once thy bounteous deity would please
To guide my rake, upon the chinking sound
Of some vast treasure, hidden under ground!
O were my pupil fairly knock'd o' the head;
I should possess the estate, if he were dead!
He's so far gone with rickets, and with the evil,
That one small dose would send him to the devil.
This is my neighbour Nerius his third spouse,
Of whom in happy time he rids his house.
But my eternal wife!—Grant heaven I may

fortunate days, or any thing that luckily befell them, with a white stone which they had from the island Creta; and their unfortunate with a coal.

Survive to see the fellow of this day!
Thus, that thou mayst the better bring about
Thy wishes, thou art wickedly devout:
In Tyber ducking thrice, by break of day,
To wash the obscenities of night away.
But pr'ythee tell me, ('tis a small request)
With what ill thoughts of Jove art thou possest?
Wouldst thou prefer him to some man? Suppose
I dipp'd among the worst, and Staius chose?
Which of the two would thy wise head declare
The trustier tutor to an orphan heir?
Or, put it thus:—Unfold to Staius, streight,
What to Jove's ear thou didst impart of late:
He'll stare, and, O good Jupiter! will cry;
Canst thou indulge him in this villany!
And think'st thou, Jove himself, with patience, then,
Can hear a prayer condemn'd by wicked men?
That, void of care, he lolls supine in state,
And leaves his bus'ness to be done by fate?
Because his thunder splits some burly tree,
And is not darted at thy house and thee?
Or that his vengeance falls not at the time,
Just at the perpetration of thy crime:
And makes thee a sad object of our eyes,

[35] The ancients thought themselves tainted and polluted by night itself, as well as bad dreams in the night, and therefore purified themselves by washing their heads and hands every morning; which custom the Turks observe to this day.

Fit for Ergenna's pray'r and sacrifice?
What well-fed offering to appease the god,
What powerful present to procure a nod,
Hast thou in store? What bribe hast thou prepar'd,
To pull him, thus unpunish'd, by the beard?
Our superstitions with our life begin:
The obscene old grandam, or the next of kin,
The new-born infant from the cradle takes,
And first of spittle a lustration makes:
Then in the spawl her middle finger dips,
Anoints the temples, forehead, and the lips,
Pretending force of magick to prevent,
By virtue of her nasty excrement.
Then dandles him with many a mutter'd prayer,
That heaven would make him some rich miser's heir,
Lucky to ladies, and, in time, a king;
Which to ensure, she adds a length of navel-string.
But no fond nurse is fit to make a prayer:
And Jove, if Jove be wise, will never hear;
Not though she prays in white, with lifted hands:
A body made of brass the crone demands
For her lov'd nursling, strung with nerves of wire,
Tough to the last, and with no toil to tire:
Unconscionable vows, which when we use,
We teach the gods, in reason, to refuse.
Suppose they were indulgent to thy wish:
Yet the fat entrails, in the spacious dish,

[54] When any one was thunderstruck, the soothsayer (who is here called Ergenna) immediately repaired to the place to expiate the displeasure of the gods, by sacrificing two sheep.

Would stop the grant: the very over-care,
And nauseous pomp, would hinder half the prayer.
Thou hop'st with sacrifice of oxen slain
To compass wealth, and bribe the god of gain,
To give thee flocks and herds, with large increase;
Fool! to expect them from a bullock's grease!
And think'st that when the fatten'd flames aspire,
Thou seest the accomplishment of thy desire!
Now, now, my bearded harvest gilds the plain,
The scanty folds can scarce my sheep contain,
And showers of gold come pouring in amain!
Thus dreams the wretch, and vainly thus dreams on,
Till his lank purse declares his money gone.
Should I present thee with rare figur'd plate,
Or gold as rich in workmanship as weight;
O how thy rising heart would throb and beat,
And thy left side, with trembling pleasure, sweat!
Thou measur'st by thyself the Powers Divine;
Thy gods are burnish'd gold, and silver is their shrine.
Thy puny godlings of inferior race,
Whose humble statues are content with brass,
Should some of these, in visions purged from phlegm,
Foretell events, or in a morning dream;
E'en those thou wouldst in veneration hold;
And, if not faces, give 'em beards of gold.
The priests in temples, now no longer care
For Saturn's brass, or Numa's earthen ware;

[107] *For Saturn's brass*, &c.] Brazen vessels, in which the public treasure of the Romans was kept.

[107] *Numa's earthen ware*] Under Numa, the second king

Or vestal urns, in each religious rite:
This wicked gold has put 'em all to flight.
O souls, in whom no heavenly fire is found,
Fat minds, and ever groveling on the ground!
We bring our manners to the blest abodes,
And think what pleases us must please the gods.
Of oil and cassia one the ingredients takes,
And, of the mixture, a rich ointment makes:
Another finds the way to dye in grain: [stain;
And make Calabrian wool receive the Tyrian
Or from the shells their orient treasure takes,
Or, for their golden ore, in rivers rakes;
Then melts the mass: all these are vanities!
Yet still some profit from their pains may rise:
But tell me, priest, if I may be so bold,
What are the gods the better for this gold?
The wretch that offers from his wealthy store
These presents, bribes the Powers to give him
As maids to Venus offer baby-toys, [more:
To bless the marriage-bed with girls and boys.
But let us for the gods a gift prepare,
Which the great man's great chargers cannot bear:
A soul, where laws both human and divine,
In practice more than speculation shine:

of Rome, and for a long time after him, the holy vessels for sacrifice were of earthen ware.

126 *As maids to Venus*, &c.] Those baby-toys were little babies, or poppets, as we call them; in Latin Pupæ; which the girls, when they came to the age of puberty, or child-bearing, offered to Venus; as the boys at fourteen or fifteen years of age offered their bullæ, or bosses.

A genuine virtue, of a vigorous kind,
Pure in the last recesses of the mind:
When with such offerings to the gods I come,
A cake, thus given, is worth a hecatomb. 135

THE THIRD SATIRE OF PERSIUS.*

THE ARGUMENT.

Our author has made two satires concerning study; the first and the third: the first related to men; this to young students, whom he desired to be educated in the Stoick philosophy: he himself sustains the person of the master, or preceptor, in this admirable satire, where he upbraids the youth of sloth, and negligence in learning. Yet he begins with one scholar reproaching his fellow students with late rising to their books. After which he takes upon him the other part, of the teacher.—And addressing himself particularly to young noblemen, tells them, that, by reason of their high birth, and the great possessions of their fathers, they are careless of adorning their minds with precepts of moral philosophy: and withal, inculcates to them the miseries which will attend them in the whole course of their life, if they do not apply themselves betimes to the knowledge of virtue, and the end of their creation, which he pathetically insinuates to them. The title of this satire, in some ancient manuscripts, was The Reproach of Idleness; though in others of the scholiasts it is inscribed, Against the Luxury and Vices of the Rich. In both of which the intention of the poet is pursued; but principally in the former.

---

* I remember I translated this satire, when I was a King's scholar at Westminster-school, for a Thursday-night's Exercise; and believe that it, and many other of my Exercises of this nature, in English verse, are still in the hands of my learned master, the Reverend Doctor Busby.

Is this thy daily course? The glaring sun
Breaks in at every chink: the cattle run
To shades, and noontide rays of summer shun,
Yet plung'd in sloth we lie; and snore supine,
As fill'd with fumes of undigested wine.

This grave advice some sober student bears;
And loudly rings it in his fellow's ears.
The yawning youth, scarce half awake, essays
His lazy limbs and dozy head to raise:
Then rubs his gummy eyes, and scrubs his pate;
And cries, I thought it had not been so late:
My clothes; make haste: why when! if none be near,
He mutters first, and then begins to swear:
And brays aloud, with a more clamorous note,
Than an Arcadian ass can stretch his throat.

With much ado, his book before him laid,
And parchment with the smoother side display'd;
He takes the papers; lays 'em down again;
And, with unwilling fingers, tries the pen:
Some peevish quarrel streight he strives to pick:
His quill writes double, or his ink's too thick;
Infuse more water; now 'tis grown so thin,
It sinks, nor can the character be seen.

O wretch, and still more wretched every day!
Are mortals born to sleep their lives away?
Go back to what thy infancy began,
Thou who wert never meant to be a man:
Eat pap and spoon-meat; for thy gewgaws cry:
Be sullen, and refuse the lullaby.
No more accuse thy pen: but charge the crime

On native sloth, and negligence of time.
Think'st thou thy master, or thy friends, to cheat?
Fool, 'tis thyself, and that's a worse deceit.
Beware the public laughter of the town;
Thou spring'st a leak already in thy crown.
A flaw is in thy ill-bak'd vessel found;
'Tis hollow, and returns a jarring sound.

Yet, thy moist clay is pliant to command;
Unwrought, and easy to the potter's hand:
Now take the mould; now bend thy mind to feel
The first sharp motions of the forming wheel.

But thou hast land; a country seat secure
By a just title; costly furniture;
A fuming-pan thy Lares to appease:
What need of learning when a man's at ease?
If this be not enough to swell thy soul,
Then please thy pride, and search the herald's roll,
Where thou shalt find thy famous pedigree
Drawn from the root of some old Tuscan tree;
And thou, a thousand off, a fool of long degree.
Who, clad in purple, canst thy censor greet;
And, loudly, call him cousin in the street.

Such pageantry be to the people shown;
There boast thy horse's trappings, and thy own:
I know thee to thy bottom; from within
Thy shallow centre, to thy outmost skin:

[44] *A fuming-pan*, &c.] Before eating, it was customary, to cut off some part of the meat, which was first put into a pan, or little dish; then into the fire; as an offering to the household gods; this they called a libation.

Dost thou not blush to live so like a beast,
So trim, so dissolute, so loosely drest?
But 'tis in vain: the wretch is drench'd too deep;
His soul is stupid, and his heart asleep;
Fatten'd in vice; so callous, and so gross,
He sins, and sees not; senseless of his loss.
Down goes the wretch at once, unskill'd to swim,
Hopeless to bubble up, and reach the water's brim.
Great father of the gods, when, for our crimes,
Thou send'st some heavy judgment on the times;
Some tyrant king, the terror of his age,
The type, and true vicegerent of thy rage;
Thus punish him: Set virtue in his sight,
With all her charms adorn'd, with all her graces bright:
But set her distant, make him pale to see
His gains outweigh'd by lost felicity!
Sicilian tortures and the brazen bull,
Are emblems, rather than express the full
Of what he feels: yet what he fears is more:
The wretch, who sitting at his plenteous board,

[73] *Sicilian tortures*, &c.] Some of the Sicilian kings were so great tyrants, that the name is become proverbial.

[76] *The wretch, who sitting*, &c.] He alludes to the story of Damocles, a flatterer of one of those Sicilian tyrants, namely Dionysius. Damocles had infinitely extolled the happiness of kings. Dionysius, to convince him of the contrary, invited him to a feast, and clothed him in purple; but caused a sword with the point downward, to be hung over his head, by a silken twine; which, when he perceived, he could eat nothing of the delicates that were set before him.

Look'd up, and view'd on high the pointed sword
Hang o'er his head, and hanging by a twine,
Did with less dread, and more securely dine.
E'en in his sleep he starts, and fears the knife,
And, trembling, in his arms takes his accomplice wife:
Down, down he goes; and from his darling friend
Conceals the woes his guilty dreams portend.
When I was young, I, like a lazy fool,
Would blear my eyes with oil to stay from school:
Averse from pains, and loth to learn the part
Of Cato, dying with a dauntless heart:
Though much my master that stern virtue prais'd,
Which o'er the vanquisher the vanquish'd rais'd;
And my pleas'd father came with pride to see
His boy defend the Roman liberty.
But then my study was to cog the dice,
And dexterously to throw the lucky sice:
To shun ames-ace, that swept my stakes away;
And watch the box, for fear they should convey
False bones, and put upon me in the play.
Careful, besides, the whirling top to whip,
And drive her giddy, till she fell asleep.
Thy years are ripe, nor art thou yet to learn
What's good or ill, and both their ends discern:
Thou in the Stoick Porch, severely bred,
Hast heard the dogmas of great Zeno read:
There on the walls, by Polygnotus' hand,
The conquer'd Medians in trunk-breeches stand.

[103] *Polygnotus*] A famous painter.

Where the shorn youth to midnight lectures rise,
Rous'd from their slumbers to be early wise:
Where the coarse cake, and homely husks of beans,
From pampering riot the young stomach weans:
And where the Samian Y directs thy steps to run
To Virtue's narrow steep, and broad-way Vice to shun.
And yet thou snor'st; thou draw'st thy drunken [breath,
Sour with debauch; and sleep'st the sleep of death:
Thy chaps are fallen, and thy frame disjoin'd;
Thy body as dissolv'd as is thy mind.

Hast thou not, yet, propos'd some certain end,
To which thy life, thy every act may tend?
Hast thou no mark, at which to bend thy bow?
Or like a boy pursuest the carrion crow
With pellets, and with stones, from tree to tree:
A fruitless toil, and livest extempore?

Watch the disease in time: for, when within
The dropsy rages and extends the skin,
In vain for Hellebore the patient cries,
And fees the doctor; but too late is wise:
Too late for cure, he proffers half his wealth;
Conquest and Guibbons cannot give him health.

Learn, wretches, learn the motions of the mind,

[109] *And where the Samian Y,* &c.] Pythagoras of Samos made the allusion of the Y, or Greek Upsilon, to vice and virtue. One side of the letter being broad, characters vice, to which the ascent is wide and easy. The other side represents virtue; to which the passage is strait and difficult; and perhaps our Saviour might also allude to this, in those noted words of the evangelist, The way to heaven, &c.

Why you were made, for what you were design'd;
And the great moral end of human kind.
Study thyself, what rank or what degree
The wise Creator has ordain'd for thee:
And all the offices of that estate
Perform; and with thy prudence guide thy fate.
Pray justly, to be heard: nor more desire
Than what the decencies of life require.
Learn what thou owest thy country, and thy friend;
What's requisite to spare, and what to spend:
Learn this; and after, envy not the store
Of the greas'd advocate, that grinds the poor:
Fat fees from the defended Umbrian draws;
And only gains the wealthy client's cause.
To whom the Marsians more provision send,
Than he and all his family can spend.
Gammons, that give a relish to the taste,
And potted fowl, and fish come in so fast,
That, ere the first is out, the second stinks:
And mouldy mother gathers on the brinks.
But, here, some captain of the land or fleet,
Stout of his hands, but of a soldier's wit;
Cries, I have sense to serve my turn, in store;
And he's a rascal who pretends to more.
Dammee, whate'er those book-learn'd blockheads
Solon's the veriest fool in all the play. [say,

[140] *Fat fees*, &c.] Casaubon here notes, that among all the Romans who were brought up to learning, few besides the orators, or lawyers, grew rich.

[142] The Marsians and Umbrians were the most plentiful of all the provinces in Italy.

Top-heavy drones, and always looking down
(As over-ballasted within the crown!)
Muttering betwixt their lips some mystic thing,
Which, well examin'd, is flat conjuring, [taught,
Mere madmen's dreams: for what the schools have
Is only this, that nothing can be brought
From nothing; and, what is, can ne'er be turn'd
to nought.
Is it for this they study? to grow pale,
And miss the pleasures of a glorious meal?
For this, in rags accoutred, are they seen,
And made the may-game of the public spleen?
Proceed, my friend, and rail; but hear me tell
A story, which is just thy parallel.
A spark, like thee, of the man-killing trade,
Fell sick, and thus to his physician said:
Methinks I am not right in every part;
I feel a kind of trembling at my heart:
My pulse unequal, and my breath is strong:
Besides a filthy fur upon my tongue.
The doctor heard him, exercis'd his skill:
And, after, bid him for four days be still.
Three days he took good counsel, and began
To mend, and look like a recovering man:
The fourth, he could not hold from drink; but sends
His boy to one of his old trusty friends:
Adjuring him, by all the Powers Divine,
To pity his distress, who could not dine
Without a flagon of his healing wine.
He drinks a swilling draught; and, lin'd within,
Will supple in the bath his outward skin:

Whom should he find but his physician there,
Who, wisely, bade him once again beware.
Sir, you look wan, you hardly draw your breath;
Drinking is dangerous, and the bath is death.
'Tis nothing, says the fool: But, says the friend,
This nothing, sir, will bring you to your end.
Do I not see your dropsy-belly swell?
Your yellow skin?—No more of that; I'm well.
I have already buried two or three
That stood betwixt a fair estate and me,
And, doctor, I may live to bury thee.
Thou tell'st me, I look ill, and thou look'st worse.
I've done, says the physician; take your course.
The laughing sot, like all unthinking men, [again:
Bathes and gets drunk; then bathes and drinks
His throat half throttled with corrupted phlegm,
And breathing through his jaws a belching steam:
Amidst his cups with fainting shivering seiz'd,
His limbs disjointed, and all o'er diseas'd,
His hand refuses to sustain the bowl:
And his teeth chatter, and his eyeballs roll:
Till, with his meat, he vomits out his soul:
Then trumpets, torches, and a tedious crew
Of hireling mourners, for his funeral due.
Our dear departed brother lies in state,
His heels stretch'd out, and pointing to the gate:
And slaves, now manumiz'd, on their dead master wait.
They hoist him on the bier, and deal the dole;
And there's an end of a luxurious fool.
But what's thy fulsome parable to me?

My body is from all diseases free:
My temperate pulse does regularly beat;
Feel, and be satisfied, my hands and feet:
These are not cold, nor those opprest with heat.
Or lay thy hand upon my naked heart,
And thou shalt find me hale in every part.
I grant this true: but, still, the deadly wound
Is in thy soul; 'tis there thou art not sound.
Say, when thou seest a heap of tempting gold,
Or a more tempting harlot dost behold;
Then, when she casts on thee a side-long glance,
Then try thy heart, and tell me if it dance.
Some coarse cold salad is before thee set;
Bread, with the bran perhaps, and broken meat;
Fall on, and try thy appetite to eat.
These are not dishes for thy dainty tooth:
What, hast thou got an ulcer in thy mouth?
Why stand'st thou picking? Is thy palate sore?
That bete and radishes will make thee roar?
Such is the unequal temper of thy mind;
Thy passions in extremes, and unconfin'd:
Thy hair so bristles with unmanly fears,
As fields of corn, that rise in bearded ears.
And, when thy cheeks with flushing fury glow,
The rage of boiling caldrons is more slow;
When fed with fuel and with flames below.
With foam upon thy lips, and sparkling eyes,
Thou say'st and dost in such outrageous wise:
That mad Orestes, if he saw the show,
Would swear thou wert the madder of the two.

THE FOURTH SATIRE OF PERSIUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Our author, living in the time of Nero, was contemporary and friend to the noble poet Lucan; both of them were sufficiently sensible, with all good men, how unskilfully he managed the commonwealth: and perhaps might guess at his future tyranny, by some passages, during the latter part of his first five years; though he broke not out into his great excesses, while he was restrained by the counsels and authority of Seneca. Lucan has not spared him in the poem of his Pharsalia: for his very compliment looked asquint, as well as Nero. Persius has been bolder, but with caution likewise. For here, in the person of young Alcibiades, he arraigns his ambition of meddling with state affairs, without judgment or experience. It is probable that he makes Seneca, in this satire, sustain the part of Socrates, under a borrowed name. And, withal, discovers some secret vices of Nero, concerning his lust, his drunkenness, and his effeminacy, which had not yet arrived to public notice. He also reprehends the flattery of his courtiers, who endeavoured to make all his vices pass for virtues. Covetousness was undoubtedly none of his faults; but it is here described as a veil cast over the true meaning of the poet, which was to satirize his prodigality and voluptuousness: to which he makes a transition. I find no instance in history of that emperor's being a Pathique, though Persius seems to brand him with it. From the two dialogues of Plato, both called Alcibiades, the poet took the arguments of the second and third satires, but he inverted the order of them: for the third satire is taken from the first of those dialogues.

The commentators before Casaubon were ignorant of our

author's secret meaning; and thought he had only written against young noblemen in general, who were too forward in aspiring to public magistracy: but this excellent scholiast has unravelled the whole mystery; and made it apparent, that the sting of this satire was particularly aimed at Nero.

WHOE'ER thou art, whose forward years are bent
On state affairs, to guide the government;
Hear, first, what Socrates of old has said
To the lov'd youth, whom he, at Athens, bred.
Tell me, thou pupil to great Pericles,
Our second hope, my Alcibiades, [prepare
What are the grounds, from whence thou dost
To undertake so young, so vast a care?
Perhaps thy wit: (a chance not often heard,
That parts and prudence should prevent the beard:)
'Tis seldom seen, that senators so young
Know when to speak, and when to hold their tongue.
Sure thou art born to some peculiar fate;
When the mad people rise against the state,
To look them into duty; and command
An awful silence with thy lifted hand.
Then to bespeak 'em thus: Athenians, know
Against right reason all your counsels go;
This is not fair; nor profitable that;
Nor t'other question proper for debate.
But thou, no doubt, canst set the business right,
And give each argument its proper weight:
Know'st, with an equal hand, to hold the scale:
Seest where the reasons pinch, and where they fail,

And where exceptions o'er the general rule prevail.
And, taught by inspiration, in a trice,
Canst punish crimes, and brand offending vice.
Leave, leave to fathom such high points as these,
Nor be ambitious, e'er thy time, to please:
Unseasonably wise, till age, and cares,
Have form'd thy soul, to manage great affairs.
Thy face, thy shape, thy outside, are but vain;
Thou hast not strength such labours to sustain:
Drink hellebore, my boy, drink deep, and purge thy brain.
What aim'st thou at, and whither tends thy care,
In what thy utmost good? Delicious fare;
And, then, to sun thyself in open air.
Hold, hold; are all thy empty wishes such?
A good old woman would have said as much.
But thou art nobly born: 'tis true; go boast
Thy pedigree, the thing thou valuest most:
Besides thou art a beau: what's that, my child?
A fop, well dress'd, extravagant, and wild:
She that cries herbs, has less impertinence;
And in her calling, more of common sense.
None, none descends into himself, to find
The secret imperfections of his mind:

[27] *Canst punish crimes*, &c.] That is, by death. When the judges would condemn a malefactor, they cast their votes into an urn, as, according to the modern custom, a balloting-box. If the suffrages were marked with Θ they signified the sentence of death to the offender, as being the first letter of Θάνατος, which in English is death.

But every one is eagle-eyed, to see
Another's faults, and his deformity.
Say, dost thou know Vectidius? Who, the wretch
Whose lands beyond the Sabines largely stretch;
Cover the country, that a sailing kite
Can scarce o'erfly 'em in a day and night;
Him dost thou mean, who, spite of all his store,
Is ever craving, and will still be poor?
Who cheats for half-pence, and who doffs his coat,
To save a farthing in a ferry-boat?
Ever a glutton, at another's cost,
But in whose kitchen dwells perpetual frost?
Who eats and drinks with his domestic slaves;
A verier hind than any of his knaves?
Born with the curse and anger of the gods,
And that indulgent genius he defrauds?
At harvest-home, and on the shearing-day,
When he should thanks to Pan and Pales pay,
And better Ceres; trembling to approach
The little barrel, which he fears to broach:
He 'says the wimble, often draws it back,
And deals to thirsty servants but a smack.
To a short meal he makes a tedious grace,
Before the barley-pudding comes in place:
Then, bids fall on; himself, for saving charges,
A peel'd slic'd onion eats, and tipples verjuice.
Thus fares the drudge: but thou, whose life's a dream
Of lazy pleasures, tak'st a worse extreme.
'Tis all thy business, business how to shun;

To bask thy naked body in the sun;
Suppling thy stiffen'd joints with fragrant oil:
Then, in thy spacious garden, walk a while,
To suck the moisture up, and soak it in:
And this, thou think'st, but vainly think'st, unseen.
But, know, thou art observ'd: and there are those
Who, if they durst, would all thy secret sins expose.
The depilation of thy modest part:
Thy catamite, the darling of thy heart,
His engine-hand, and every lewder art.
When prone to bear, and patient to receive,
Thou tak'st the pleasure which thou canst not give.
With odorous oil thy head and hair are sleek;
And then thou kemb'st the tuzzes on thy cheek:
Of these, thy barbers take a costly care,
While thy salt tail is overgrown with hair.
Not all thy pincers, nor unmanly arts,
Can smooth the roughness of thy shameful parts.
Not five, the strongest that the Circus breeds,
From the rank soil can root those wicked weeds:
Though suppled first with soap, to ease thy pain,
The stubborn fern springs up, and sprouts again.
Thus others we with defamations wound,
While they stab us; and so the jest goes round.
Vain are thy hopes, to 'scape censorious eyes;
Truth will appear through all the thin disguise:
Thou hast an ulcer which no leech can heal,
Though thy broad shoulder-belt the wound conceal.
Say thou art sound and hale in every part,
We know, we know thee rotten at thy heart.

We know thee sullen, impotent, and proud:
Nor canst thou cheat thy nerve, who cheat'st the crowd.
But when they praise me, in the neighbourhood,
When the pleas'd people take me for a god,
Shall I refuse their incense? Not receive
The loud applauses which the vulgar give?
If thou dost wealth, with longing eyes, behold;
And greedily, art gaping after gold;
If some alluring girl, in gliding by,
Shall tip the wink, with a lascivious eye,
And thou, with a consenting glance, reply;
If thou, thy own solicitor become,
And bidd'st arise the lumpish pendulum:
If thy lewd lust provokes an empty storm,
And prompts to more than nature can perform;
If, with thy guards, thou scour'st the streets by night,
And dost in murders, rapes, and spoils delight;
Please not thyself, the flattering crowd to hear;
'Tis fulsome stuff to feed thy itching ear.
Reject the nauseous praises of the times:
Give thy base poets back their cobbled rhymes:
Survey thy soul, not what thou dost appear,
But what thou art; and find the beggar there.

122 *If, with thy guards*, &c.] Persius durst not have been so bold with Nero, as I dare now; and therefore there is only an intimation of that in him, which I publicly speak; I mean of Nero's walking the streets by night in disguise; and committing all sorts of outrages; for which he was sometimes well beaten.

THE FIFTH SATIRE OF PERSIUS.

INSCRIBED TO THE REVEREND DR. BUSBY.

THE ARGUMENT.

The judicious Casaubon, in his proem to this satire, tells us, that Aristophanes, the grammarian, being asked, what poem of Archilochus his Iambics he preferred before the rest; answered, the longest. His answer may justly be applied to this fifth satire; which, being of a greater length than any of the rest, is also, by far, the most instructive: for this reason I have selected it from all the others, and inscribed it to my learned master, Dr. Busby; to whom I am not only obliged myself for the best part of my own education, and that of my two sons, but have also received from him the first and truest taste of Persius. May he be pleased to find in this translation, the gratitude, or at least some small acknowledgment of his unworthy scholar, at the distance of forty-two years, from the time when I departed from under his tuition.

This satire consists of two distinct parts: the first contains the praises of the Stoick philosopher Cornutus, master and tutor of our Persius. It also declares the love and piety of Persius, to his well-deserving master; and the mutual friendship which continued betwixt them, after Persius was now grown a man. As also his exhortation to young noblemen, that they would enter themselves into his institution. From hence he makes an artful transition into the second part of his subject: wherein he first complains of the sloth of scholars, and afterwards persuades them to the pursuit of their true liberty: here our author excellently treats that paradox of the Stoicks, which affirms, that the wise or virtuous man is only free, and that all vicious men are naturally slaves. And, in the illustration of this dogma, he takes up the remaining part of this inimitable satire.

THE SPEAKERS PERSIUS AND CORNUTUS.

PER. Of ancient use to poets it belongs,
To wish themselves a hundred mouths and tongues:
Whether to the well-lung'd tragedian's rage
They recommend the labours of the stage,
Or sing the Parthian, when transfix'd he lies,
Wrenching the Roman javelin from his thighs.
COR. And why wouldst thou these mighty morsels choose,
Of words unchew'd, and fit to choke the muse?
Let fustian poets with their stuff be gone,
And suck the mists that hang o'er Helicon;
When Progne or Thyestes' feast they write;
And, for the mouthing actor, verse indite.
Thou neither, like a bellows, swell'st thy face,
As if thou wert to blow the burning mass
Of melting ore; nor canst thou strain thy throat,
Or murmur in an undistinguish'd note,
Like rolling thunder, till it breaks the cloud,
And rattling nonsense is discharg'd aloud.
Soft elocution does thy style renown,
And the sweet accents of the peaceful gown:

[11] Progne was wife to Tereus, king of Thracia: Tereus fell in love with Philomela, sister to Progne, ravished her, and cut out her tongue: in revenge of which, Progne killed Itys, her own son by Tereus, and served him up at a feast, to be eaten by his father.

[11] Thyestes and Atreus were brothers, both kings: Atreus, to revenge himself of his unnatural brother, killed the sons of Thyestes, and invited him to eat them.

Gentle or sharp, according to thy choice,
To laugh at follies, or to lash at vice.
Hence draw thy theme, and to the stage permit
Raw-head and Bloody-bones, and hands and feet,
Ragousts for Tereus or Thyestes drest;
'Tis task enough for thee to expose a Roman feast.
PER. 'Tis not, indeed, my talent to engage
In lofty trifles, or to swell my page
With wind and noise; but freely to impart,
As to a friend, the secrets of my heart;
And, in familiar speech, to let thee know
How much I love thee, and how much I owe.
Knock on my heart: for thou hast skill to find
If it sound solid, or be fill'd with wind;
And, through the veil of words, thou view'st the naked mind.
For this a hundred voices I desire,
To tell thee what a hundred tongues would tire;
Yet never could be worthily exprest,
How deeply thou art seated in my breast.
When first my childish robe resign'd the charge,
And left me, unconfin'd, to live at large;
When now my golden Bulla (hung on high
To household gods) declar'd me past a boy;
And my white shield proclaim'd my liberty;
When with my wild companions, I could roll
From street to street, and sin without control;
Just at that age, when manhood set me free,
I then depos'd myself, and left the reins to thee.
On thy wise bosom I repos'd my head,

And by my better Socrates was bred.
Then thy straight rule set virtue in my sight,
The crooked line reforming by the right.
My reason took the bent of thy command,
Was form'd and polish'd by thy skilful hand:
Long summer-days thy precepts I rehearse;
And winter-nights were short in our converse:
One was our labour, one was our repose,
One frugal supper did our studies close.
Sure on our birth some friendly planet shone;
And, as our souls, our horoscope was one:
Whether the mounting Twins did heaven adorn,
Or, with the rising Balance we were born;
Both have the same impressions from above;
And both have Saturn's rage, repell'd by Jove.
What star I know not, but some star I find,
Has given thee an ascendant o'er my mind.
Cor. Nature is ever various in her frame:
Each has a different will, and few the same:
The greedy merchants, led by lucre, run
To the parch'd Indies, and the rising sun;
From thence hot pepper, and rich drugs they bear,
Bartering for spices their Italian ware;
The lazy glutton safe at home will keep,
Indulge his sloth, and batten with his sleep:
One bribes for high preferments in the state;
A second shakes the box, and sits up late:
Another shakes the bed, dissolving there,
Till knots upon his gouty joints appear,
And chalk is in his crippled fingers found;

Rots like a dodder'd oak, and piecemeal falls to ground;
Then his lewd follies he would late repent;
And his past years, that in a mist were spent.
PER. But thou art pale, in nightly studies,
To make the Stoick institutes thy own; [grown,
Thou long, with studious care, hast till'd our youth,
And sown our well-purg'd ears with wholesome truth.
From thee both old and young, with profit, learn
The bounds of good and evil to discern.
COR. Unhappy he who does this work adjourn,
And to to-morrow would the search delay:
His lazy morrow will be like to-day. [row?
PER. But is one day of ease too much to bor-
COR. Yes, sure: for yesterday was once to-morrow.
That yesterday is gone, and nothing gain'd:
And all thy fruitless days will thus be drain'd;
For thou hast more to-morrows yet to ask,
And wilt be ever to begin thy task;
Who, like the hindmost chariot-wheels, art curst,
Still to be near, but ne'er to reach the first.
O freedom! first delight of human kind!
Not that which bondmen from their masters find,
The privilege of doles: not yet to inscribe

[102] When a slave was made free, he had the privilege of a Roman born, which was to have a share in the donatives or doles of bread, &c. which were distributed by the magistrates amongst the people.

Their names in this or t'other Roman tribe:
That false enfranchisement with ease is found:
Slaves are made citizens by turning round.
How, replies one, can any be more free?
Here's Dama, once a groom of low degree
Not worth a farthing, and a sot beside;
So true a rogue, for lying's sake he lied:
But, with a turn, a freeman he became;
Now Marcus Dama is his worship's name.
Good gods! who would refuse to lend a sum,
If wealthy Marcus surety will become!
Marcus is made a judge, and for a proof
Of certain truth, He said it, is enough.
A will is to be prov'd; put in your claim;
'Tis clear, if Marcus has subscrib'd his name.
This is true liberty, as I believe;
What can we farther from our caps receive,

[103] The Roman people was distributed into several tribes: he who was made free was enrolled into some one of them, and thereupon enjoyed the common privileges of a Roman citizen.

[105] The master, who intended to enfranchise a slave, carried him before the city pretor, and turned him round, using these words, "I will that this man be free."

[111] Slaves had only one name before their freedom; after it they were admitted to a Prænomen, like our christened names; so Dama is now called Marcus Dama.

[117] At the proof of a testament, the magistrates were to subscribe their names, as allowing the legality of the will.

[118] Slaves, when they were set free, had a cap given them, in sign of their liberty.

Than as we please without control to live?
Not more to noble Brutus could belong.
Hold, says the Stoick, your assumption's wrong:
I grant true freedom you have well defin'd:
But, living as you list, and to your mind,
Are loosely tack'd, and must be left behind.
What! since the pretor did my fetters loose,
And left me freely at my own dispose,
May I not live without control and awe,
Excepting still the letter of the law?
Hear me with patience, while thy mind I free
From those fond notions of false liberty:
'Tis not the pretor's province to bestow
True freedom; nor to teach mankind to know
What to ourselves, or to our friends we owe.
He could not set thee free from cares and strife,
Nor give the reins to a lewd vicious life:
As well he for an ass a harp might string,
Which is against the reason of the thing;
For reason still is whispering in your ear,
Where you are sure to fail, the attempt forbear.
No need of public sanctions this to bind,
Which Nature has implanted in the mind:
Not to pursue the work, to which we're not design'd.
Unskill'd in hellebore, if thou shouldst try
To mix it, and mistake the quantity,
The rules of physic would against thee cry.
The high-shoed ploughman, should he quit the land,
To take the pilot's rudder in his hand,
Artless of stars, and of the moving sand,

The gods would leave him to the waves and wind,
And think all shame was lost in human kind.
Tell me, my friend, from whence hadst thou the skill,
So nicely to distinguish good from ill?
Or by the sound to judge of gold and brass,
What piece is tinker's metal, what will pass?
And what thou art to follow, what to fly,
This to condemn, and that to ratify?
When to be bountiful, and when to spare,
But never craving, or oppress'd with care?
The baits of gifts, and money to despise,
And look on wealth with undesiring eyes?
When thou canst truly call these virtues thine,
Be wise and free, by heaven's consent, and mine.
But thou, who lately of the common strain,
Wert one of us, if still thou dost retain
The same ill habits, the same follies too,
Gloss'd over only with a saint-like show,
Then I resume the freedom which I gave,
Still thou art bound to vice, and still a slave.
Thou canst not wag thy finger, or begin
"The least light motion, but it tends to sin."
How's this? Not wag my finger, he replies?
No, friend; nor fuming gums, nor sacrifice,
Can ever make a madman free, or wise.
"Virtue and Vice are never in one soul:
A man is wholly wise, or wholly is a fool."
A heavy bumpkin, taught with daily care,
Can never dance three steps with a becoming air.
PER. In spite of this, my freedom still remains.

Cor. Free! what, and fetter'd with so many
Canst thou no other master understand [chains?
Than him that freed thee by the pretor's wand?
Should he, who was thy lord, command thee now,
With a harsh voice, and supercilious brow,
To servile duties, thou wouldst fear no more;
The gallows and the whip are out of door.
But if thy passions lord it in thy breast,
Art thou not still a slave, and still opprest?
Whether alone, or in thy harlot's lap,
When thou wouldst take a lazy morning's nap;
Up, up, says Avarice; thou snor'st again,
Stretchest thy limbs, and yawn'st, but all in vain·
The tyrant Lucre no denial takes;
At his command the unwilling sluggard wakes:
What must I do? he cries: What? says his lord:
Why rise, make ready, and go straight aboard:
With fish, from Euxine seas, thy vessel freight;
Flax, castor, Coan wines, the precious weight
Of pepper, and Sabæan incense, take
With thy own hands, from the tir'd camel's back:
And with post-haste thy running markets make.
Be sure to turn the penny: lie and swear;
'Tis wholesome sin: but Jove, thou say'st, will hear:
Swear, fool, or starve; for the dilemma's even:
A tradesman thou! and hope to go to heaven?
Resolv'd for sea, the slaves thy baggage pack,

182 The pretor held a wand in his hand, with which he softly struck the slave on the head when he declared him free.

Each saddled with his burden on his back;
Nothing retards thy voyage, now, unless
Thy other lord fordids, Voluptuousness:
And he may ask this civil question: Friend,
What dost thou make a shipboard? to what end?
Art thou of Bethlem's noble college free?
Stark, staring mad, that thou wouldst tempt the sea?
Cubb'd in a cabin, on a mattrass laid,
On a brown george, with lousy swabbers fed,
Dead wine, that stinks of the borrachio, sup
From a foul jack, or greasy maple-cup?
Say, wouldst thou bear all this, to raise thy store
From six i' the hundred, to six hundred more?
Indulge, and to thy Genius freely give;
For, not to live at ease, is not to live;
Death stalks behind thee: and each flying hour
Does some loose remnant of thy life devour.
Live, while thou liv'st; for death will make us all
A name, a nothing but an old wife's tale.
Speak; wilt thou Avarice, or Pleasure, choose
To be thy lord? Take one, and one refuse.
But both, by turns, the rule of thee will have;
And thou, betwixt 'em both, wilt be a slave.
Nor think when once thou hast resisted one,
That all thy marks of servitude are gone:
The struggling greyhound gnaws his leash in vain;
If, when 'tis broken, still he drags the chain.
Says Phædria to his man, Believe me, friend,

231 This alludes to the play of Terence, called the Eunuch, which was excellently imitated of late in English by Sir

To this uneasy love I'll put an end:
Shall I run out of all? My friends disgrace,
And be the first lewd unthrift of my race?
Shall I the neighbours' nightly rest invade
At her deaf doors, with some vile serenade?
Well hast thou freed thyself, his man replies,
Go, thank the gods, and offer sacrifice.
Ah, says the youth, if we unkindly part,
Will not the poor fond creature break her heart?
Weak soul! and blindly to destruction led!
She break her heart! she'll sooner break your head.
She knows her man, and when you rant and swear,
Can draw you to her with a single hair.
But shall I not return? Now, when she sues?
Shall I my own, and her desires refuse?
Sir, take your course: but my advice is plain:
Once freed, 'tis madness to resume your chain.
Ay; there's the man, who loos'd from lust and [pelf,
Less to the pretor owes, than to himself.
But write him down a slave, who, humbly proud,
With presents begs preferments from the crowd;
That early suppliant, who salutes the tribes,
And sets the mob to scramble for his bribes:
That some old dotard, sitting in the sun,
On holidays may tell, that such a feat was done:
In future times this will be counted rare.

Charles Sedley. In the first scene of that comedy, Phædria was introduced with this man Pamphilus, discoursing, whether he should leave his mistress Thaias, or return to her, now that she had invited him.

Thy superstition too may claim a share:
When flowers are strew'd, and lamps in order plac'd,
And windows with illuminations grac'd,
On Herod's day; when sparkling bowls go round,
And tunny's tails in savoury sauce are drown'd,
Thou mutter'st prayers obscene; nor durst refuse
The fasts and sabbaths of the curtail'd Jews.
Then a crack'd egg-shell thy sick fancy frights,
Besides the childish fear of walking sprites.
Of o'ergrown gelding priests thou art afraid:
The timbrel, and the squintifego maid
Of Isis, awe thee: lest the gods for sin,
Should, with a swelling dropsy, stuff thy skin:
Unless three garlick heads the curse avert,
Eaten each morn, devoutly, next thy heart.

Preach this among the brawny guards, say'st thou,
And see if they thy doctrine will allow:
The dull fat captain, with a hound's deep throat,
Would bellow out a laugh, in a base note;
And prize a hundred Zeno's just as much
As a clipt sixpence, or a schilling Dutch.

268 The ancients had a superstition, concerning egg-shells; they thought that if an egg-shell were cracked, or a hole bored in the bottom of it, they were subject to the power of sorcery.

THE SIXTH SATIRE OF PERSIUS.

TO CÆSIUS BASSUS, A LYRIC POET.

THE ARGUMENT.

This sixth satire treats an admirable common-place of Moral Philosophy; Of the true Use of Riches. They are certainly intended, by the Power who bestows them, as instruments and helps of living commodiously ourselves, and of administering to the wants of others who are oppressed by fortune. There are two extremes in the opinions of men concerning them. One error, though on the right hand, yet a great one, is, That they are no helps to a virtuous life; The other places all our happiness in the acquisition and possession of them; and this is, undoubtedly, the worse extreme. The mean betwixt these is the opinion of the Stoicks; which is, That riches may be useful to the leading a virtuous life; in case we rightly understand how to give according to right reason; and how to receive what is given us by others. The virtue of giving well, is called Liberality; and it is of this virtue that Persius writes in this satire; wherein he not only shows the lawful use of riches, but also sharply inveighs against the vices which are opposed to it; and especially of those which consist in the defects of giving or spending, or in the abuse of riches. He writes to Cæsius Bassus, his friend, and a poet also. Enquires first of his health and studies; and afterwards informs him of his own, and where he is now resident. He gives an account of himself, that he is endeavouring by little and little to wear off his vices; and particularly, that he is combating ambition and the desire of wealth. He dwells upon the latter vice; and being sensible that few men either desire or use riches as they ought, he endeavours to convince them of their folly; which is the main design of the whole satire.

Has winter caus'd thee, friend, to change thy seat,
And seek, in Sabine air, a warm retreat?
Say, dost thou yet the Roman harp command?
Do the strings answer to thy noble hand?
Great master of the muse, inspir'd to sing
The beauties of the first created spring;
The pedigree of nature to rehearse,
And sound the Maker's work, in equal verse.
Now sporting on thy lyre the loves of youth,
Now virtuous age, and venerable truth;
Expressing justly Sappho's wanton art
Of odes, and Pindar's more majestic part.
  For me, my warmer constitution wants
More cold, than our Ligurian winter grants;
And therefore to my native shores retir'd,
I view the coast old Ennius once admir'd;
Where clifts on either side their points display;
And, after opening in an ampler way,
Afford the pleasing prospect of the bay.
'Tis worth your while, O Romans, to regard
The port of Luna, says our learned bard;
Who, in a drunken dream, beheld his soul
The fifth within the transmigrating roll;
Which first a peacock, then Euphorbus was,
Then Homer next, and next Pythagoras;
And last of all the line did into Ennius pass.
  Secure and free from business of the state;
And more secure of what the vulgar prate,
Here I enjoy my private thoughts; nor care

What rots for sheep the southern winds prepare:
Survey the neighb'ring fields, and not repine,
When I behold a larger crop than mine:
To see a beggar's brat in riches flow,
Adds not a wrinkle to my even brow;
Nor, envious at the sight, will I forbear
My plenteous bowl, nor bate my bounteous cheer;
Nor yet unseal the dregs of wine that stink
Of cask; nor in a nasty flagon drink;
Let others stuff their guts with homely fare:
For men of different inclinations are;
Though born, perhaps, beneath one common star.
In minds and manners twins oppos'd we see
In the same sign, almost the same degree:
One, frugal, on his birth-day fears to dine,
Does at a penny's cost in herbs repine,
And hardly dares to dip his fingers in the brine.
Prepar'd as priest of his own rites to stand,
He sprinkles pepper with a sparing hand.
His jolly brother, opposite in sense,
Laughs at his thrift; and, lavish of expense,
Quaffs, crams, and guttles, in his own defence.
For me, I'll use my own; and take my share;
Yet will not turbots for my slaves prepare;
Nor be so nice in taste myself to know
If what I swallow be a thrush, or no.
Live on thy annual income; spend thy store;
And freely grind, from thy full threshing floor;
Next harvest promises as much, or more.
Thus I would live; but friendship's holy band,

And offices of kindness hold my hand:
My friend is shipwreck'd on the Brutian strand,
His riches in the Ionian main are lost;
And he himself stands shivering on the coast;
Where, destitute of help, forlorn, and bare,
He wearies the deaf gods with fruitless prayer.
Their images, the relics of the wrack,
Torn from the naked poop, are tided back
By the wild waves, and rudely thrown ashore,
Lie impotent; nor can themselves restore.
The vessel sticks, and shows her open side,
And on her shatter'd mast the mews in triumph ride.
From thy new hope, and from thy growing store,
Now lend assistance, and relieve the poor.
Come; do a noble act of charity;
A pittance of thy land will set him free.
Let him not bear the badges of a wrack,
Nor beg with a blue table on his back:
Nor tell me that thy frowning heir will say,
'Tis mine that wealth thou squander'st thus away:
What is't to thee, if he neglect thy urn,
Or without spices lets thy body burn?
If odours to thy ashes he refuse,
Or buys corrupted cassia from the Jews?

[77] *Nor beg with a blue table*, &c.] The table was painted of the sea colour, which the shipwrecked person carried on his back, expressing his losses thereby, to excite the charity of the spectators.

[81] *Or without spices*, &c.] The bodies of the rich, before they were burnt, were embalmed with spices, or rather spices were put into the urn, with the relics of the ashes.

All these, the wiser Bestius will reply,
Are empty pomp, and dead men's luxury:
We never knew this vain expense, before
The effeminated Grecians brought it o'er:
Now toys and trifles from their Athens come;
And dates and pepper have unsinew'd Rome.
Our sweating hinds their salads, now, defile,
Infecting homely herbs with fragrant oil.
But, to thy fortune be not thou a slave:
For what hast thou to fear beyond the grave?
And thou who gap'st for my estate, draw near;
For I would whisper somewhat in thy ear.
Hear'st thou the news, my friend? the express is come
With laurell'd letters from the camp to Rome;
Cæsar salutes the queen and senate thus:
My arms are, on the Rhine, victorious.
From mourning altars sweep the dust away:

[98] *Cæsar salutes*, &c.] The Cæsar here mentioned is Caius Caligula, who affected to triumph over the Germans, whom he never conquered, as he did over the Britons; and accordingly sent letters, wrapt about with laurels, to the Senate, and the Empress Cæsonia, whom I here call Queen, though I know that name was not used amongst the Romans; but the word Empress would not stand in that verse, for which reason I adjourned it to another. The dust which was to be swept away from the altars was either the ashes which were left there, after the last sacrifice for victory, or might perhaps mean the dust or ashes which were left on the altars since some former defeat of the Romans by the Germans: after which overthrow, the altars had been neglected.

Cease fasting, and proclaim a fat thanksgiving day.
The goodly empress, jollily inclin'd,
Is to the welcome bearer wondrous kind:
And, setting her good housewifery aside,
Prepares for all the pageantry of pride.
The captive Germans, of gigantic size,
Are rank'd in order, and are clad in frize:
The spoils of kings, and conquer'd camps we boast,
Their arms in trophies hang on the triumphal post.
Now, for so many glorious actions done
In foreign parts, and mighty battles won:
For peace at home, and for the public wealth,
I mean to crown a bowl to Cæsar's health:
Besides, in gratitude for such high matters,
Know I have vow'd two hundred gladiators.
Say, wouldst thou hinder me from this expense?
I disinherit thee, if thou dar'st take offence.
Yet more, a public largess I design
Of oil and pies, to make the people dine:
Control me not, for fear I change my will.

[102] Cæsonia, wife to Caius Caligula, who afterwards, in the reign of Claudius, was proposed, but ineffectually, to be married to him, after he had executed Messalina for adultery.

[106] *The captive Germans,* &c.] He means only such as were to pass for Germans in the triumph; large-bodied men, as they are still, whom the Empress clothed new, with coarse garments, for the greater ostentation of the victory.

[115] *Know, I have vow'd two hundred gladiators*] A hundred pair of gladiators were beyond the purse of a private man to give; therefore this is only a threatening to his heir, that he could do what he pleased with his estate.

And yet methinks I hear thee grumbling still,
You give as if you were the Persian king:
Your land does no such large revenues bring.
Well; on my terms thou wilt not be my heir:
If thou car'st little, less shall be my care:
Were none of all my father's sisters left;
Nay, were I of my mother's kin bereft;
None by an uncle's or a grandame's side,
Yet I could some adopted heir provide.
I need but take my journey half a day
From haughty Rome, and at Aricia stay,
Where fortune throws poor Manius in my way.
Him will I choose: What him, of humble birth,
Obscure, a foundling, and a son of earth?
Obscure? Why pr'ythee what am I? I know
My father, grandsire, and great grandsire too:
If farther I derive my pedigree,
I can but guess beyond the fourth degree.
The rest of my forgotten ancestors
Were sons of earth, like him, or sons of whores.
Yet why wouldst thou, old covetous wretch, aspire
To be my heir, who might'st have been my sire?
In nature's race, shouldst thou demand of me
My torch, when I in course run after thee?

143 *shouldst thou demand of me my torch*, &c.] Why shouldst thou, who art an old fellow, hope to outlive me, and be my heir, who am much younger. He who was first in the course or race, delivered the torch, which he carried, to him who was second.

Think I approach thee like the god of gain,
With wings on head and heels, as poets feign:
Thy modern fortune from my gift receive;
Now fairly take it, or as fairly leave.
But take it as it is, and ask no more.
What, when thou hast embezzled all thy store?
Where's all thy father left? 'Tis true, I grant,
Some I have mortgag'd, to supply my want:
The legacies of Tadius too are flown;
All spent, and on the selfsame errand gone.
How little then to my poor share will fall?
Little indeed; but yet that little's all.
  Nor tell me, in a dying father's tone,
Be careful still of the main chance, my son;
Put out the principal in trusty hands:
Live of the use; and never dip thy lands:
But yet what's left for me? What's left, my friend!
Ask that again, and all the rest I spend.
Is not my fortune at my own command?
Pour oil, and pour it with a plenteous hand,
Upon my salads, boy: Shall I be fed
With sodden nettles, and a sing'd sow's head?
'Tis holiday; provide me better cheer;
'Tis holiday, and shall be round the year.
Shall I my household gods and Genius cheat,
To make him rich, who grudges me my meat,
That he may loll at ease; and pamper'd high,
When I am laid, may feed on giblet pie?
And when his throbbing lust extends the vein,
Have wherewithal his whores to entertain?

Shall I in homespun cloth be clad, that he
His paunch in triumph may before him see?
Go, miser, go; for lucre sell thy soul;
Truck wares for wares, and trudge from pole to pole:
That men may say, when thou art dead and gone,
See what a vast estate he left his son!
How large a family of brawny knaves,
Well fed, and fat as Cappadocian slaves!
Increase thy wealth, and double all thy store;
'Tis done: now double that, and swell the score;
To every thousand add ten thousand more.
Then say, Chrysippus, thou who wouldst confine
Thy heap, where I shall put an end to mine.

182 *Well fed, and fat as Cappadocian slaves*] Who were famous for their lustiness, and being, as we call it, in good liking. They were set on a stall when they were exposed to sale, to show the good habit of their body, and made to play tricks before the buyers, to show their activity and strength.

186 *Then say, Chrysippus*, &c.] Chrysippus, the Stoick, invented a kind of argument, consisting of more than three propositions, which is called Sorites, or a heap. But as Chrysippus could never bring his propositions to a certain stint, so neither can a covetous man bring his craving desires to any certain measure of riches, beyond which he could not wish for any more.

TRANSLATIONS FROM HOMER.

THE FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIAS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Chryses, priest of Apollo, brings presents to the Grecian princes, to ransom his daughter Chryseis, who was prisoner in the fleet. Agamemnon, the general, whose captive and mistress the young lady was, refuses to deliver her, threatens the venerable old man, and dismisses him with contumely.—The priest craves vengeance of his god; who sends a plague among the Greeks: which occasions Achilles, their great champion, to summon a council of the chief officers: he encourages Calchas, the high priest and prophet, to tell the reason, why the gods were so much incensed against them.—Calchas is fearful of provoking Agamemnon, till Achilles engages to protect him; then, emboldened by the hero, he accuses the general as the cause of all, by detaining the fair captive, and refusing the presents offered for her ransom. By this proceeding, Agamemnon is obliged, against his will, to restore Chryseis, with gifts, that he might appease the wrath of Phœbus; but at the same time, to revenge himself on Achilles, sends to seize his slave Briseis. Achilles, thus affronted, complains to his mother Thetis; and begs her to revenge his injury, not only on the general, but on all the army, by giving victory to the Trojans, till the ungrateful king became sensible of his injustice. At the same time, he retires from the camp into his ships, and withdraws his aid from his countrymen. Thetis prefers her son's petition to Jupiter, who grants her suit. Juno suspects her errand, and quarrels with her husband, for his grant; till Vulcan reconciles his parents with a bowl of nectar, and sends them peaceably to bed.

THE wrath of Peleus' son, O Muse, resound;
Whose dire effects the Grecian army found,
And many a hero, king, and hardy knight,
Were sent, in early youth, to shades of night:
Their limbs a prey to dogs and vultures made:
So was the sovereign will of Jove obey'd:
From that ill-omen'd hour when strife begun,
Betwixt Atrides great, and Thetis' godlike son.
What power provok'd, and for what cause, relate,
Sow'd, in their breasts, the seeds of stern debate:
Jove's and Latona's son his wrath express'd,
In vengeance of his violated priest,
Against the king of men; who, swoln with pride,
Refus'd his presents, and his prayers denied.
For this the god a swift contagion spread
Amid the camp, where heaps on heaps lay dead.
For venerable Chryses came to buy,
With gold and gifts of price, his daughter's liberty.
Suppliant before the Grecian chiefs he stood;
Awful, and arm'd with ensigns of his god:
Bare was his hoary head; one holy hand
Held forth his laurel crown, and one his sceptre of command.
His suit was common; but above the rest,
To both the brother-princes thus address'd:
Ye sons of Atreus, and ye Grecian powers,
So may the gods who dwell in heavenly bowers
Succeed your siege, accord the vows you make,
And give you Troy's imperial town to take;

So, by their happy conduct, may you come
With conquest back to your sweet native home;
As you receive the ransom which I bring,
(Respecting Jove, and the far-shooting king,)
And break my daughter's bonds, at my desire;
And glad with her return her grieving sire.
With shouts of loud acclaim the Greeks decree
To take the gifts, to set the damsel free.
The king of men alone with fury burn'd;
And, haughty, these opprobrious words return'd:
Hence, holy dotard, and avoid my sight,
Ere evil intercept thy tardy flight:
Nor dare to tread this interdicted strand,
Lest, not that idle sceptre in thy hand,
Nor thy god's crown, my vow'd revenge withstand.
Hence on thy life: the captive maid is mine;
Whom not for price or prayers I will resign:
Mine she shall be, till creeping age and time
Her bloom have wither'd, and consum'd her prime.
Till then my royal bed she shall attend;
And, having first adorn'd it, late ascend:
This, for the night; by day, the web and loom,
And homely household-task, shall be her doom,
Far from thy lov'd embrace, and her sweet native home.
He said: the helpless priest replied no more,
But sped his steps along the hoarse-resounding shore:
Silent he fled; secure at length he stood,
Devoutly curs'd his foes, and thus invok'd his god.

O source of sacred light, attend my prayer,
God with the silver bow, and golden hair;
Whom Chrysa, Cilla, Tenedos obeys,
And whose broad eye their happy soil surveys;
If, Smintheus, I have pour'd before thy shrine
The blood of oxen, goats, and ruddy wine,
And larded thighs on loaded altars laid,
Hear, and my just revenge propitious aid!
Pierce the proud Greeks, and with thy shafts attest
How much thy power is injured in thy priest.
He pray'd, and Phœbus, hearing, urged his flight,
With fury kindled, from Olympus' height;
His quiver o'er his ample shoulders threw;
His bow twang'd, and his arrows rattled as they flew.
Black as a stormy night, he rang'd around
The tents, and compass'd the devoted ground.
Then with full force his deadly bow he bent,
And feather'd fates among the mules and sumpters sent,
The essay of rage; on faithful dogs the next;
And last, in human hearts his arrows fix'd.
The god nine days the Greeks at rovers kill'd,
Nine days the camp with funeral fires was fill'd;
The tenth, Achilles, by the Queen's command,
Who bears heaven's awful sceptre in her hand,
A council summon'd; for the goddess griev'd
Her favour'd host should perish unreliev'd.
The kings assembled, soon their chief inclose;
Then from his seat the goddess-born arose,
And thus undaunted spoke: What now remains,

But that once more we tempt the wat'ry plains,
And, wandering homeward, seek our safety hence,
In flight at least, if we can find defence?
Such woes at once encompass us about,
The plague within the camp, the sword without.
Consult, O king, the prophets of the event:
And whence these ills, and what the god's intent,
Let them by dreams explore; for dreams from Jove
are sent.
What want of offer'd victims, what offence
In fact committed could the Sun incense,
To deal his deadly shafts? What may remove
His settled hate, and reconcile his love?
That he may look propitious on our toils;
And hungry graves no more be glutted with our
spoils.
Thus to the king of men the hero spoke,
Then Calchas the desir'd occasion took:
Calchas the sacred seer, who had in view
Things present and the past; and things to come
foreknew.
Supreme of augurs, who, by Phœbus taught,
The Grecian powers to Troy's destruction brought.
Skill'd in the secret causes of their woes,
The reverend priest in graceful act arose:
And thus bespoke Pelides: Care of Jove,
Favour'd of all the immortal Powers above;
Wouldst thou the seeds deep sown of mischief
know,
And why provok'd Apollo bends his bow?

Plight first thy faith, inviolably true,
To save me from those ills, that may ensue.
For I shall tell ungrateful truths to those,
Whose boundless powers of life and death dispose.
And sovereigns, ever jealous of their state,
Forgive not those whom once they mark for hate;
Even though the offence they seemingly digest,
Revenge, like embers rak'd, within their breast,
Bursts forth in flames; whose unresisted power
Will seize the unwary wretch, and soon devour.
Such and no less is he, on whom depends
The sum of things; and whom my tongue of force offends.
Secure me then from his foreseen intent, [vent.
That what his wrath may doom, thy valour may pre-
To this the stern Achilles made reply:
Be bold; and on my plighted faith rely,
To speak what Phœbus has inspir'd thy soul
For common good; and speak without control.
His godhead I invoke, by him I swear,
That while my nostrils draw this vital air,
None shall presume to violate those bands;
Or touch thy person with unhallow'd hands:
E'en not the king of men that all commands.
At this, resuming heart, the prophet said:
Nor hecatomb unslain, nor vows unpaid,
On Greeks accurs'd this dire contagion bring,
Or call for vengeance from the bowyer King;
But he the tyrant, whom none dares resist,
Affronts the godhead in his injur'd priest:

He keeps the damsel captive in his chain,
And presents are refus'd, and prayers preferr'd in vain.
For this the avenging power employs his darts;
And empties all his quiver in our hearts;
Thus, will persist, relentless in his ire,
Till the fair slave be render'd to her sire:
And ransom-free restor'd to his abode,
With sacrifice to reconcile the god:
Then he, perhaps, aton'd by prayer, may cease
His vengeance justly vow'd, and give the peace.
Thus having said, he sate: thus answer'd then,
Upstarting from his throne, the king of men,
His breast with fury fill'd, his eyes with fire;
Which rolling round, he shot in sparkles on the sire:
Augur of ill, whose tongue was never found
Without a priestly curse, or boding sound;
For not one bless'd event foretold to me
Pass'd through that mouth, or pass'd unwillingly.
And now thou dost with lies the throne invade,
By practice harden'd in thy slandering trade.
Obtending heaven, for whate'er ills befall;
And sputtering under specious names thy gall.
Now Phœbus is provok'd, his rites and laws
Are in his priest profan'd, and I the cause:
Since I detain a slave, my sovereign prize;
And sacred gold, your idol-god, despise.
I love her well: and well her merits claim,
To stand preferr'd before my Grecian dame:

Not Clytemnestra's self in beauty's bloom
More charm'd, or better plied the various loom:
Mine is the maid; and brought in happy hour,
With every household-grace adorn'd, to bless my nuptial bower.
Yet shall she be restor'd; since public good
For private interest ought not to be withstood,
To save the effusion of my people's blood.
But right requires, if I resign my own,
I should not suffer for your sakes alone;
Alone excluded from the prize I gain'd,
And by your common suffrage have obtain'd.
The slave without a ransom shall be sent:
It rests for you to make the equivalent.
To this the fierce Thessalian prince replied:
O first in power, but passing all in pride,
Griping, and still tenacious of thy hold,
Wouldst thou the Grecian chiefs, though largely soul'd,
Should give the prizes they had gain'd before,
And with their loss thy sacrilege restore?
Whate'er by force of arms the soldier got,
Is each his own, by dividend of lot:
Which to resume, were both unjust and base;
Not to be borne but by a servile race.
But this we can: if Saturn's son bestows
The sack of Troy, which he by promise owes;
Then shall the conquering Greeks thy loss restore,
And with large interest make the advantage more.
To this Atrides answer'd: Though thy boast

Assumes the foremost name of all our host,
Pretend not, mighty man, that what is mine,
Control'd by thee, I tamely should resign.
Shall I release the prize I gain'd by right,
In taken towns, and many a bloody fight,
While thou detain'st Briseis in thy bands,
By priestly glossing on the god's commands?
Resolve on this, (a short alternative)
Quit mine, or, in exchange, another give;
Else I, assure thy soul, by sovereign right
Will seize thy captive in thy own despight.
Or from stout Ajax, or Ulysses, bear
What other prize my fancy shall prefer:
Then softly murmur, or aloud complain,
Rage as you please, you shall resist in vain.
But more of this, in proper time and place;
To things of greater moment let us pass.
A ship to sail the sacred seas prepare;
Proud in her trim; and put on board the fair,
With sacrifice and gifts, and all the pomp of prayer.
The crew well chosen, the command shall be
In Ajax; or if other I decree,
In Creta's king, or Ithacus, or, if I please, in thee:
Most fit thyself to see perform'd the intent
For which my prisoner from my sight is sent;
(Thanks to thy pious care) that Phœbus may
relent.

At this, Achilles roll'd his furious eyes,
Fix'd on the king askant; and thus replies.
O, impudent, regardful of thy own,

Whose thoughts are centred on thyself alone,
Advanc'd to sovereign sway for better ends
Than thus like abject slaves to treat thy friends.
What Greek is he, that, urg'd by thy command,
Against the Trojan troops will lift his hand?
Not I: nor such inforc'd respect I owe;
Nor Pergamus I hate, nor Priam is my foe.
What wrong from Troy remote, could I sustain,
To leave my fruitful soil, and happy reign,
And plough the surges of the stormy main?
Thee, frontless man, we follow'd from afar;
Thy instruments of death, and tools of war.
Thine is the triumph; ours the toil alone:
We bear thee on our backs, and mount thee on the throne.
For thee we fall in fight; for thee redress
Thy baffled brother; not the wrongs of Greece.
And now thou threaten'st with unjust decree,
To punish thy affronting heaven, on me.
To seize the prize which I so dearly bought;
By common suffrage given, confirm'd by lot.
Mean match to thine: for still above the rest,
Thy hook'd rapacious hands usurp the best.
Though mine are first in fight, to force the prey;
And last sustain the labours of the day.
Nor grudge I thee the much the Grecians give;
Nor murmuring take the little I receive.
Yet even this little, thou, who wouldst ingross
The whole, insatiate, envy'st as thy loss.
Know, then, for Phthia fix'd is my return:

Better at home my ill-paid pains to mourn,
Than from an equal here sustain the public scorn.
The king, whose brows with shining gold were bound,
Who saw his throne with sceptred slaves encompass'd round,
Thus answer'd stern: Go, at thy pleasure, go:
We need not such a friend, nor fear we such a foe.
There will not want to follow me in fight:
Jove will assist, and Jove assert my right.
But thou of all the kings (his care below)
Art least at my command, and most my foe.
Debates, dissensions, uproars are thy joy;
Provok'd without offence, and practis'd to destroy.
Strength is of brutes, and not thy boast alone;
At least 'tis lent from heaven; and not thy own.
Fly then, ill-manner'd, to thy native land,
And there thy ant-born Myrmidons command.
But mark this menace; since I must resign
My black-eyed maid, to please the Powers divine:
(A well-rigg'd vessel in the port attends,
Mann'd at my charge, commanded by my friends,)
The ship shall waft her to her wish'd abode,
Full fraught with holy bribes to the far-shooting god.
This thus dispatch'd, I owe myself the care,
My fame and injur'd honour to repair:
From thy own tent, proud man, in thy despite,
This hand shall ravish thy pretended right.
Briseis shall be mine, and thou shalt see,

What odds of awful power I have on thee:
That others at thy cost may learn the difference
of degree.
At this the impatient hero sourly smil'd.
His heart impetuous in his bosom boil'd,
And justled by two tides of equal sway,
Stood, for a while, suspended in his way.
Betwixt his reason and his rage untam'd;
One whisper'd soft, and one aloud reclaim'd:
That only counsell'd to the safer side;
This to the sword his ready hand applied.
Unpunish'd to support the affront was hard:
Nor easy was the attempt to force the guard.
But soon the thirst of vengeance fir'd his blood:
Half shone his falchion, and half sheath'd it stood.
In that nice moment, Pallas, from above,
Commission'd by the imperial wife of Jove,
Descended swift: (the white-arm'd Queen was loth
The fight should follow; for she favour'd both:)
Just as in act he stood, in clouds inshrin'd,
Her hand she fasten'd on his hair behind;
Then backward by his yellow curls she drew;
To him and him alone confess'd in view.
Tam'd by superior force, he turn'd his eyes
Aghast at first, and stupid with surprise:
But by her sparkling eyes, and ardent look,
The virgin-warrior known, he thus bespoke.
Com'st thou, Celestial, to behold my wrongs?
To view the vengeance which to crimes belongs?
Thus he. The blue-eyed goddess thus rejoin'd:

I come to calm thy turbulence of mind,
If reason will resume her sovereign sway,
And, sent by Juno, her commands obey.
Equal she loves you both, and I protect:
Then give thy guardian gods their due respect;
And cease contention; be thy words severe,
Sharp as he merits, but the sword forbear.
An hour unhop'd already wings her way,
When he his dire affront shall dearly pay:
When the proud king shall sue, with treble gain,
To quit thy loss, and conquer thy disdain.
But thou, secure of my unfailing word,
Compose thy swelling soul, and sheath the sword.
The youth thus answer'd mild; Auspicious Maid,
Heaven's will be mine, and your commands obey'd.
The gods are just, and when, subduing sense,
We serve their Powers, provide the recompense.
He said; with surly faith believ'd her word,
And in the sheath, reluctant, plung'd the sword.
Her message done, she mounts the bless'd abodes.
And mix'd among the senate of the gods.
At her departure his disdain return'd:
The fire she fann'd, with greater fury burn'd;
Rumbling within, till thus it found a vent:
Dastard, and drunkard, mean and insolent:
Tongue-valiant hero, vaunter of thy might,
In threats the foremost, but the lag in fight;
When didst thou thrust amid the mingled preace,
Content to bide the war aloof in peace?
Arms are the trade of each plebeian soul;

'Tis death to fight; but kingly to control.
Lord-like at ease, with arbitrary power,
To peel the chiefs, the people to devour.
These, traitor, are thy talents; safer far
Than to contend in fields, and toils of war.
Nor couldst thou thus have dar'd the common hate,
Were not their souls as abject as their state.
But, by this sceptre, solemnly I swear,
(Which never more green leaf or growing branch
shall bear:
Torn from the tree, and given by Jove to those
Who laws dispense, and mighty wrongs oppose)
That when the Grecians want my wonted aid,
No gift shall bribe it, and no prayer persuade.
When Hector comes, the homicide, to wield
His conquering arms, with corpse to strow the field,
Then shalt thou mourn thy pride; and late confess
My wrong repented, when 'tis past redress.
He said: and with disdain, in open view,
Against the ground his golden sceptre threw;
Then sate: with boiling rage Atrides burn'd,
And foam betwixt his gnashing grinders churn'd.
But from his seat the Pylian prince arose,
With reasoning mild, their madness to compose:
Words, sweet as honey, from his mouth distill'd;
Two centuries already he fulfill'd,
And now began the third; unbroken yet:
Once fam'd for courage; still in council great.
What worse, he said, can Argos undergo,
What can more gratify the Phrygian foe,

Than these distemper'd heats, If both the lights
Of Greece their private interest disunites?
Believe a friend, with thrice your years increas'd,
And let these youthful passions be repress'd:
I flourish'd long before your birth; and then
Liv'd equal with a race of braver men,
Than these dim eyes shall e'er behold again.
Ceneus and Dryas, and, excelling them,
Great Theseus, and the force of greater Polypheme.
With these I went, a brother of the war,
Their dangers to divide; their fame to share.
Nor idle stood with unassisting hands,
When salvage beasts, and men's more salvage bands,
Their virtuous toil subdued: yet those I sway'd,
With powerful speech: I spoke, and they obey'd.
If such as those my counsels could reclaim,
Think not, young warriors, your diminish'd name
Shall lose of lustre, by subjecting rage
To the cool dictates of experienc'd age.
Thou, king of men, stretch not thy sovereign sway
Beyond the bounds free subjects can obey:
But let Pelides in his prize rejoice,
Achiev'd in arms, allow'd by public voice.
Nor thou, brave champion, with his power contend,
Before whose throne e'en kings their lower'd sceptres bend.
The head of action he, and thou the hand,
Matchless thy force; but mightier his command:
Thou first, O king, release the rights of sway;

Power, self-restrain'd, the people best obey.
Sanctions of law from thee derive their source;
Command thyself, whom no commands can force.
The son of Thetis, rampire of our host,
Is worth our care to keep; nor shall my prayers [be lost.
Thus Nestor said, and ceas'd: Atrides broke
His silence next; but ponder'd ere he spoke.
Wise are thy words, and glad I would obey,
But this proud man affects imperial sway.
Controling kings, and trampling on our state,
His will is law; and what he wills is fate.
The gods have given him strength: but whence the style
Of lawless power assum'd, or license to revile?
Achilles cut him short; and thus replied:
My worth allow'd in words, is in effect denied.
For who but a poltron, possess'd with fear,
Such haughty insolence can tamely bear?
Command thy slaves: my freeborn soul disdains
A tyrant's curb; and restiff breaks the reins.
Take this along; that no dispute shall rise
(Though mine the woman) for my ravish'd prize:
But, she excepted, as unworthy strife,
Dare not, I charge thee dare not, on thy life,
Touch ought of mine beside, by lot my due,
But stand aloof, and think profane to view:
This fauchion, else, not hitherto withstood,
These hostile fields shall fatten with thy blood.
He said; and rose the first: the council broke;
And all their grave consults dissolv'd in smoke.

The royal youth retir'd, on vengeance bent,
Patroclus follow'd silent to his tent.
Mean time, the king with gifts a vessel stores;
Supplies the banks with twenty chosen oars:
And next, to reconcile the shooter god,
Within her hollow sides the sacrifice he stow'd:
Chryseis last was set on board; whose hand
Ulysses took, intrusted with command:
They plough the liquid seas, and leave the lessening land.
Atrides then, his outward zeal to boast,
Bade purify the sin-polluted host.
With perfect hecatombs the god they grac'd;
Whose offer'd entrails in the main were cast.
Black bulls, and bearded goats on altars lie;
And clouds of savory stench involve the sky.
These pomps the royal hypocrite design'd
For show; but harbour'd vengeance in his mind:
Till holy malice, longing for a vent,
At length discover'd his conceal'd intent.
Talthybius, and Eurybates the just,
Heralds of arms, and ministers of trust,
He call'd, and thus bespoke: Haste hence your way;
And from the goddess-born demand his prey.
If yielded, bring the captive: if denied,
The king (so tell him) shall chastise his pride:
And with arm'd multitudes in person come
To vindicate his power, and justify his doom.
This hard command unwilling they obey,
And o'er the barren shore pursue their way,
Where quarter'd in their camp the fierce Thessalians lay.

Their sovereign seated on his chair they find;
His pensive cheek upon his hand reclin'd,
And anxious thoughts revolving in his mind.
With gloomy looks he saw them entering in
Without salute: nor durst they first begin,
Fearful of rash offence and death foreseen.
He soon, the cause divining, clear'd his brow;
And thus did liberty of speech allow.
Interpreters of gods and men, be bold:
Awful your character, and uncontroll'd:
Howe'er unpleasing be the news you bring,
I blame not you, but your imperious king.
You come, I know, my captive to demand;
Patroclus, give her to the herald's hand.
But you authentic witnesses I bring,
Before the gods, and your ungrateful king,
Of this my manifest: that never more
This hand shall combat on the crooked shore:
No, let the Grecian powers, oppress'd in fight,
Unpitied perish in their tyrant's sight.
Blind of the future, and by rage misled,
He pulls his crimes upon his people's head.
Forc'd from the field in trenches to contend,
And his insulted camp from foes defend.
He said, and soon, obeying his intent,
Patroclus brought Briseis from her tent;
Then to the intrusted messengers resign'd:
She wept, and often cast her eyes behind;
Forc'd from the man she lov'd; they led her thence,
Along the shore, a prisoner to their prince.

Sole on the barren sands the suffering chief
Roar'd out for anguish, and indulg'd his grief.
Cast on his kindred seas a stormy look,
And his upbraided mother thus bespoke.
Unhappy parent of a short-liv'd son,
Since Jove in pity by thy prayers was won
To grace my small remains of breath with fame,
Why loads he this imbitter'd life with shame?
Suffering his king of men to force my slave,
Whom, well deserv'd in war, the Grecians gave?
Set by old Ocean's side the goddess heard;
Then from the sacred deep her head she rear'd:
Rose like a morning-mist; and thus begun
To soothe the sorrows of her plaintive son.
Why cries my care, and why conceals his smart?
Let thy afflicted parent share her part.
Then sighing from the bottom of his breast,
To the sea goddess thus the goddess-born address'd.
Thou know'st my pain, which telling but recalls:
By force of arms we raz'd the Theban walls;
The ransack'd city, taken by our toils,
We left, and hither brought the golden spoils;
Equal we shar'd them; but before the rest,
The proud prerogative had seiz'd the best.
Chryseis was the greedy tyrant's prize,
Chryseis, rosy-cheek'd, with charming eyes.
Her sire, Apollo's priest, arriv'd to buy,
With proffer'd gifts of price, his daughter's liberty.
Suppliant before the Grecian chiefs he stood,
Awful, and arm'd with ensigns of his god:

Bare was his hoary head, one holy hand
Held forth his laurel-crown, and one, his sceptre
of command.
His suit was common, but above the rest
To both the brother-princes was address'd.
With shouts of loud acclaim the Greeks agree
To take the gifts, to set the prisoner free.
Not so the tyrant, who with scorn the priest
Receiv'd, and with opprobrious words dismiss'd.
The good old man, forlorn of human aid,
For vengeance to his heavenly patron pray'd:
The godhead gave a favourable ear,
And granted all to him he held so dear;
In an ill hour his piercing shafts he sped;
And heaps on heaps of slaughter'd Greeks lay dead,
While round the camp he rang'd: at length arose
A seer, who well divin'd; and durst disclose
The source of all our ills: I took the word;
And urg'd the sacred slave to be restor'd,
The god appeas'd: the swelling monarch storm'd:
And then the vengeance vow'd, he since perform'd:
The Greeks, 'tis true, their ruin to prevent,
Have to the royal priest his daughter sent;
But from their haughty king his heralds came,
And seiz'd, by his command, my captive dame,
By common suffrage given; but, thou, be won,
If in thy power, to avenge thy injur'd son:
Ascend the skies; and supplicating move
Thy just complaint to cloud-compelling Jove.
If thou by either word or deed hast wrought

A kind remembrance in his grateful thought,
Urge him by that: for often hast thou said
Thy power was once not useless in his aid,
When he, who high above the highest reigns,
Surpris'd by traitor gods, was bound in chains.
When Juno, Pallas, with ambition fir'd,
And his blue brother of the seas conspir'd,
Thou freed'st the sovereign from unworthy bands,
Thou brought'st Briareus with his hundred hands,
(So call'd in heaven, but mortal men below
By his terrestrial name Ægeon know:
Twice stronger than his sire, who sate above
Assessor to the throne of thundering Jove.)
The gods, dismay'd at his approach, withdrew,
Nor durst their unaccomplish'd crime pursue,
That action to his grateful mind recall:
Embrace his knees, and at his footstool fall:
That now, if ever, he will aid our foes;
Let Troy's triumphant troops the camp inclose
Ours, beaten to the shore, the siege forsake;
And what their king deserves, with him partake;
That the proud tyrant, at his proper cost,
May learn the value of the man he lost.

To whom the Mother-goddess thus replied,
Sigh'd ere she spoke, and while she spoke she cried,
Ah wretched me! by fates averse decreed
To bring thee forth with pain, with care to breed!
Did envious heaven not otherwise ordain,
Safe in thy hollow ships thou shouldst remain;
Nor ever tempt the fatal field again.

But now thy planet sheds his poisonous rays,
And short and full of sorrow are thy days.
For what remains, to heaven I will ascend,
And at the Thunderer's throne thy suit commend.
Till then, secure in ships, abstain from fight;
Indulge thy grief in tears, and vent thy spight.
For yesterday the court of heaven with Jove
Remov'd: 'tis dead vacation now above.
Twelve days the gods their solemn revels keep,
And quaff with blameless Ethiops in the deep.
Return'd from thence, to heaven my flight I take,
Knock at the brazen gates, and Providence awake.
Embrace his knees, and suppliant to the sire,
Doubt not I will obtain the grant of thy desire.
She said: and, parting, left him on the place,
Swoln with disdain, resenting his disgrace:
Revengeful thoughts revolving in his mind,
He wept for anger, and for love he pin'd.
Meantime with prosperous gales Ulysses brought
The slave, and ship with sacrifices fraught,
To Chrysa's port: where, entering with the tide,
He dropp'd his anchors, and his oars he plied.
Furl'd every sail, and, drawing down the mast,
His vessel moor'd; and made with haulsers fast.
Descending on the plain, ashore they bring
The hecatomb to please the shooter king.
The dame before an altar's holy fire
Ulysses led; and thus bespoke her sire.
Reverenc'd be thou, and be thy god ador'd:
The king of men thy daughter has restor'd;

And sent by me with presents and with prayer;
He recommends him to thy pious care;
That Phœbus at thy suit his wrath may cease,
And give the penitent offenders peace.
He said, and gave her to her father's hands,
Who glad receiv'd her, free from servile bands.
This done, in order they, with sober grace,
Their gifts around the well-built altar place.
Then wash'd, and took the cakes; while Chryses stood
With hands upheld, and thus invok'd his god.
God of the silver bow, whose eyes survey
The sacred Cilla, thou, whose awful sway,
Chrysa the bless'd, and Tenedos obey:
Now hear, as thou before my prayer hast heard,
Against the Grecians, and their prince, preferr'd:
Once thou hast honour'd, honour once again
Thy priest; nor let his second vows be vain.
But from the afflicted host and humbled prince
Avert thy wrath, and cease thy pestilence.
Apollo heard, and, conquering his disdain,
Unbent his bow, and Greece respir'd again.
Now when the solemn rites of prayer were past,
Their salted cakes on crackling flames they cast.
Then, turning back, the sacrifice they sped:
The fatted oxen slew, and flay'd the dead.
Chopp'd off their nervous thighs, and next prepar'd
To involve the lean in cauls, and mend with lard.
Sweet-breads and collops were with skewers prick'd
About the sides; imbibing what they deck'd.

The priest with holy hands was seen to tine
The cloven wood, and pour the ruddy wine.
The youth approach'd the fire, and, as it burn'd,
On five sharp broachers rank'd, the roast they turn'd;
These morsels stay'd their stomachs; then the rest
They cut in legs and fillets for the feast;
Which drawn and serv'd, their hunger they appease
With savoury meat, and set their minds at ease.
Now when the rage of eating was repell'd,
The boys with generous wine the goblets fill'd.
The first libations to the gods they pour:
And then with songs indulge the genial hour.
Holy debauch! Till day to night they bring,
With hymns and pæans to the bowyer king.
At sun-set to their ship they make return,
And snore secure on decks, till rosy morn.
The skies with dawning day were purpled o'er;
Awak'd, with labouring oars they leave the shore.
The Power appeas'd, with winds suffic'd the sail,
The bellying canvass strutted with the gale;
The waves indignant roar with surly pride,
And press against the sides, and beaten off divide.
They cut the foamy way, with force impell'd
Superior, till the Trojan port they held:
Then, hauling on the strand, their galley moor,
And pitch their tents along the crooked shore.
Meantime the goddess-born in secret pin'd;
Nor visited the camp, nor in the council join'd,
But, keeping close, his gnawing heart he fed

With hopes of vengeance on the tyrant's head:
And wish'd for bloody wars and mortal wounds,
And of the Greeks oppress'd in fight to hear the dying sounds.
Now, when twelve days complete had run their race,
The gods bethought them of the cares belonging to their place.
Jove at their head ascending from the sea,
A shoal of puny Powers attend his way.
Then Thetis, not unmindful of her son,
Emerging from the deep, to beg her boon,
Pursu'd their track; and waken'd from his rest,
Before the sovereign stood, a morning guest.
Him in the circle, but apart, she found:
The rest at awful distance stood around.
She bow'd, and ere she durst her suit begin,
One hand embrac'd his knees, one propp'd his chin.
Then thus. If I, celestial sire, in ought
Have serv'd thy will, or gratified thy thought,
One glimpse of glory to my issue give;
Grac'd for the little time he has to live.
Dishonour'd by the king of men he stands:
His rightful prize is ravish'd from his hands.
But thou, O father, in my son's defence,
Assume thy power, assert thy providence.
Let Troy prevail, till Greece the affront has paid
With doubled honours; and redeem'd his aid.
She ceas'd, but the considering god was mute:
Till she, resolv'd to win, renew'd her suit:

Nor loos'd her hold, but forc'd him to reply,
Or grant me my petition, or deny:
Jove cannot fear: then tell me to my face
That I, of all the gods, am least in grace.
This I can bear. The Cloud-compeller mourn'd,
And sighing first, this answer he return'd.
Know'st thou what clamours will disturb my reign,
What my stunn'd ears from Juno must sustain?
In council she gives license to her tongue,
Loquacious, brawling, ever in the wrong.
And now she will my partial power upbraid,
If, alienate from Greece, I give the Trojans aid.
But thou depart, and shun her jealous sight,
The care be mine, to do Pelides right.
Go then, and on the faith of Jove rely:
When nodding to thy suit, he bows the sky.
This ratifies the irrevocable doom:
The sign ordain'd, that what I will shall come:
The stamp of heaven, and seal of fate. He said,
And shook the sacred honours of his head.
With terror trembled heaven's subsiding hill:
And from his shaken curls ambrosial dews distil.
The goddess goes exulting from his sight,
And seeks the seas profound; and leaves the realms of light.
He moves into his hall: the Powers resort,
Each from his house, to fill the sovereign's court.
Nor waiting summons, nor expecting stood;
But met with reverence, and receiv'd the god.

He mounts the throne; and Juno took her place:
But sullen discontent sate lowering on her face.
With jealous eyes, at distance she had seen,
Whispering with Jove, the silver-footed Queen;
Then, impotent of tongue, (her silence broke)
Thus turbulent in rattling tone she spoke.
Author of ills, and close contriver Jove,
Which of thy dames, what prostitute of love,
Has held thy ear so long, and begg'd so hard,
For some old service done, some new reward?
Apart you talk'd, for that's your special care,
The consort never must the council share.
One gracious word is for a wife too much:
Such is a marriage vow, and Jove's own faith is such.
Then thus the Sire of gods, and men below:
What I have hidden, hope not thou to know.
E'en goddesses are women: and no wife
Has power to regulate her husband's life:
Counsel she may; and I will give thy ear
The knowledge first, of what is fit to hear.
What I transact with others, or alone,
Beware to learn; nor press too near the throne.
To whom the goddess with the charming eyes,
What hast thou said, O tyrant of the skies!
When did I search the secrets of thy reign,
Though privileg'd to know, but privileg'd in vain?
But well thou dost, to hide from common sight
Thy close intrigues, too bad to bear the light.
Nor doubt I, but the silver-footed dame,

Tripping from sea, on such an errand came,
To grace her issue, at the Grecians' cost,
And for one peevish man destroy an host.
To whom the Thunderer made this stern reply;
My household curse, my lawful plague, the spy
Of Jove's designs, his other squinting eye;
Why this vain prying, and for what avail?
Jove will be master still, and Juno fail.
Should thy suspicious thoughts divine aright,
Thou but becom'st more odious to my sight
For this attempt: uneasy life to me,
Still watch'd, and importun'd, but worse for thee.
Curb that impetuous tongue, before too late
The gods behold, and tremble at thy fate:
Pitying, but daring not, in thy defence,
To lift a hand against Omnipotence.
This heard, the imperious Queen sate mute with fear:
Nor further durst incense the gloomy Thunderer.
Silence was in the court at this rebuke: [look.
Nor could the gods abash'd sustain their sovereign's
The limping smith observ'd the sadden'd feast,
And hopping here and there (himself a jest)
Put in his word, that neither might offend;
To Jove obsequious, yet his mother's friend.
What end in heaven will be of civil war,
If gods of pleasure will for mortals jar?
Such discord but disturbs our jovial feast;
One grain of bad embitters all the best.
Mother, though wise yourself, my counsel weigh;

'Tis much unsafe my sire to disobey.
Not only you provoke him to your cost,
But mirth is marr'd, and the good cheer is lost.
Tempt not his heavy hand; for he has power
To throw you headlong from his heavenly tower.
But one submissive word, which you let fall,
Will make him in good humour with us all.
He said no more; but crown'd a bowl unbid:
The laughing nectar overlook'd the lid:
Then put it to her hand; and thus pursued:
This cursed quarrel be no more renew'd.
Be, as becomes a wife, obedient still;
Though griev'd, yet subject to her husband's will.
I would not see you beaten; yet afraid
Of Jove's superior force, I dare not aid.
Too well I know him, since that hapless hour
When I and all the gods employ'd our power
To break your bonds: me by the heel he drew,
And o'er heaven's battlements with fury threw:
All day I fell; my flight at morn begun,
And ended not but with the setting sun.
Pitch'd on my head, at length the Lemnian ground
Receiv'd my batter'd skull, the Sinthians heal'd my wound.
At Vulcan's homely mirth his mother smil'd,
And smiling took the cup the clown had fill'd.
The reconciler-bowl went round the board,
Which, emptied, the rude skinker still restor'd.
Loud fits of laughter seiz'd the guests to see
The limping god so deft at his new ministry.

The feast continued till declining light:
They drank, they laugh'd, they lov'd, and then
'twas night.
Nor wanted tuneful harp, nor vocal quire;
The Muses sung; Apollo touch'd the lyre.
Drunken at last, and drowsy they depart,
Each to his house; adorn'd with labour'd art
Of the lame architect: the thundering god
E'en he withdrew to rest, and had his load.
His swimming head to needful sleep applied;
And Juno lay unheeded by his side.

THE LAST PARTING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

FROM THE SIXTH BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

Hector returning from the field of battle, to visit Helen his sister-in-law, and his brother Paris, who had fought unsuccessfully hand to hand with Menelaus, from thence goes to his own palace to see his wife Andromache, and his infant son Astyanax. The description of that interview is the subject of this translation.

Thus having said, brave Hector went to see
His virtuous wife, the fair Andromache.
He found her not at home; for she was gone,
Attended by her maid and infant son,

To climb the steepy tower of Ilion:
From whence, with heavy heart, she might survey
The bloody business of the dreadful day.
Her mournful eyes she cast around the plain,
And sought the lord of her desires in vain.

But he, who thought his peopled palace bare,
When she, his only comfort, was not there,
Stood in the gate, and ask'd of every one,
Which way she took, and whither she was gone:
If to the court, or, with his mother's train,
In long procession to Minerva's fane?
The servants answer'd, Neither to the court,
Where Priam's sons and daughters did resort,
Nor to the temple was she gone, to move
With prayers the blue eyed progeny of Jove;
But more solicitous for him alone,
Than all their safety, to the tower was gone,
There to survey the labours of the field,
Where the Greeks conquer, and the Trojans yield;
Swiftly she pass'd, with fear and fury wild;
The nurse went lagging after with the child.

This heard, the noble Hector made no stay,
The admiring throng divide to give him way;
He pass'd through every street, by which he came,
And at the gate he met the mournful dame.

His wife beheld him, and with eager pace
Flew to his arms, to meet a dear embrace:
His wife, who brought in dower Cilicia's crown,
And in herself a greater dower alone:
Action's heir, who on the woody plain

Of Hippoplacus did in Thebe reign.
Breathless she flew, with joy and passion wild;
The nurse came lagging after with the child.
The royal babe upon her breast was laid;
Who, like the morning star, his beams display'd.
Scamandrius was his name, which Hector gave,
From that fair flood which Ilion's wall did lave:
But him Astyanax the Trojans call,
From his great father, who defends the wall.
Hector beheld him with a silent smile:
His tender wife stood weeping by the while:
Press'd in her own, his warlike hand she took,
Then sigh'd, and thus prophetically spoke.
Thy dauntless heart (which I foresee too late)
Too daring man, will urge thee to thy fate:
Nor dost thou pity, with a parent's mind,
This helpless orphan, whom thou leav'st behind;
Nor me, the unhappy partner of thy bed;
Who must in triumph by the Greeks be led:
They seek thy life, and, in unequal fight
With many, will oppress thy single might:
Better it were for miserable me
To die, before the fate which I foresee.
For ah! what comfort can the world bequeath
To Hector's widow, after Hector's death?
Eternal sorrow and perpetual tears
Began my youth, and will conclude my years:
I have no parents, friends, nor brothers left;
By stern Achilles all of life bereft.
Then when the walls of Thebes he overthrew,

His fatal hand my royal father slew;
He slew Aetion, but despoil'd him not;
Nor in his hate the funeral rites forgot;
Arm'd as he was he sent him whole below,
And reverenc'd thus the manes of his foe:
A tomb he rais'd; the mountain nymphs around
Inclos'd with planted elms the holy ground.
My seven brave brothers in one fatal day
To death's dark mansions took the mournful way;
Slain by the same Achilles, while they keep
The bellowing oxen and the bleating sheep.
My mother, who the royal sceptre sway'd,
Was captive to the cruel victor made,
And hither led; but, hence redeem'd with gold,
Her native country did again behold,
And but beheld: for soon Diana's dart,
In an unhappy chase, transfix'd her heart.
But thou, my Hector, art thyself alone
My parents, brothers, and my lord in one.
O kill not all my kindred o'er again,
Nor tempt the dangers of the dusty plain;
But in this tower, for our defence, remain.
Thy wife and son are in thy ruin lost:
This is a husband's and a father's post.
The Scæan gate commands the plains below;
Here marshal all thy soldiers as they go;
And hence with other hands repel the foe.
By yon wild fig-tree lies their chief ascent,
And thither all their powers are daily bent;
The two Ajaces have I often seen,

And the wrong'd husband of the Spartan queen:
With him his greater brother; and with these
Fierce Diomede and bold Meriones:
Uncertain if by augury, or chance,
But by this easy rise they all advance;
Guard well that pass, secure of all beside.
To whom the noble Hector thus replied:
That and the rest are in my daily care;
But, should I shun the dangers of the war,
With scorn the Trojans would reward my pains,
And their proud ladies with their sweeping trains.
The Grecian swords and lances I can bear:
But loss of honour is my only fear.
Shall Hector, born to war, his birthright yield,
Belie his courage, and forsake the field?
Early in rugged arms I took delight,
And still have been the foremost in the fight:
With dangers dearly have I bought renown,
And am the champion of my father's crown,
And yet my mind forebodes, with sure presage,
That Troy shall perish by the Grecian rage.
The fatal day draws on, when I must fall,
And universal ruin cover all.
Not Troy itself, though built by hands divine,
Nor Priam, nor his people, nor his line,
My mother, nor my brothers of renown,
Whose valour yet defends the unhappy town;
Not these, nor all their fates which I foresee,
Are half of that concern I have for thee.
I see, I see thee, in that fatal hour,

Subjected to the victor's cruel power;
Led hence a slave to some insulting sword,
Forlorn, and trembling at a foreign lord;
A spectacle in Argos, at the loom,
Gracing with Trojan fights a Grecian room;
Or from deep wells the living stream to take,
And on thy weary shoulders bring it back.
While, groaning under this laborious life,
They insolently call thee Hector's wife;
Upbraid thy bondage with thy husband's name;
And from my glory propagate thy shame.
This when they say, thy sorrows will increase
With anxious thoughts of former happiness;
That he is dead who could thy wrongs redress.
But I, oppress'd with iron sleep before,
Shall hear thy unavailing cries no more.
He said—
Then, holding forth his arms, he took his boy,
The pledge of love and other hope of Troy.
The fearful infant turn'd his head away,
And on his nurse's neck reclining lay,
His unknown father shunning with affright,
And looking back on so uncouth a sight;
Daunted to see a face with steel o'er-spread,
And his high plume that nodded o'er his head.
His sire and mother smil'd with silent joy;
And Hector hasten'd to relieve his boy;
Dismiss'd his burnish'd helm, that shone afar,
The pride of warriors, and the pomp of war:
The illustrious babe, thus reconcil'd, he took:

Hugg'd in his arms, and kiss'd, and thus he spoke.
Parent of gods and men, propitious Jove,
And you bright synod of the Powers above;
On this my son your gracious gifts bestow;
Grant him to live, and great in arms to grow,
To reign in Troy, to govern with renown,
To shield the people, and assert the crown:
That when hereafter he from wars shall come,
And bring his Trojans peace and triumph home,
Some aged man, who lives this act to see,
And who in former times remember'd me,
May say, The son in fortitude and fame
Outgoes the mark, and drowns his father's name:
That at these words his mother may rejoice,
And add her suffrage to the public voice.
Thus having said,
He first with suppliant hands the gods ador'd:
Then to the mother's arms the child restor'd:
With tears and smiles she took her son, and press'd
The illustrious infant to her fragrant breast.
He, wiping her fair eyes, indulg'd her grief,
And eas'd her sorrows with this last relief.
My wife and mistress, drive thy fears away,
Nor give so bad an omen to the day;
Think not it lies in any Grecian's power,
To take my life before the fatal hour.
When that arrives, nor good nor bad can fly
The irrevocable doom of destiny.
Return, and, to divert thy thoughts at home,
There task thy maids, and exercise the loom,

Employ'd in works that womankind become.
The toils of war, and feats of chivalry
Belong to men, and most of all to me.
At this, for new replies he did not stay,
But lac'd his crested helm, and strode away.
His lovely consort to her house return'd,
And looking often back in silence mourn'd:
Home when she came, her secret woe she vents,
And fills the palace with her loud laments;
These loud laments her echoing maids restore,
And Hector, yet alive, as dead deplore.

THE ART OF POETRY.

CANTO I.

ADVERTISEMENT.

This translation of Monsieur Boileau's Art of Poetry was made in the year 1680, by Sir William Soame of Suffolk, Baronet; who being very intimately acquainted with Mr. Dryden, desired his revisal of it. I saw the manuscript lie in Mr. Dryden's hands for above six months, who made very considerable alterations in it, particularly the beginning of the fourth Canto: and it being his opinion that it would be better to apply the poem to English writers, than keep to the French names, as it was first translated, Sir William desired he would take the pains to make that alteration; and accordingly that was entirely done by Mr. Dryden.

The poem was first published in the year 1683; Sir William was after sent ambassador to Constantinople, in the reign of king James, but died in the voyage. J. T.

Rash author, 'tis a vain presumptuous crime,
To undertake the sacred art of rhyme;
If at thy birth the stars that rul'd thy sense
Shone not with a poetic influence;
In thy strait genius thou wilt still be bound,
Find Phœbus deaf, and Pegasus unsound.

You then that burn with the desire to try
The dangerous course of charming poetry;
Forbear in fruitless verse to lose your time,
Or take for genius the desire of rhyme;

Fear the allurements of a specious bait,
And well consider your own force and weight
Nature abounds in wits of every kind,
And for each author can a talent find:
One may in verse describe an amorous flame,
Another sharpen a short epigram:
Waller a hero's mighty acts extol,
Spenser sing Rosalind in pastoral:
But authors that themselves too much esteem,
Lose their own genius, and mistake their theme;
Thus in times past Dubartas vainly writ,
Allaying sacred truth with trifling wit,
Impertinently, and without delight,
Describ'd the Israelites' triumphant flight,
And following Moses o'er the sandy plain,
Perish'd with Pharaoh in the Arabian main.
Whate'er you write of pleasant or sublime,
Always let sense accompany your rhyme:
Falsely they seem each other to oppose;
Rhyme must be made with reason's laws to close:
And when to conquer her you bend your force,
The mind will triumph in the noble course;
To reason's yoke she quickly will incline,
Which, far from hurting, renders her divine:
But if neglected will as easily stray,
And master reason which she should obey.
Love reason then; and let whate'er you write
Borrow from her its beauty, force, and light.
Most writers mounted on a resty muse,
Extravagant and senseless objects choose;

They think they err, if in their verse they fall
On any thought that's plain or natural:
Fly this excess; and let Italians be
Vain authors of false glittering poetry.
All ought to aim at sense; but most in vain
Strive the hard pass and slippery path to gain:
You drown, if to the right or left you stray;
Reason to go as often but one way.
Sometimes an author, fond of his own thought,
Pursues its object till it's over-wrought:
If he describes a house, he shows the face,
And after walks you round from place to place;
Here is a vista, there the doors unfold,
Balconies here are ballustred with gold;
Then counts the rounds and ovals in the halls,
"The festoons, friezes, and the astragals:"
Tir'd with his tedious pomp away I run,
And skip o'er twenty pages to be gone.
Of such descriptions the vain folly see,
And shun their barren superfluity.
All that is needless carefully avoid;
The mind once satisfied is quickly cloy'd:
He cannot write who knows not to give o'er;
To mend one fault he makes a hundred more:
A verse was weak, you turn it, much too strong,
And grow obscure, for fear you should be long.
Some are not gaudy, but are flat and dry;
Not to be low, another soars too high.
Would you of every one deserve the praise,
In writing vary your discourse and phrase;

A frozen style that neither ebbs nor flows,
Instead of pleasing makes us gape and doze.
Those tedious authors are esteem'd by none,
Who tire us, humming the same heavy tone.
Happy who in his verse can gently steer,
From grave to light; from pleasant to severe:
His works will be admir'd wherever found,
And oft with buyers will be compass'd round.
In all you write be neither low nor vile:
The meanest theme may have a proper style.

The dull burlesque appear'd with impudence,
And pleas'd by novelty in spite of sense.
All, except trivial points, grew out of date;
Parnassus spoke the cant of Billingsgate:
Boundless and mad, disorder'd rhyme was seen:
Disguis'd Apollo chang'd to Harlequin.
This plague which first in country towns began,
Cities and kingdoms quickly over-ran;
The dullest scribblers some admirers found,
And the Mock Tempest was a while renown'd:
But this low stuff the town at last despis'd,
And scorn'd the folly that they once had priz'd;
Distinguish'd dull from natural and plain,
And left the villages to Fleckno's reign.
Let not so mean a style your muse debase;
But learn from Butler the buffooning grace:
And let burlesque in ballads be employ'd;
Yet noisy bombast carefully avoid,
Nor think to raise, though on Pharsalia's plain,
"Millions of mourning mountains of the slain:"

Nor with Dubartas bridle up the floods,
And perriwig with wool the baldpate woods.
Choose a just style; be grave without constraint,
Great without pride, and lovely without paint:
Write what your reader may be pleas'd to hear:
And for the measure have a careful ear.
On easy numbers fix your happy choice;
Of jarring sounds avoid the odious noise:
The fullest verse and the most labour'd sense
Displease us, if the ear once take offence.
Our ancient verse, as homely as the times,
Was rude, unmeasur'd, overclogg'd with rhymes;
Number and cadence, that have since been shown,
To those unpolish'd writers were unknown.
Fairfax was he, who, in that darker age,
By his just rules restrain'd poetic rage;
Spenser did next in Pastorals excel,
And taught the noble art of writing well:
To stricter rules the stanza did restrain,
And found for poetry a richer vein.
Then D'Avenant came; who, with a new-found art,
Chang'd all, spoil'd all, and had his way apart:
His haughty muse all others did despise,
And thought in triumph to bear off the prize,
Till the sharp-sighted critics of the times,
In their Mock-Gondibert, expos'd his rhymes;
The laurels he pretended did refuse,
And dash'd the hopes of his aspiring muse.
This headstrong writer falling from on high,
Made following authors take less liberty.

Waller came last, but was the first whose art
Just weight and measure did to verse impart;
That of a well-plac'd word could teach the force,
And show'd for poetry a nobler course:
His happy genius did our tongue refine,
And easy words with pleasing numbers join:
His verses to good method did apply,
And chang'd hard discord to soft harmony.
All own'd his laws; which long approv'd and tried,
To present authors now may be a guide.
Tread boldly in his steps, secure from fear,
And be, like him, in your expressions clear.
If in your verse you drag, and sense delay,
My patience tires, my fancy goes astray;
And from your vain discourse I turn my mind,
Nor search an author troublesome to find.
There is a kind of writer pleas'd with sound,
Whose fustian head with clouds is compass'd round,
No reason can disperse them with its light:
Learn then to think ere you pretend to write.
As your idea's clear, or else obscure,
The expression follows perfect or impure:
What we conceive with ease we can express:
Words to the notions flow with readiness.
Observe the language well in all you write,
And swerve not from it in your loftiest flight.
The smoothest verse and the exactest sense
Displease us, if ill English give offence:
A barbarous phrase no reader can approve;

Nor bombast, noise, or affectation love.
In short, without pure language, what you write
Can never yield us profit or delight.
Take time for thinking; never work in haste;
And value not yourself for writing fast.
A rapid poem with such fury writ,
Shows want of judgment, not abounding wit.
More pleas'd we are to see a river lead
His gentle streams along a flowery mead,
Than from high banks to hear loud torrents roar,
With foamy waters on a muddy shore.
Gently make haste, of labour not afraid;
A hundred times consider what you've said:
Polish, repolish, every colour lay,
And sometimes add, but oftener take away.
'Tis not enough when swarming faults are writ,
That here and there are scatter'd sparks of wit:
Each object must be fix'd in the due place,
And differing parts have corresponding grace:
Till by a curious art dispos'd, we find
One perfect whole, of all the pieces join'd.
Keep to your subject close in all you say;
Nor for a sounding sentence ever stray.
The public censure for your writings fear,
And to yourself be critic most severe.
Fantastic wits their darling follies love:
But find you faithful friends that will reprove,
That on your works may look with careful eyes,
And of your faults be zealous enemies:
Lay by an author's pride and vanity,

And from a friend a flatterer descry,
Who seems to like, but means not what he says:
Embrace true counsel, but suspect false praise.
A sycophant will every thing admire:
Each verse, each sentence sets his soul on fire:
All is divine! there's not a word amiss!
He shakes with joy, and weeps with tenderness,
He overpowers you with his mighty praise.
Truth never moves in those impetuous ways:
A faithful friend is careful of your fame,
And freely will your heedless errors blame;
He cannot pardon a neglected line,
But verse to rule and order will confine.
Reprove of words the too affected sound;
Here the sense flags, and your expression's round,
Your fancy tires, and your discourse grows vain,
Your terms improper, make them just and plain.
Thus 'tis a faithful friend will freedom use;
But authors, partial to their darling muse,
Think to protect it they have just pretence,
And at your friendly counsel take offence.
Said you of this, that the expression's flat?
Your servant, Sir, you must excuse me that,
He answers you. This word has here no grace,
Pray leave it out: That, Sir,'s the properest place.
This turn I like not: 'Tis approv'd by all.
Thus, resolute not from one fault to fall,
If there's a syllable of which you doubt,
'Tis a sure reason not to blot it out.
Yet still he says you may his faults confute,

And over him your power is absolute:
But of his feign'd humility take heed;
'Tis a bait laid to make you hear him read.
And when he leaves you happy in his muse,
Restless he runs some other to abuse,
And often finds; for in our scribbling times
No fool can want a sot to praise his rhymes;
The flattest work has ever in the court
Met with some zealous ass for its support:
And in all times a forward scribbling fop
Has found some greater fool to cry him up.

CANTO II.

PASTORAL.

As a fair nymph, when rising from her bed,
With sparkling diamonds dresses not her head,
But without gold, or pearl, or costly scents,
Gathers from neighb'ring fields her ornaments;
Such, lovely in its dress, but plain withal,
Ought to appear a perfect Pastoral:
Its humble method nothing has of fierce,
But hates the rattling of a lofty verse:
There native beauty pleases, and excites,
And never with harsh sounds the ear affrights.
But in this style a poet often spent,
In rage throws by his rural instrument,
And vainly, when disorder'd thoughts abound,

Amidst the Eclogue makes the trumpet sound:
Pan flies alarm'd into the neighbouring woods,
And frighted nymphs dive down into the floods.
Oppos'd to this another, low in style,
Makes shepherds speak a language base and vile:
His writings, flat and heavy, without sound,
Kissing the earth, and creeping on the ground;
You'd swear that Randal in his rustic strains,
Again was quavering to the country swains,
And changing without care of sound or dress,
Strephon and Phyllis, into Tom and Bess.
'Twixt these extremes 'tis hard to keep the right;
For guides take Virgil, and read Theocrite:
Be their just writings, by the gods inspir'd,
Your constant pattern practis'd and admir'd.
By them alone you'll easily comprehend
How poets, without shame, may condescend
To sing of gardens, fields, of flowers, and fruit,
To stir up shepherds, and to tune the flute;
Of love's rewards to tell the happy hour,
Daphne a tree, Narcissus made a flower,
And by what means the Eclogue yet has power
To make the woods worthy a conqueror:
This of their writings is the grace and flight;
Their risings lofty, yet not out of sight.

ELEGY.

The Elegy that loves a mournful style,
With unbound hair weeps at a funeral pile,
It paints the lovers' torments and delights,

A mistress flatters, threatens, and invites:
But well these raptures if you'll make us see,
You must know love as well as poetry.
I hate those lukewarm authors, whose forc'd fire
In a cold style describe a hot desire,
That sigh by rule, and raging in cold blood
Their sluggish muse whip to an amorous mood:
Their feign'd transports appear but flat and vain;
They always sigh, and always hug their chain,
Adore their prison, and their sufferings bless,
Make sense and reason quarrel as they please.
'Twas not of old in this affected tone,
That smooth Tibullus made his amorous moan;
Nor Ovid, when instructed from above,
By nature's rules he taught the art of love.
The heart in Elegies forms the discourse.

ODE.

The Ode is bolder, and has greater force.
Mounting to heaven in her ambitious flight,
Amongst the gods and heroes takes delight;
Of Pisa's wrestlers tells the sinewy force,
And sings the dusty conqueror's glorious course:
To Simois' streams does fierce Achilles bring,
And makes the Ganges bow to Britain's king.
Sometimes she flies like an industrious bee,
And robs the flowers by nature's chemistry,
Describes the shepherd's dances, feasts, and bliss,
And boasts from Phyllis to surprise a kiss,
When gently she resists with feign'd remorse,

That what she grants may seem to be by force:
Her generous style at random oft will part,
And by a brave disorder shows her art.
Unlike those fearful poets, whose cold rhyme
In all their raptures keep exactest time,
That sing the illustrious hero's mighty praise
(Lean writers!) by the terms of weeks and days;
And dare not from least circumstances part,
But take all towns by strictest rules of art:
Apollo drives those fops from his abode;
And some have said that, once the humorous god
Resolving all such scribblers to confound,
For the short Sonnet order'd this strict bound:
Set rules for the just measure, and the time,
The easy running and alternate rhyme;
But above all, those licenses denied
Which in these writings the lame sense supplied;
Forbad a useless line should find a place,
Or a repeated word appear with grace.
A faultless Sonnet, finish'd thus, would be
Worth tedious volumes of loose poetry.
A hundred scribbling authors, without ground,
Believe they have this only phœnix found:
When yet the exactest scarce have two or three,
Among whole tomes, from faults and censure free.
The rest but little read, regarded less,
Are shovell'd to the pastry from the press.
Closing the sense within the measur'd time,
'Tis hard to fit the reason to the rhyme.

EPIGRAM.

The Epigram, with little art compos'd,
Is one good sentence in a distich clos'd.
These points that by Italians first were priz'd,
Our ancient authors knew not, or despis'd:
The vulgar dazzled with their glaring light,
To their false pleasures quickly they invite;
But public favour so increas'd their pride,
They overwhelm'd Parnassus with their tide.
The Madrigal at first was overcome,
And the proud Sonnet fell by the same doom;
With these grave Tragedy adorn'd her flights,
And mournful Elegy her funeral rites:
A hero never fail'd them on the stage,
Without his point a lover durst not rage;
The amorous shepherds took more care to prove
True to his point, than faithful to their love.
Each word like Janus had a double face:
And prose, as well as verse, allow'd it place:
The lawyer with conceits adorn'd his speech,
The parson without quibbling could not preach.
At last affronted reason look'd about,
And from all serious matters shut them out:
Declar'd that none should use them without shame,
Except a scattering in the Epigram;
Provided that by art, and in due time
They turn'd upon the thought, and not the rhyme.
Thus in all parts disorders did abate:
Yet quibblers in the court had leave to prate:

Insipid jestures, and unpleasant fools,
A corporation of dull punning drolls.
'Tis not, but that sometimes a dexterous muse
May with advantage a turn'd sense abuse,
And on a word may trifle with address;
But above all avoid the fond excess;
And think not, when your verse and sense are lame,
With a dull point to tag your Epigram.
Each poem his perfection has apart;
The British round in plainness shows his art.
The Ballad, though the pride of ancient time,
Has often nothing but his humorous rhyme;
The Madrigal may softer passions move,
And breathe the tender ecstasies of love.
Desire to show itself, and not to wrong,
Arm'd Virtue first with Satire in its tongue.

SATIRE.

Lucilius was the man who, bravely bold,
To Roman vices did this mirror hold,
Protected humble goodness from reproach,
Show'd worth on foot, and rascals in the coach,
Horace his pleasing wit to this did add,
And none uncensur'd could be fool or mad:
Unhappy was that wretch, whose name might be
Squar'd to the rules of their sharp poetry.
Persius obscure, but full of sense and wit,
Affected brevity in all he writ:
And Juvenal, learned as those times could be,
Too far did stretch his sharp hyperbole;

Though horrid truths through all his labours shine,
In what he writes there's something of divine,
Whether he blames the Caprean debauch,
Or of Sejanus' fall tells the approach,
Or that he makes the trembling senate come
To the stern tyrant to receive their doom;
Or Roman vice in coarsest habits shows,
And paints an empress reeking from the stews:
In all he writes appears a noble fire;
To follow such a master then desire.
Chaucer alone, fix'd on this solid base,
In his old style conserves a modern grace:
Too happy, if the freedom of his rhymes
Offended not the method of our times.
The Latin writers decency neglect;
But modern authors challenge our respect,
And at immodest writings take offence,
If clean expression cover not the sense.
I love sharp Satire, from obsceneness free;
Not impudence that preaches modesty:
Our English, who in malice never fail,
Hence in lampoons and libels learn to rail;
Pleasant detraction, that by singing goes
From mouth to mouth, and as it marches grows:
Our freedom in our poetry we see,
That child of joy begot by liberty.
But, vain blasphemer, tremble when you choose
God for the subject of your impious muse:
At last, those jests which libertines invent,
Bring the lewd author to just punishment.

Even in a song there must be art and sense:
Yet sometimes we have seen that wine, or chance,
Have warm'd cold brains, and given dull writers mettle,
And furnish'd out a scene for Mr. Settle.
But for one lucky hit that made thee please,
Let not thy folly grow to a disease,
Nor think thyself a wit: for in our age
If a warm fancy does some fop engage,
He neither eats nor sleeps till he has writ,
But plagues the world with his adulterate wit.
Nay 'tis a wonder, if in his dire rage,
He prints not his dull follies for the stage;
And in the front of all his senseless plays,
Makes David Logan crown his head with bays.

CANTO III.

TRAGEDY.

There's not a monster bred beneath the sky,
But, well-dispos'd by art, may please the eye:
A curious workman by his skill divine,
From an ill object makes a good design.
Thus to delight us, Tragedy, in tears
For Œdipus, provokes our hopes and fears:
For parricide Orestes asks relief;
And to increase our pleasure causes grief.

You then that in this noble art would rise,
Come; and in lofty verse dispute the prize.
Would you upon the stage acquire renown,
And for your judges summon all the town?
Would you your works for ever should remain,
And after ages past be sought again?
In all you write, observe with care and art
To move the passions and incline the heart.
If in a labour'd act, the pleasing rage
Cannot our hopes and fears by turns engage,
Nor in our mind a feeling pity raise;
In vain with learned scenes you fill your plays:
Your cold discourse can never move the mind
Of a stern critic, naturally unkind;
Who justly tir'd with your pedantic flight,
Or falls asleep, or censures all you write.
The secret is, attention first to gain;
To move our minds, and then to entertain:
That from the very opening of the scenes,
The first may show us what the author means.
I'm tir'd to see an actor on the stage,
That knows not whether he's to laugh or rage;
Who, an intrigue unravelling in vain,
Instead of pleasing keeps my mind in pain.
I'd rather much the nauseous dunce should say
Downright, My name is Hector in the play;
Than with a mass of miracles, ill-join'd,
Confound my ears, and not instruct my mind.
The subject's never soon enough exprest;
Your place of action must be fix'd, and rest.

A Spanish poet may with good event,
In one day's space whole ages represent;
There oft the hero of a wandering stage
Begins a child, and ends the play of age:
But we that are by reason's rules confin'd,
Will, that with art the poem be design'd,
That unity of action, time, and place,
Keep the stage full, and all our labours grace.
Write not what cannot be with ease conceiv'd;
Some truths may be too strong to be believ'd.
A foolish wonder cannot entertain:
My mind's not mov'd if your discourse be vain.
You may relate what would offend the eye:
Seeing, indeed, would better satisfy;
But there are objects that a curious art
Hides from the eyes, yet offers to the heart.
The mind is most agreeably surpris'd,
When a well woven subject long disguis'd,
You on a sudden artfully unfold,
And give the whole another face and mould.
At first the Tragedy was void of art;
A song; where each man danc'd and sung his part;
And of god Bacchus roaring out the praise,
Sought a good vintage for their jolly days:
Then wine and joy were seen in each man's eyes,
And a fat goat was the best singer's prize.
Thespis was first, who, all besmear'd with lee,
Began this pleasure for posterity:
And with his carted actors, and a song,
Amus'd the people as he pass'd along.

Next Æschylus the different persons plac'd,
And with a better mask his players grac'd:
Upon a theatre his verse express'd,
And show'd his hero with a buskin dress'd.
Then Sophocles, the genius of his age,
Increas'd the pomp and beauty of the stage,
Engag'd the chorus song in every part,
And polish'd rugged verse by rules of art:
He in the Greek did those perfections gain,
Which the weak Latin never could attain.
Our pious fathers, in their priest-rid age,
As impious and profane, abhorr'd the stage;
A troop of silly pilgrims, as 'tis said,
Foolishly zealous, scandalously play'd,
Instead of heroes, and of love's complaints,
The angels, God, the virgin, and the saints.
At last, right reason did his laws reveal,
And show'd the folly of their ill-plac'd zeal,
Silenc'd those nonconformists of the age,
And rais'd the lawful heroes of the stage:
Only the Athenian mask was laid aside,
And chorus by the music was supplied.
Ingenious love, inventive in new arts,
Mingled in plays, and quickly touch'd our hearts:
This passion never could resistance find,
But knows the shortest passage to the mind.
Paint then, I'm pleas'd my hero be in love;
But let him not like a tame shepherd move;
Let not Achilles be like Thyrsis seen,
Or for a Cyrus show an Artamen;

That struggling oft his passions we may find,
The frailty, not the virtue of his mind.
Of romance heroes shun the low design;
Yet to great hearts some human frailties join:
Achilles must with Homer's heat engage;
For an affront I'm pleas'd to see him rage.
Those little failings in your hero's heart
Show that of man and nature he has part:
To leave known rules you cannot be allow'd;
Make Agamemnon covetous and proud,
Æneas in religious rites austere,
Keep to each man his proper character.
Of countries and of times the humours know;
From different climates different customs grow:
And strive to shun their fault who vainly dress
An antique hero like some modern ass;
Who make old Romans like our English move,
Show Cato sparkish, or make Brutus love.
In a romance those errors are excus'd:
There 'tis enough that, reading, we're amus'd:
Rules too severe would there be useless found;
But the strict scene must have a juster bound:
Exact decorum we must always find.
If then you form some hero in your mind,
Be sure your image with itself agree;
For what he first appears, he still must be.
Affected wits will naturally incline
To paint their figures by their own design:
Your bully poets, bully heroes write:
Chapman in Bussy D'Ambois took delight,

And thought perfection was to huff and fight.
Wise nature by variety does please;
Clothe differing passions in a differing dress:
Bold anger, in rough haughty words appears;
Sorrow is humble, and dissolves in tears.
Make not your Hecuba with fury rage,
And show a ranting grief upon the stage;
Or tell in vain how the rough Tanais bore
His sevenfold waters to the Euxine shore:
These swoln expressions, this affected noise,
Shows like some pedant that declaims to boys.
In sorrow you must softer methods keep;
And to excite our tears yourself must weep.
Those noisy words with which ill plays abound,
Come not from arts that are in sadness drown'd.
The theatre for a young poet's rhymes
Is a bold venture in our knowing times:
An author cannot easily purchase fame;
Critics are always apt to hiss, and blame:
You may be judg'd by every ass in town,
The privilege is bought for half a crown.
To please, you must a hundred changes try;
Sometimes be humble, then must soar on high:
In noble thoughts must every where abound,
Be easy, pleasant, solid, and profound:
To these you must surprising touches join,
And show us a new wonder in each line;
That all, in a just method well-design'd,
May leave a strong impression in the mind.
These are the arts that tragedy maintain:

THE EPIC.

But the Heroic claims a loftier strain.
In the narration of some great design,
Invention, art, and fable, all must join:
Here fiction must employ its utmost grace;
All must assume a body, mind, and face:
Each virtue a divinity is seen;
Prudence is Pallas, Beauty Paphos' queen.
'Tis not a cloud from whence swift lightnings fly;
But Jupiter, that thunders from the sky:
Nor a rough storm that gives the sailor pain;
But angry Neptune ploughing up the main:
Echo's no more an empty airy sound;
But a fair nymph that weeps her lover drown'd.
Thus in the endless treasure of his mind
The poet does a thousand figures find;
Around the work his ornaments he pours,
And strows with lavish hand his opening flowers.
'Tis not a wonder if a tempest bore
The Trojan fleet against the Libyan shore;
From faithless fortune this is no surprise,
For every day 'tis common to our eyes;
But angry Juno, that she might destroy,
And overwhelm the rest of ruin'd Troy:
That Æolus with the fierce goddess join'd,
Open'd the hollow prisons of the wind;
Till angry Neptune looking o'er the main,
Rebukes the tempest, calms the waves again,
Their vessels from the dangerous quicksands steers;

These are the springs that move our hopes and fears;
Without these ornaments before our eyes,
The unsinew'd poem languishes and dies:
Your poet in his art will always fail,
And tell you but a dull insipid tale.
In vain have our mistaken authors tried
To lay these ancient ornaments aside,
Thinking our God, and prophets that he sent,
Might act like those the poets did invent,
To fright poor readers in each line with hell,
And talk of Satan, Ashtaroth, and Bel;
The mysteries which Christians must believe,
Disdain such shifting pageants to receive:
The gospel offers nothing to our thoughts
But penitence, or punishment for faults;
And mingling falsehoods with those mysteries,
Would make our sacred truths appear like lies.
Besides, what pleasure can it be to hear
The howlings of repining Lucifer,
Whose rage at your imagin'd hero flies,
And oft with God himself disputes the prize?
Tasso you'll say has done it with applause?
It is not here I mean to judge his cause:
Yet though our age has so extoll'd his name,
His works had never gain'd immortal fame,
If holy Godfrey in his ecstasies
Had only conquer'd Satan on his knees;
If Tancred and Armida's pleasing form
Did not his melancholy theme adorn.
'Tis not, that Christian poems ought to be

Fill'd with the fictions of idolatry;
But in a common subject to reject
The gods, and heathen ornaments neglect;
To banish Tritons who the seas invade,
To take Pan's whistle, or the Fates degrade,
To hinder Charon in his leaky boat,
To pass the shepherd with the man of note,
Is with vain scruples to disturb your mind,
And search perfection you can never find:
As well they may forbid us to present
Prudence or Justice for an ornament,
To paint old Janus with his front of brass,
And take from Time his scythe, his wings and glass.
And every where as 'twere idolatry,
Banish descriptions from our poetry.
Leave them their pious follies to pursue;
But let our reason such vain fears subdue:
And let us not, amongst our vanities,
Of the true God create a God of lies.
In fable we a thousand pleasures see,
And the smooth names seem made for poetry;
As Hector, Alexander, Helen, Phyllis,
Ulysses, Agamemnon, and Achilles:
In such a crowd, the poet were to blame
To choose king Chilperic for his hero's name.
Sometimes the name being well or ill applied,
Will the whole fortune of your work decide.
Would you your reader never should be tir'd?
Choose some great hero, fit to be admir'd,
In courage signal, and in virtue bright,

Let e'en his very failings give delight;
Let his great actions our attention bind,
Like Cæsar, or like Scipio frame his mind,
And not like Œdipus his perjur'd race;
A common conqueror is a theme too base.
Choose not your tale of accidents too full;
Too much variety may make it dull:
Achilles' rage alone when wrought with skill,
Abundantly does a whole Iliad fill.
Be your narrations lively, short, and smart;
In your descriptions show your noblest art:
There 'tis your poetry may be employ'd;
Yet you must trivial accidents avoid.
Nor imitate that fool, who, to describe
The wondrous marches of the chosen tribe,
Plac'd on the sides to see their armies pass,
The fishes staring through the liquid glass;
Describ'd a child, who with his little hand,
Pick'd up the shining pebbles from the sand.
Such objects are too mean to stay our sight;
Allow your work a just and nobler flight.
Be your beginning plain: and take good heed
Too soon you mount not on the airy steed;
Nor tell your reader in a thund'ring verse,
"I sing the conqueror of the universe."
What can an author after this produce?
The labouring mountain must bring forth a mouse.
Much better are we pleas'd with his address,
Who, without making such vast promises,
Says, in an easier style and plainer sense,

" I sing the combats of that pious prince,
Who from the Phrygian coast his armies bore,
And landed first on the Lavinian shore."
His opening muse sets not the world on fire,
And yet performs more than we can require:
Quickly you'll hear him celebrate the fame
And future glory of the Roman name;
Of Styx and Acheron describe the floods,
And Cæsar's wandering in the Elysian woods:
With figures numberless his story grace,
And every thing in beauteous colours trace.
At once you may be pleasing and sublime:
I hate a heavy melancholy rhyme:
I'd rather read Orlando's comic tale,
Than a dull author always stiff and stale,
Who thinks himself dishonour'd in his style,
If on his works the Graces do but smile.
'Tis said, that Homer, matchless in his art,
Stole Venus' girdle to engage the heart:
His works indeed vast treasures do unfold,
And whatsoe'er he touches turns to gold:
All in his hands new beauty does acquire;
He always pleases, and can never tire.
A happy warmth he every where may boast;
Nor is he in too long digressions lost:
His verses without rule a method find,
And of themselves appear in order join'd:
All without trouble answers his intent;
Each syllable is tending to the event.
Let his example your endeavours raise:

To love his writings is a kind of praise.
A poem, where we all perfections find,
Is not the work of a fantastic mind:
There must be care, and time, and skill, and pains;
Not the first heat of unexperienc'd brains.
Yet sometimes artless poets, when the rage
Of a warm fancy does their minds engage,
Puff'd with vain pride, presume they understand,
And boldly take the trumpet in their hand;
Their fustian muse each accident confounds;
Nor can she fly, but rise by leaps and bounds,
Till, their small stock of learning quickly spent,
Their poem dies for want of nourishment.
In vain mankind the hot-brain'd fool decries,
No branding censures can unveil his eyes;
With impudence the laurel they invade,
Resolv'd to like the monsters they have made.
Virgil, compar'd to them, is flat and dry;
And Homer understood not poetry:
Against their merit if this age rebel,
To future times for justice they appeal.
But waiting till mankind shall do them right,
And bring their works triumphantly to light;
Neglected heaps we in bye-corners lay,
Where they become to worms and moths a prey;
Forgot, in dust and cobwebs let them rest,
Whilst we return from whence we first digress'd.
The great success which tragic writers found,
In Athens first the comedy renown'd,
The abusive Grecian there, by pleasing ways

Dispers'd his natural malice in his plays:
Wisdom and virtue, honour, wit, and sense,
Were subject to buffooning insolence:
Poets were publicly approv'd, and sought,
That vice extoll'd, and virtue set at nought;
A Socrates himself in that loose age,
Was made the pastime of a scoffing stage.
At last the public took in hand the cause,
And cur'd this madness by the power of laws;
Forbad at any time, or any place,
To name the person, or describe the face.
The stage its ancient fury thus let fall,
And comedy diverted without gall:
By mild reproofs recover'd minds diseas'd,
And sparing persons innocently pleas'd.
Each one was nicely shown in this new glass,
And smil'd to think he was not meant the ass:
A miser oft would laugh at first, to find
A faithful draught of his own sordid mind;
And fops were with such care and cunning writ,
They lik'd the piece for which themselves did sit.
You then that would the comic laurels wear,
To study nature be your only care:
Whoe'er knows man, and by a curious art
Discerns the hidden secrets of the heart;
He who observes and naturally can paint
The jealous fool, the fawning sycophant,
A sober wit, an enterprising ass,
A humorous Otter, or a Hudibras;
May safely in those noble lists engage,

And make them act and speak upon the stage.
Strive to be natural in all you write,
And paint with colours that may please the sight.
Nature in various figures does abound;
And in each mind are different humours found:
A glance, a touch, discovers to the wise;
But every man has not discerning eyes.
All-changing time does also change the mind;
And different ages different pleasures find:
Youth, hot and furious, cannot brook delay,
By flattering vice is easily led away;
Vain in discourse, inconstant in desire,
In censure, rash; in pleasures, all on fire.
The manly age does steadier thoughts enjoy;
Power and ambition do his soul employ:
Against the turns of fate he sets his mind;
And by the past the future hopes to find.
Decrepit age still adding to his stores,
For others heaps the treasure he adores;
In all his actions keeps a frozen pace;
Past times extols, the present to debase:
Incapable of pleasures youth abuse,
In others blames what age does him refuse.
Your actors must by reason be controll'd;
Let young men speak like young, old men like old:
Observe the town, and study well the court;
For thither various characters resort:
Thus 'twas great Jonson purchas'd his renown,
And in his art had borne away the crown;
If, less desirous of the people's praise,

He had not with low farce debas'd his plays;
Mixing dull buffoonery with wit refin'd,
And Harlequin with noble Terence join'd.
When in the Fox I see the tortoise hist,
I lose the author of the Alchymist.
The comic wit, born with a smiling air,
Must tragic grief and pompous verse forbear;
Yet may he not, as on a market-place,
With bawdy jests amuse the populace:
With well-bred conversation you must please,
And your intrigue unravell'd be with ease:
Your action still should reason's rules obey,
Nor in an empty scene may lose its way.
Your humble style must sometimes gently rise;
And your discourse sententious be, and wise:
The passions must to nature be confin'd;
And scenes to scenes with artful weaving join'd.
Your wit must not unseasonably play;
But follow business, never lead the way.
Observe how Terence does this error shun;
A careful father chides his amorous son:
Then see that son, whom no advice can move,
Forget those orders, and pursue his love:
'Tis not a well-drawn picture we discover:
'Tis a true son, a father, and a lover.
I like an author that reforms the age,
And keeps the right decorum of the stage;
That always pleases by just reason's rule:
But for a tedious droll, a quibbling fool,
Who with low nauseous bawdry fills his plays;

Let him be gone, and on two trestles raise
Some Smithfield stage, where he may act his pranks,
And make Jack-Puddings speak to mountebanks.

CANTO IV.

In Florence dwelt a doctor of renown,
The scourge of God, and terror of the town,
Who all the cant of physic had by heart,
And never murder'd but by rules of art.
The public mischief was his private gain;
Children their slaughter'd parents sought in vain:
A brother here his poison'd brother wept;
Some bloodless died, and some by opium slept.
Colds, at his presence, would to frenzies turn;
And agues, like malignant fevers, burn.
Hated, at last, his practice gives him o'er;
One friend, unkill'd by drugs, of all his store,
In his new country-house affords him place;
'Twas a rich abbot, and a building ass:
Here first the doctor's talent came in play,
He seems inspir'd, and talks like Wren or May:
Of this new portico condemns the face,
And turns the entrance to a better place;
Designs the staircase at the other end,
His friend approves, does for his mason send:
He comes; the doctor's arguments prevail.

In short, to finish this our humorous tale,
He Galen's dangerous science does reject,
And from ill doctor turns good architect.
In this example we may have our part:
Rather be mason, 'tis a useful art!
Than a dull poet; for that trade accurst,
Admits no mean betwixt the best and worst.
In other sciences, without disgrace,
A candidate may fill a second place;
But poetry no medium can admit,
No reader suffers an indifferent wit:
The ruin'd stationers against him bawl,
And Herringman degrades him from his stall.
Burlesque, at least our laughter may excite:
But a cold writer never can delight.
The Counter-Scuffle has more wit and art,
Than the stiff formal style of Gondibert.
Be not affected with that empty praise
Which your vain flatterers will sometimes raise,
And when you read, with ecstasy will say,
"The finish'd piece! the admirable play!"
Which, when expos'd to censure and to light,
Cannot endure a critic's piercing sight.
A hundred authors' fates have been foretold,
And Shadwell's works are printed, but not sold.
Hear all the world; consider every thought;
A fool by chance may stumble on a fault:
Yet, when Apollo does your muse inspire,
Be not impatient to expose your fire;
Nor imitate the Settles of our times,

Those tuneful readers of their own dull rhymes.
Who seize on all the acquaintance they can meet,
And stop the passengers that walk the street:
There is no sanctuary you can choose
For a defence from their pursuing muse.
I've said before, be patient when they blame;
To alter for the better is no shame.
Yet yield not to a fool's impertinence:
Sometimes conceited sceptics, void of sense,
By their false taste, condemn some finish'd part,
And blame the noblest flights of wit and art.
In vain their fond opinions you deride,
With their lov'd follies they are satisfied;
And their weak judgment, void of sense and light,
Thinks nothing can escape their feeble sight:
Their dangerous counsels do not cure, but wound:
To shun the storm they run your verse aground,
And thinking to escape a rock, are drown'd.
Choose a sure judge to censure what you write,
Whose reason leads, and knowledge gives you light,
Whose steady hand will prove your faithful guide,
And touch the darling follies you would hide:
He, in your doubts, will carefully advise,
And clear the mist before your feeble eyes.
'Tis he will tell you, to what noble height
A generous muse may sometimes take her flight;
When too much fetter'd with the rules of art,
May from her stricter bounds and limits part:
But such a perfect judge is hard to see,
And every rhymer knows not poetry;

Nay some there are for writing verse extoll'd,
Who know not Lucan's dross from Virgil's gold.
Would you in this great art acquire renown?
Authors, observe the rules I here lay down.
In prudent lessons every where abound;
With pleasant join the useful and the sound:
A sober reader a vain tale will slight;
He seeks as well instruction as delight.
Let all your thoughts to virtue be confin'd,
Still offering nobler figures to our mind:
I like not those loose writers, who employ
Their guilty muse, good manners to destroy;
Who with false colours still deceive our eyes,
And show us vice dress'd in a fair disguise.
Yet do I not their sullen muse approve,
Who from all modest writings banish love;
That strip the play-house of its chief intrigue,
And make a murderer of Roderigue:
The lightest love, if decently exprest,
Will raise no vitious motions in our breast.
Dido in vain may weep, and ask relief;
I blame her folly, whilst I share her grief.
A virtuous author, in his charming art,
To please the sense needs not corrupt the heart:
His heat will never cause a guilty fire:
To follow virtue then be your desire.
In vain your art and vigour are exprest;
The obscene expression shows the infected breast.
But above all base jealousies avoid,
In which detracting poets are employ'd.

A noble wit dares liberally commend;
And scorns to grudge at his deserving friend.
Base rivals, who true wit and merit hate,
Caballing still against it with the great,
Maliciously aspire to gain renown,
By standing up, and pulling others down.
Never debase yourself by treacherous ways,
Nor by such abject methods seek for praise:
Let not your only business be to write;
Be virtuous, just, and in your friends delight.
'Tis not enough your poems be admir'd;
But strive your conversation be desir'd:
Write for immortal fame; nor ever choose
Gold for the object of a generous muse.
I know a noble wit may, without crime,
Receive a lawful tribute for his time:
Yet I abhor those writers, who despise
Their honour; and alone their profits prize;
Who their Apollo basely will degrade,
And of a noble science make a trade.
Before kind reason did her light display,
And government taught morals to obey,
Men, like wild beasts, did nature's laws pursue.
They fed on herbs, and drink from rivers drew:
Their brutal force, on lust and rapine bent,
Committed murder without punishment:
Reason at last by her all-conquering arts,
Reduc'd these savages, and tun'd their hearts;
Mankind from bogs, and woods, and caverns calls,
And towns and cities fortifies with walls:

Thus fear of justice made proud rapine cease.
And shelter'd innocence by laws and peace.
These benefits from poets we receiv'd,
From whence are rais'd those fictions since believ'd,
That Orpheus, by his soft harmonious strains,
Tam'd the fierce tigers of the Thracian plains;
Amphion's notes, by their melodious powers,
Drew rocks and woods, and rais'd the Theban towers:
These miracles from numbers did arise:
Since which, in verse heaven taught his mysteries,
And by a priest, possess'd with rage divine,
Apollo spoke from his prophetic shrine.
Soon after Homer the old heroes prais'd,
And noble minds by great examples rais'd;
Then Hesiod did his Grecian swains incline
To till the fields, and prune the bounteous vine.
Thus useful rules were by the poets' aid,
In easy numbers to rude men convey'd,
And pleasingly their precepts did impart;
First charm'd the ear, and then engag'd the heart:
The muses thus their reputation rais'd,
And with just gratitude in Greece were prais'd.
With pleasure mortals did their wonders see,
And sacrific'd to their divinity;
But want, at last, base flattery entertain'd,
And old Parnassus with this vice was stain'd:
Desire of gain dazzling the poets' eyes,
Their works were fill'd with fulsome flatteries.
Thus needy wits a vile revenue made,

And verse became a mercenary trade.
Debase not with so mean a vice thy art:
If gold must be the idol of thy heart,
Fly, fly the unfruitful Heliconian strand,
Those streams are not enrich'd with golden sand:
Great wits, as well as warriors, only gain
Laurels and honours for their toil and pain:
But what? an author cannot live on fame,
Or pay a reckoning with a lofty name:
A poet to whom fortune is unkind,
Who when he goes to bed has hardly din'd;
Takes little pleasure in Parnassus' dreams,
Or relishes the Heliconian streams.
Horace had ease and plenty when he writ,
And free from cares for money or for meat,
Did not expect his dinner from his wit.
'Tis true; but verse is cherish'd by the great,
And now none famish who deserve to eat:
What can we fear, when virtue, arts, and sense,
Receive the stars' propitious influence?
When a sharp-sighted prince, by early grants
Rewards your merits, and prevents your wants?
Sing then his glory, celebrate his fame;
Your noblest theme is his immortal name.
Let mighty Spenser raise his reverend head,
Cowley and Denham start up from the dead;
Waller his age renew, and offerings bring;
Our monarch's praise let bright-ey'd virgins sing;
Let Dryden with new rules our stage refine,
And his great models form by this design:

But where's a second Virgil, to rehearse
Our hero's glories in his epic verse?
What Orpheus sing his triumphs o'er the main,
And make the hills and forests move again;
Show his bold fleet on the Batavian shore,
And Holland trembling as his cannons roar;
Paint Europe's balance in his steady hand,
Whilst the two worlds in expectation stand
Of peace or war, that wait on his command?
But as I speak, new glories strike my eyes,
Glories, which heaven itself does give, and prize,
Blessings of peace; that with their milder rays
Adorn his reign, and bring Saturnian days:
Now let rebellion, discord, vice, and rage,
That have in patriots' forms debauch'd our age,
Vanish with all the ministers of hell:
His rays their poisonous vapours shall dispel:
'Tis he alone our safety did create,
His own firm soul secur'd the nation's fate,
Oppos'd to all the boute-feus of the state.
Authors for him your great endeavours raise;
The loftiest numbers will but reach his praise.
For me, whose verse in satire has been bred,
And never durst heroic measures tread;
Yet you shall see me, in that famous field,
With eyes and voice, my best assistance yield;
Offer you lessons, that my infant muse
Learnt, when she Horace for her guide did choose:
Second your zeal with wishes, heart, and eyes,
And afar off hold up the glorious prize.

But pardon too, if zealous for the right,
A strict observer of each noble flight,
From the fine gold I separate the allay,
And show how hasty writers sometimes stray:
Apter to blame, than knowing how to mend;
A sharp, but yet a necessary friend.

THE LATTER PART OF THE FOURTH BOOK OF LUCRETIUS;

CONCERNING THE NATURE OF LOVE.

BEGINNING AT THIS LINE:

Sic igitur Veneris qui telis accipit ictum, &c.

Thus, therefore, he, who feels the fiery dart
Of strong desire transfix his amorous heart,
Whether some beauteous boy's alluring face,
Or lovelier maid, with unresisting grace,
From her each part the winged arrow sends,
From whence he first was struck he thither tends;
Restless he roams, impatient to be freed,
And eager to inject the sprightly seed;
For fierce desire does all his mind employ,
And ardent love assures approaching joy.
Such is the nature of that pleasing smart,
Whose burning drops distil upon the heart,
The fever of the soul shot from the fair,
And the cold ague of succeeding care.

If absent, her idea still appears,
And her sweet name is chiming in your ears.
But strive those pleasing phantoms to remove,
And shun the aerial images of love,
That feed the flame: when one molests thy mind,
Discharge thy loins on all the leaky kind;
For that's a wiser way, than to restrain
Within thy swelling nerves that hoard of pain.
For every hour some deadlier symptom shows,
And by delay the gathering venom grows,
When kindly applications are not used;
The scorpion, love, must on the wound be bruised.
On that one object 'tis not safe to stay,
But force the tide of thought some other way;
The squander'd spirits prodigally throw,
And in the common glebe of nature sow.
Nor wants he all the bliss that lovers feign,
Who takes the pleasure, and avoids the pain;
For purer joys in purer health abound,
And less affect the sickly than the sound.
When love its utmost vigour does employ,
Even then 'tis but a restless wandering joy;
Nor knows the lover in that wild excess,
With hands or eyes, what first he would possess;
But strains at all, and, fastening where he strains,
Too closely presses with his frantic pains;
With biting kisses hurts the twining fair,
Which shows his joys imperfect, insincere:
For, stung with inward rage, he flings around,
And strives to avenge the smart on that which gave
the wound.

But love those eager bitings does restrain,
And mingling pleasure mollifies the pain.
For ardent hope still flatters anxious grief,
And sends him to his foe to seek relief:
Which yet the nature of the thing denies;
For love, and love alone of all our joys,
By full possession does but fan the fire;
The more we still enjoy, the more we still desire.
Nature for meat and drink provides a space,
And, when received, they fill their certain place;
Hence thirst and hunger may be satisfied,
But this repletion is to love denied:
Form, feature, colour, whatsoe'er delight
Provokes the lover's endless appetite,
These fill no space, nor can we thence remove
With lips, or hands, or all our instruments of love:
In our deluded grasp we nothing find,
But thin aerial shapes, that fleet before the mind.
As he, who in a dream with drought is curst,
And finds no real drink to quench his thirst,
Runs to imagined lakes his heat to steep,
And vainly swills and labours in his sleep;
So love with phantoms cheats our longing eyes,
Which hourly seeing never satisfies:
Our hands pull nothing from the parts they strain,
But wander o'er the lovely limbs in vain.
Nor when the youthful pair more closely join,
When hands in hands they lock, and thighs in thighs they twine,
Just in the raging foam of full desire,

When both press on, both murmur, both expire,
They gripe, they squeeze, their humid tongues they dart,
As each would force their way to t'other's heart
In vain; they only cruise about the coast;
For bodies cannot pierce, nor be in bodies lost,
As sure they strive to be, when both engage
In that tumultuous momentary rage;
So tangled in the nets of love they lie,
Till man dissolves in that excess of joy.
Then, when the gather'd bag has burst its way,
And ebbing tides the slacken'd nerves betray,
A pause ensues; and nature nods awhile,
Till with recruited rage new spirits boil;
And then the same vain violence returns,
With flames renew'd the erected furnace burns;
Again they in each other would be lost,
But still by adamantine bars are crost.
All ways they try, successless all they prove,
To cure the secret sore of lingering love.
Besides ——
They waste their strength in the venereal strife,
And to a woman's will enslave their life;
The estate runs out, and mortgages are made,
All offices of friendship are decay'd,
Their fortune ruin'd, and their fame betray'd.
Assyrian ointment from their temples flows,
And diamond buckles sparkle in their shoes;
The cheerful emerald twinkles on their hands,
With all the luxury of foreign lands;

And the blue coat, that with embroidery shines,
Is drunk with sweat of their o'er-laboured loins.
Their frugal father's gains they misemploy,
And turn to point, and pearl, and every female toy
French fashions, costly treats are their delight;
The park by day, and plays and balls by night.
In vain;——
For in the fountain, where their sweets are sought,
Some bitter bubbles up, and poisons all the draught.
First, guilty conscience does the mirror bring,
Then sharp remorse shoots out her angry sting;
And anxious thoughts, within themselves at strife,
Upbraid the long misspent, luxurious life.
Perhaps, the fickle fair one proves unkind,
Or drops a doubtful word, that pains his mind,
And leaves a rankling jealousy behind.
Perhaps, he watches close her amorous eyes,
And in the act of ogling does surprise,
And thinks he sees upon her cheeks the while
The dimpled tracks of some foregoing smile;
His raging pulse beats thick, and his pent spirits boil.
This is the product e'en of prosperous love;
Think then what pangs disastrous passions prove;
Innumerable ills; disdain, despair,
With all the meager family of care.
Thus, as I said, 'tis better to prevent,
Than flatter the disease, and late repent;
Because to shun the allurement is not hard
To minds resolved, forewarn'd, and well prepared;
But wondrous difficult, when once beset,

To struggle through the straits, and break the involving net.
Yet, thus ensnared, thy freedom thou mayst gain,
If, like a fool, thou dost not hug thy chain;
If not to ruin obstinately blind,
And wilfully endeavouring not to find
Her plain defects of body and of mind.
For thus the Bedlam train of lovers use
To enhance the value, and the faults excuse;
And therefore 'tis no wonder if we see
They dote on dowdies and deformity.
Even what they cannot praise, they will not blame,
But veil with some extenuating name.
The sallow skin is for the swarthy put,
And love can make a slattern of a slut;
If cat-eyed, then a Pallas is their love;
If freckled, she's a party-colour'd dove;
If little, then she's life and soul all o'er;
An Amazon, the large two-handed whore.
She stammers; oh what grace in lisping lies!
If she says nothing, to be sure she's wise.
If shrill, and with a voice to drown a quire,
Sharp-witted she must be, and full of fire;
The lean, consumptive wench, with coughs decay'd,
Is call'd a pretty, tight, and slender maid;
The o'er-grown, a goodly Ceres is exprest,
A bedfellow for Bacchus at the least;
Flat-nose the name of Satyr never misses,
And hanging blobber lips, but pout for kisses.
The task were endless all the rest to trace;

Yet grant she were a Venus for her face
And shape, yet others equal beauty share,
And time was you could live without the fair;
She does no more, in that for which you woo,
Than homelier women full as well can do.
Besides, she daubs, and stinks so much of paint,
Her own attendants cannot bear the scent,
But laugh behind and bite their lips to hold.
Meantime, excluded, and exposed to cold,
The whining lover stands before the gates,
And there with humble adoration waits;
Crowning with flowers the threshold and the floor,
And printing kisses on the obdurate door;
Who, if admitted in that nick of time,
If some unsavoury whiff betray the crime,
Invents a quarrel straight, if there be none,
Or makes some faint excuses to be gone;
And calls himself a doting fool to serve,
Ascribing more than woman can deserve.
Which well they understand, like cunning queens,
And hide their nastiness behind the scenes,
From him they have allured, and would retain;
But to a piercing eye 'tis all in vain:
For common sense brings all their cheats to view,
And the false light discovers by the true;
Which a wise harlot owns, and hopes to find
A pardon for defects, that run through all the kind.
Nor always do they feign the sweets of love,
When round the panting youth their pliant limbs
they move,

And cling, and heave, and moisten every kiss;
They often share, and more than share the bliss:
From every part, even to their inmost soul,
They feel the trickling joys, and run with vigour to the goal.
Stirr'd with the same impetuous desire, [quire;
Birds, beasts, and herds, and mares, their males re-
Because the throbbing nature in their veins
Provokes them to assuage their kindly pains:
The lusty leap the expecting female stands,
By mutual heat compell'd to mutual bands.
Thus dogs with lolling tongues by love are tied,
Nor shouting boys nor blows their union can di- [vide:
At either end they strive the link to loose,
In vain, for stronger Venus holds the noose;
Which never would those wretched lovers do,
But that the common heats of love they know;
The pleasure therefore must be shared in common too:
And when the woman's more prevailing juice
Sucks in the man's, the mixture will produce
The mother's likeness; when the man prevails,
His own resemblance in the seed he seals.
But when we see the new-begotten race
Reflect the features of each parent's face,
Then of the father's and the mother's blood
The justly temper'd seed is understood;
When both conspire, with equal ardour bent,
From every limb the due proportion sent,
When neither party foils, when neither foil'd,

This gives the splendid features of the child.
Sometimes the boy the grandsire's image bears;
Sometimes the more remote progenitor he shares;
Because the genial atoms of the seed
Lie long conceal'd ere they exert the breed;
And, after sundry ages past, produce
The tardy likeness of the latent juice.
Hence, families such different figures take,
And represent their ancestors in face, and hair, and make;
Because of the same seed, the voice, and hair,
And shape, and face, and other members are,
And the same antique mould the likeness does prepare.
Thus, oft the father's likeness does prevail
In females, and the mother's in the male;
For, since the seed is of a double kind,
From that, where we the most resemblance find,
We may conclude the strongest tincture sent,
And that was in conception prevalent.
Nor can the vain decrees of powers above
Deny production to the act of love,
Or hinder fathers of that happy name,
Or with a barren womb the matron shame;
As many think, who stain with victims' blood
The mournful altars, and with incense load,
To bless the showery seed with future life,
And to impregnate the well-labour'd wife.
In vain they weary heaven with prayer, or fly
To oracles, or magic numbers try;

For barrenness of sexes will proceed
Either from too condensed, or watery, seed:
The watery juice too soon dissolves away,
And in the parts projected will not stay;
The too condens'd, unsoul'd, unwieldly mass,
Drops short, nor carries to the destin'd place;
Nor pierces to the parts, nor, though injected home,
Will mingle with the kindly moisture of the womb.
For nuptials are unlike in their success;
Some men with fruitful seed some women bless,
And from some men some women fruitful are,
Just as their constitutions join or jar:
And many seeming barren wives have been,
Who after, match'd with more prolific men,
Have fill'd a family with prattling boys;
And many, not supplied at home with joys,
Have found a friend abroad to ease their smart,
And to perform the sapless husband's part.
So much it does import, that seed with seed
Should of the kindly mixture make the breed;
And thick with thin, and thin with thick should join,
So to produce and propagate the line.
Of such concernment too is drink and food,
To incrassate, or attenuate the blood.
Of like importance is the posture too,
In which the genial feat of love we do:
For, as the females of the four-foot kind
Receive the leapings of their males behind,
So the good wives, with loins uplifted high, try:
And leaning on their hands, the fruitful stroke may

For in that posture will they best conceive;
Not when, supinely laid, they frisk and heave;
For active motions only break the blow,
And more of strumpets than the wives they show,
When, answering stroke with stroke, the mingled liquors flow.
Endearments eager, and too brisk a bound,
Throw off the ploughshare from the furrow'd ground
But common harlots in conjunction heave,
Because 'tis less their business to conceive,
Than to delight, and to provoke the deed;
A trick which honest wives but little need.
Nor is it from the gods, or Cupid's dart,
That many a homely woman takes the heart,
But wives well-humour'd, dutiful, and chaste,
And clean, will hold their wandering husbands fast;
Such are the links of love, and such a love will last.
For what remains, long habitude, and use,
Will kindness in domestic bands produce:
For custom will a strong impression leave.
Hard bodies, which the lightest stroke receive,
In length of time will moulder and decay,
And stones with drops of rain are wash'd away.

DAPHNIS AND CHLORIS.

FROM THE TWENTY-SEVENTH IDYLLIUM OF THEOCRITUS.

DAPHNIS. THE shepherd Paris bore the Spartan bride
By force away, and then by force enjoy'd; [bride
But I by free consent can boast a bliss,
A fairer Helen, and a sweeter kiss. [o'er.
CHLORIS. Kisses are empty joys, and soon are
DAP. A kiss betwixt the lips is something more.
CHL. I wipe my mouth, and where's your kissing then?
DAP. I swear you wipe it to be kiss'd again.
CHL. Go, tend your herd, and kiss your cows at home;
I am a maid, and in my beauty's bloom. [home;
DAP. 'Tis well remember'd; do not waste your time,
But wisely use it ere you pass your prime. [time,
CHL. Blown roses hold their sweetness to the last,
And raisins keep their luscious native taste.
DAP. The sun's too hot; those olive shades are near;
I fain would whisper something in your ear.
CHL. 'Tis honest talking where we may be seen:
God knows what secret mischief you may mean;
I doubt you'll play the wag, and kiss again.
DAP. At least beneath yon elm you need not fear;
My pipe's in tune, if you're disposed to hear.
CHL. Play by yourself, I dare not venture thither;

You, and your naughty pipe, go hang together.
DAP. Coy nymph, beware, lest Venus you offend.
CHL. I shall have chaste Diana still to friend.
DAP. You have a soul, and Cupid has a dart.
CHL. Diana will defend, or heal my heart.
Nay, fie, what mean you in this open place?
Unhand me, or I swear I'll scratch your face.
Let go for shame; you make me mad for spite;
My mouth's my own; and, if you kiss, I'll bite.
DAP. Away with your dissembling female tricks;
What, would you scape the fate of all your sex?
CHL. I swear I'll keep my maidenhead till death,
And die as pure as queen Elizabeth.
DAP. Nay, mum for that; but let me lay thee down;
Better with me than with some nauseous clown.
CHL. I'd have you know, if I were so inclined,
I have been woo'd by many a wealthy hind;
But never found a husband to my mind.
DAP. But they are absent all; and I am here.
CHL. The matrimonial yoke is hard to bear,
And marriage is a woful word to hear.
DAP. A scarecrow, set to frighten fools away;
Marriage has joys, and you shall have assay.
CHL. Sour sauce is often mix'd with our delight;
You kick by day more than you kiss by night.
DAP. Sham stories all; but say the worst you can,
A very wife fears neither God nor man.
CHL. But child-birth is, they say, a deadly pain;
It costs at least a month to knit again.

DAP. Diana cures the wounds Lucina made;
Your goddess is a midwife by her trade.
CHL. But I shall spoil my beauty, if I bear
DAP. But Mam and Dad are pretty names to hear.
CHL. But there's a civil question used of late;
Where lies my jointure, where your own estate?
DAP. My flocks, my fields, my woods, my pastures take,
With settlement as good as law can make.
CHL. Swear then you will not leave me on the common,
But marry me, and make an honest woman.
DAP. I swear by Pan, though he wears horns you'll say,
Cudgell'd and kick'd, I'll not be forced away.
CHL. I bargain for a wedding-bed at least,
A house, and handsome lodging for a guest.
DAP. A house well furnish'd shall be thine to keep;
And, for a flock bed, I can shear my sheep.
CHL. What tale shall I to my old father tell?
DAP. 'Twill make him chuckle thou'rt bestow'd so well.
CHL. But, after all, in troth I am to blame
To be so loving, ere I know your name;
A pleasant sounding name's a pretty thing.
DAP. Faith, mine's a very pretty name to sing;
They call me Daphnis; Lycidas my sire;
Both sound as well as woman can desire.

Nomæa bore me; farmers in degree;
He a good husband, a good housewife she.
CHL. Your kindred is not much amiss, 'tis true;
Yet I am somewhat better born than you.
DAP. I know your father, and his family;
And, without boasting, am as good as he,
Menalcas; and no master goes before. [more;
CHL. Hang both our pedigrees! not one word
But if you love me, let me see your living,
Your house, and home; for seeing is believing.
DAP. See first yon cypress grove, a shade from noon. [soon.
CHL. Browze on, my goats; for I'll be with you
DAP. Feed well, my bulls, to whet your appetite,
That each may take a lusty leap at night.
CHL. What do you mean, uncivil as you are,
To touch my breasts, and leave my bosom bare?
DAP. These pretty bubbies, first, I make my own.
CHL. Pull out your hand, I swear, or I shall swoon. [face?
DAP. Why does thy ebbing blood forsake thy
CHL. Throw me at least upon a cleaner place:
My linen ruffled, and my waistcoat soiling;
What, do you think new clothes were made for spoiling?
DAP. I'll lay my lambkins underneath thy back.
CHL. My head-gear's off; what filthy work you make!
DAP. To Venus, first, I lay these offerings by.
CHL. Nay, first look round, that nobody be nigh:

Methinks I hear a whispering in the grove.
DAP. The cypress trees are telling tales of love.
CHL. You tear off all behind me, and before me;
And I'm as naked as my mother bore me. [tear,
DAP. I'll buy thee better clothes than these I
And lie so close I'll cover thee from air. [is sped,
CHL. You're liberal now, but when your turn
You'll wish me chok'd with ev'ry crust of bread.
DAP. I'll give thee more, much more than I
have told;
Would I could coin my very heart to gold.
CHL. Forgive thy handmaid, huntress of the
I see there's no resisting flesh and blood! [wood!
DAP. The noble deed is done; my herds I'll cull;
Cupid, be thine a calf; and, Venus, thine a bull.
CHL. A maid I came in an unlucky hour,
But hence return without my virgin flow'r.
DAP. A maid is but a barren name at best;
If thou canst hold, I bid for twins at least.
Thus did this happy pair their love dispense
With mutual joys, and gratified their sense:
The god of love was there, a bidden guest,
And present at his own mysterious feast.
His azure mantle underneath he spread,
And scatter'd roses on the nuptial bed;
While folded in each other's arms they lay,
He blew the flames, and furnish'd out the play,
And from their foreheads wip'd the balmy sweat
away.
First rose the maid, and with a glowing face,

Her downcast eyes beheld her print upon the grass;
Thence to her herd she sped herself in haste:
The bridegroom started from his trance at last,
And piping homeward jocundly he past.

THE TEARS OF AMYNTA, FOR THE DEATH OF DAMON.

A SONG.

On a bank, beside a willow,
Heaven her covering, earth her pillow,
Sad Amynta sigh'd alone;
From the cheerless dawn of morning
Till the dews of night returning,
Singing thus, she made her moan:
Hope is banished,
Joys are vanished,
Damon, my beloved, is gone!

Time, I dare thee to discover
Such a youth, and such a lover;
Oh, so true, so kind was he!
Damon was the pride of nature,
Charming in his every feature;
Damon lived alone for me:
Melting kisses,
Murmuring blisses;
Who so lived and loved as we!

Never shall we curse the morning,
Never bless the night returning,
Sweet embraces to restore:
Never shall we both lie dying,
Nature failing, love supplying
All the joys he drained before.
Death, come end me,
To befriend me;
Love and Damon are no more.

A SONG.

Sylvia, the fair, in the bloom of fifteen,
Felt an innocent warmth as she lay on the green;
She had heard of a pleasure, and something she guest
By the towzing, and tumbling, and touching her breast.
She saw the men eager, but was at a loss,
What they meant by their sighing, and kissing so close:
By their praying and whining,
And clasping and twining,
And panting and wishing,
And sighing and kissing,
And sighing and kissing so close.

Ah! she cried, ah, for a languishing maid,
In a country of Christians, to die without aid!
Not a Whig, or a Tory, or Trimmer at least,
Or a Protestant parson, or Catholic priest,

To instruct a young virgin, that is at a loss,
What they meant by their sighing, and kissing so close!
By their praying and whining,
And clasping and twining,
And panting and wishing,
And sighing and kissing,
And sighing and kissing so close.

Cupid, in shape of a swain, did appear,
He saw the sad wound, and in pity drew near;
Then showed her his arrow, and bid her not fear,
For the pain was no more than a maiden may bear.
When the balm was infused, she was not at a loss,
What they meant by their sighing, and kissing so close;
By their praying and whining,
And clasping and twining,
And panting and wishing,
And sighing and kissing,
And sighing and kissing so close.

RONDELAY.

Chloe found Amyntas lying,
All in tears upon the plain,
Sighing to himself, and crying,
Wretched I, to love in vain!
Kiss me, dear, before my dying;
Kiss me once, and ease my pain.

Sighing to himself, and crying,
Wretched I, to love in vain!
Ever scorning, and denying
To reward your faithful swain.
Kiss me, dear, before my dying;
Kiss me once, and ease my pain.

Ever scorning, and denying
To reward your faithful swain.—
Chloe, laughing at his crying,
Told him, that he loved in vain.
Kiss me, dear, before my dying;
Kiss me once, and ease my pain.

Chloe, laughing at his crying,
Told him, that he loved in vain;
But, repenting, and complying,
When he kissed, she kissed again:
Kissed him up before his dying;
Kissed him up, and eased his pain.

THE TE DEUM.

Thee, Sovereign God, our grateful accents praise;
We own thee Lord, and bless thy wondrous ways;
To thee, Eternal Father, earth's whole frame,
With loudest trumpets, sounds immortal fame.
Lord God of Hosts! for thee the heavenly powers
With sounding anthems, fill the vaulted towers.

Thy Cherubims thrice Holy, Holy, Holy, cry;
Thrice Holy, all the Seraphims reply,
And thrice returning echoes endless songs supply.
Both heaven and earth thy majesty display;
They owe their beauty to thy glorious ray.
Thy praises fill the loud apostles' choir;
The train of prophets in the song conspire.
Legions of martyrs in the chorus shine,
And vocal blood with vocal music join.
By these thy church, inspired by heavenly art,
Around the world maintains a second part;
And tunes her sweetest notes, O God, to thee,
The Father of unbounded majesty;
The Son, adored co-partner of thy seat,
And equal everlasting paraclete.
Thou king of Glory, Christ, of the most high,
Thou co-eternal filial Deity;
Thou who, to save the world's impending doom,
Vouchsaf'st to dwell within a virgin's womb;
Old tyrant Death disarm'd, before thee flew
The bolts of heaven, and back the foldings drew,
To give access, and make thy faithful way;
From God's right hand thy filial beams display.
Thou art to judge the living and the dead;
Then spare those souls for whom thy veins have bled.
O take us up amongst thy bless'd above,
To share with them thy everlasting love.
Preserve, O Lord! thy people, and enhance
Thy blessing on thine own inheritance.
For ever raise their hearts, and rule their ways,

Each day we bless thee, and proclaim thy praise;
No age shall fail to celebrate thy name,
No hour neglect thy everlasting fame.
Preserve our souls, O Lord, this day from ill;
Have mercy on us, Lord, have mercy still:
As we have hoped, do thou reward our pain;
We've hoped in thee—let not our hope be vain.

HYMN FOR ST. JOHN'S EVE.

O SYLVAN prophet! whose eternal fame
Echoes from Judah's hills and Jordan's stream;
The music of our numbers raise,
And tune our voices to thy praise.

A messenger from high Olympus came
To bear the tidings of thy life and name;
And told thy sire each prodigy
That heaven designed to work in thee.

Hearing the news, and doubting in surprise,
His falt'ring speech in fettered accent dies;
But Providence, with happy choice,
In thee restored thy father's voice.

In the recess of nature's dark abode,
Though still inclosed, yet knewest thou thy God!
Whilst each glad parent told and blest
The secrets of each other's breast.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE FAIR AND VIRTUOUS LADY MRS. ANASTASIA STAFFORD, WITH THAT TRULY WORTHY AND PIOUS GENT. GEORGE HOLMAN, ESQ.

I.

When nature, in our northern hemisphere,
Had shorten'd day-light, and deform'd the year;
When the departing sun
Was to our adverse tropic run;
And fair St. Lucy, with the borrow'd light,
Of moon and stars, had lengthen'd night:
What more then summer's day slipt in by chance,
To beautify the calendar?
What made a spring, in midst of winter to advance,
And the cold seasons leap into a youthful dance,
To rouse the drooping year?
Was this by miracle, or did they rise
By the bright beams of Anastasia's eyes?
To light our frozen clime,
And, happily for us, mistook their time?
'Twas so, and 'twas imported in her name;
From her, their glorious resurrection came,
And she renew'd their perish'd flame.
The God of nature did the same:

His birth the depth of winter did adorn,
And she, to marriage then, her second birth was born.
Her pious family, in every state,
Their great Redeemer well can imitate.
They have a right in heaven, an early place;
The beauteous bride is of a martyr's race:
And he above, with joy looks down.
I see, I see him blaze with his immortal crown.
He, on her nuptials, does his beams dispense,
Blessing the day with better influence;
He looks from heaven with joy, and gives her joy from thence.

II.

Now, let the reasonable beast, call'd man;
Let those, who never truly scan
The effects of sacred Providence,
But measure all by the gross rules of sense;
Let those look up and steer their sight,
By the great Stafford's light.
The God that suffer'd him to suffer here,
Rewards his race, and blesses them below,
Their father's innocence and truth to show;
To show he holds the blood of martyrs dear:
He crown'd the father with a deathless diadem;
And all the days from him he took,
He number'd out in his eternal book:
And said, let these be safely kept for them,
The long descendants of that hallow'd stem.
To dry the mournful widow's tears,

Let all those days be turn'd to years,
And all those years be whiten'd too:
Still some new blessing let 'em bring,
To those who from my martyr spring;
Still let them bloom, and still bestow
Some new content upon his race below.
Let their first revolution
Bestow a bride upon his darling son,
And crown those nuptials with a swift increase,
Such as the emptied ark did bless:
Then, as the storms are more allay'd,
And waves decay'd,
Send out the beauteous blooming maid:
And let that virgin dove bring to her house again,
An olive branch of peace, in triumph o'er the main.
For whom, ye heavens! have ye reserv'd this joy?
Let us behold the man you chose:
How well you can your cares employ,
And to what arms your maid dispose:
Your maid, whom you have chang'd but cannot lose:
Chang'd as the morn into the day,
As virgin snow that melts away,
And, by its kindly moisture, makes new flowers to grow.
See then, a bridegroom worthy such a bride!
Never was happy pair so fitly tied
Never were virtues more allied;
United in a most auspicious hour—
A martyr's daughter weds a confessor!

When innocence and truth became a crime,
By voluntary banishment,
He left our sacrilegious clime,
And to a foreign country went;
Or rather, there, by Providence was sent:
For Providence design'd him to reside,
Where he, from his abundant stock,
Might nourish God's afflicted flock,
And, as his steward, for their wants provide.
A troop of exiles on his bounty fed,
They sought, and found with him their daily bread;
As the large troop increast, the larger table spread.
The cruise ne'er emptied, nor the store
Decreas'd the more; [own stead.
For God supplied him still to give, who gave in God's
Thus, when the raging dearth
Afflicted all the Egyptian earth;
When scanty Nile no more his bounty dealt,
And Jacob, even in Canaan, famine felt;
God sent a Joseph out before;
His father and his brethren to restore:
Their sacks were fill'd with corn, with generous wine
Their souls refresh'd their ebbing store,
Still when they came, supplied with more,
And doubled was their corn:
Joseph himself by giving, greater grew,
And from his loins a double tribe increas'd the chosen crew.

TO MATILDA.

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF OUR MARRIAGE.

When first, in all thy youthful charms,
And dazzling beauty's pride,
Heighten'd by infant Love's alarms
The nuptial knot was tied,
Which gave thee to my longing arms,
A blooming, blushing bride:

Entranced in Hymen's blissful bowers,
We hail'd each rising sun,
While winged with joy the rosy hours
In ecstasy flew on;
And still we blest the heavenly powers,
Who join'd our hearts in one.

Now, as with fairy-footed tread,
Time steals our years away,
Thy mildly-beaming virtues spread
Soft influence o'er life's way;
Insuring to our peaceful shed,
Love's bliss without decay.

THE END.